

PHOTOPLAY

JUST

* **Marilyn Monroe**

Good to be Loved

* **Virginia Mayo's**

Miracle Diet

* **Terry Moore's**

Life Story

TERRY
MOORE



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BROOKLINE 46 MASS
P 858 7/L 308 M

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



"The most wonderful thing
that ever happened
to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new
Camay Bride says, "New Camay with
cold cream is so luxurious! I love it!
It's the only beauty soap for me!"



NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!

Women everywhere tell us they love the added
elegance of cold cream in Camay—the *only* leading
beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry
or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it
feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously
refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've
always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering
mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite

Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight.
There's no finer soap for your beauty *and* your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

New, better way to reduce decay after eating sweets

ALL-NEW IPANA with WD-9 blocks tooth-decay acids for hours.*
Always brush after eating...the way your dentist recommends.



If you, like most people, eat sweets—or if your children do—here's good news! After eating sweets, you can do a better job of preventing cavities...with new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:

Many foods team up with mouth bacteria and their enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 now in Ipana blocks formation of these acids for hours — because it is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) **BEFORE** decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweet foods better by brushing this way with new Ipana.



Your whole family will love Ipana's new minty flavor. Men, women and children definitely preferred it in taste tests. And new Ipana makes your mouth so clean that *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day.

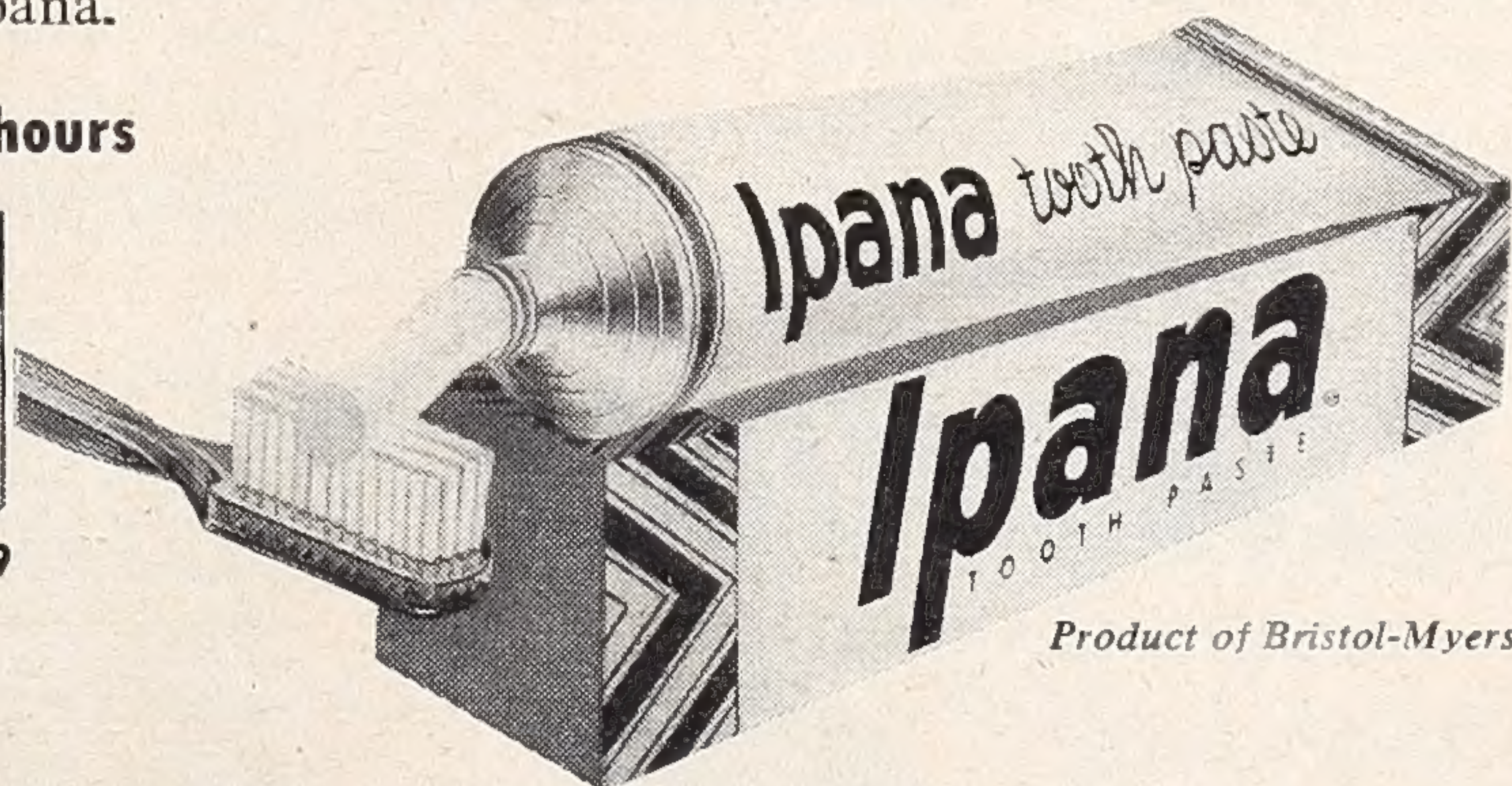
***Tests prove that WD-9 in new Ipana blocks acid formation for hours**



AFTER EATING — Dangerous decay acids form on the teeth, attack the enamel.



AFTER BRUSHING — Ipana's WD-9 blocks acid formation for hours, helps prevent cavities.



Try all-new IPANA®! New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9

NEW!
 Doctor's deodorant
 discovery* safely
STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS
A DAY!

*New Mum with M-3
 won't irritate normal skin
 or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
6. Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM
 cream deodorant
 with long-
 lasting M-3
 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Your **SEPTEMBER** issue
 will be on sale at your newsstand—
 the first week in **AUGUST**

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST, 1954

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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 Terry wears Rose Marie Reid swimsuit. Color Portrait by Powolny

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Member of True Story Women's Group

IN THE OMINOUS SHADOW OF THE SPHINX...

*A desperate search for the lost
treasures of the Pharaohs!
A forbidden love that burns
like the desert sands! A fabulous
adventure that comes to its
climax in the jeweled
tombs of the Pyramids!*

M-G-M
actually filmed it in
the valley of the Nile amid
the wonders of the ages...

in magnificent

COLOR!

VALLEY OF THE KINGS

Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR · ELEANOR PARKER · CARLOS THOMPSON

With **KURT KASZNAR · VICTOR JORY** and **SAMIA GAMAL**

Written by **ROBERT PIROSH** and **KARL TUNBERG** • Suggested by Historical Data in
"Gods, Graves and Scholars" by C. W. Ceram • Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR** • Print by **TECHNICOLOR**

Directed by **ROBERT PIROSH** • An M-G-M Picture



Death duel of the Tuareg tribe!



Sandstorm! Terror of the Sahara!



Samia Gamal's "Dance Of The Hour"!





Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree:
Slim summer fashions start
with a Playtex figure!



See how

Playtex®

Fabric Lined

Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens
your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress,
lounges in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit.
Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to
trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—
thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *free-*
dom, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone!
Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most
figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in sec-
onds—see how fast it dries! At department stores
and better specialty shops everywhere.



**PLAYTEX . . .
known every-
where as the
girdle in the
SLIM tube.**

Playtex Fabric Lined
Panty Brief, \$4.95
Other Playtex Girdles
from \$3.50 to \$7.95

(Prices slightly higher
outside U.S.A.)

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

Old Hollywood proverb: When a woman
meets a man who looks her straight in the
eye, she'd better do something about her
figure.

First movie doll: "What a unique charm
bracelet you're wearing."

Second movie doll: "Yes, it's made out
of my old wedding rings."

Two actresses with meow-meow instincts
were clawing up each other at a Hollywood
party until one of them said:

"Let's have fun, darling. We only live
nine times."

There's a sign on one of the 10-cent slot
machines at the Flamingo Hotel in Las
Vegas. It reads:

"Jack Benny Fainted Here."

A gunman, it's being told, walked up to
a theatre cashier, stuck a gun in her face
and growled:

"The picture was horrible—give me
everybody's money back."

Two catty movie queens were at a Holly-
wood beauty parlor when a former child
actress, who is fighting maturity, walked in
for the works.

"Ah," said one feline beauty. "A per-
manent wave for a permanent wait."

Greer Garson about her future:

"I hope I'll always have wide horizons
and narrow hips."

Talking about seeing a couple of rival
movie dolls in conversation at a night club,
someone said:

"They sat there chatterboxing."

Movie starlet to a fur coat salesman: "I
want a *drop-dead* mink."

Salesman: "A *what*?"

Starlet: "A coat that will make all my
girl friends drop dead with envy."

Overheard: "She took him for better or
worse but he was worse than she took him
for."

Herb Shriner after a night-club visit:
"This place had a minimum. I don't know
what it was, but the girls were wearing it."

A movie queen wailed it to her latest
hubby:

"I made a terrible mistake. You don't
match any of my clothes."

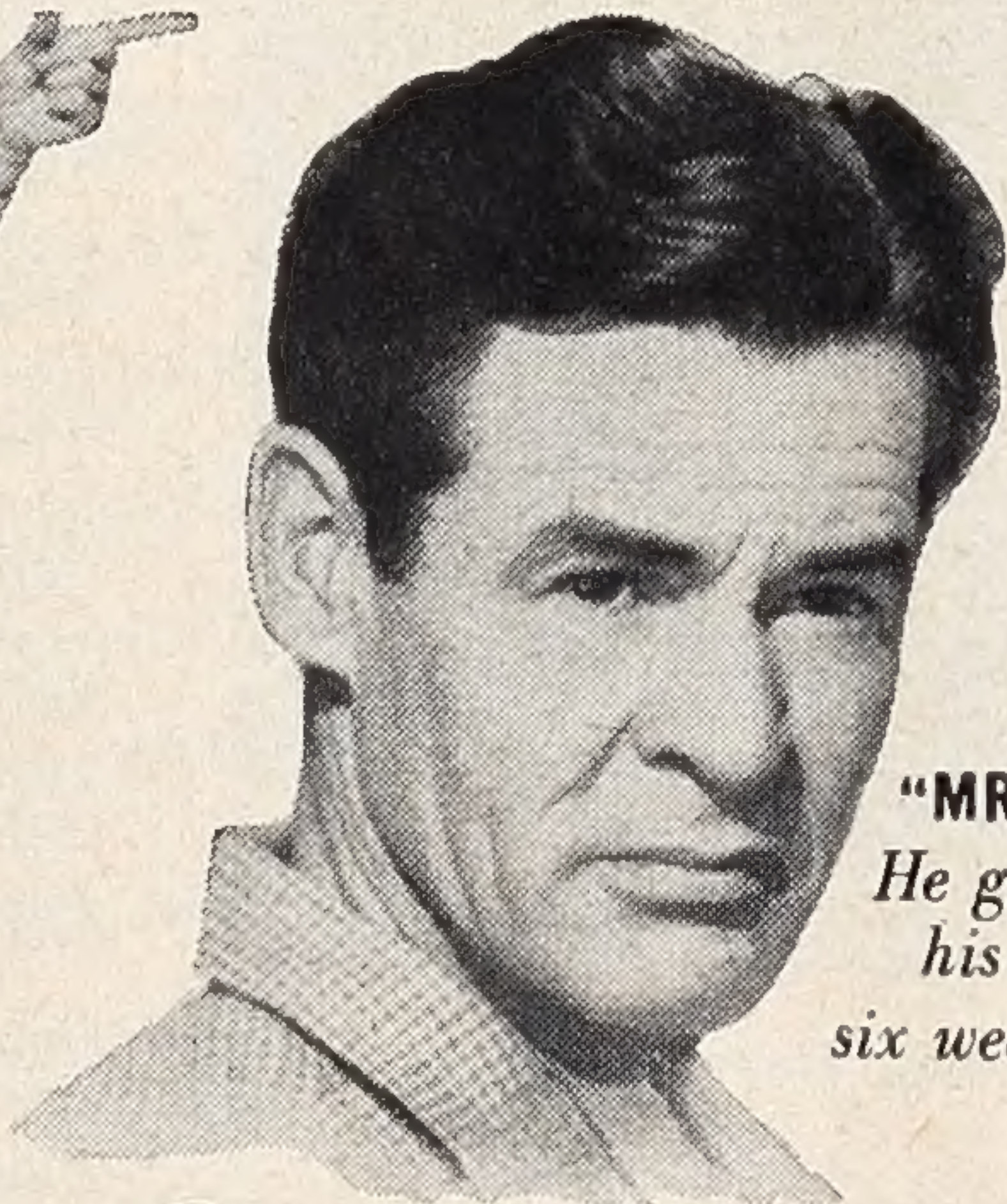
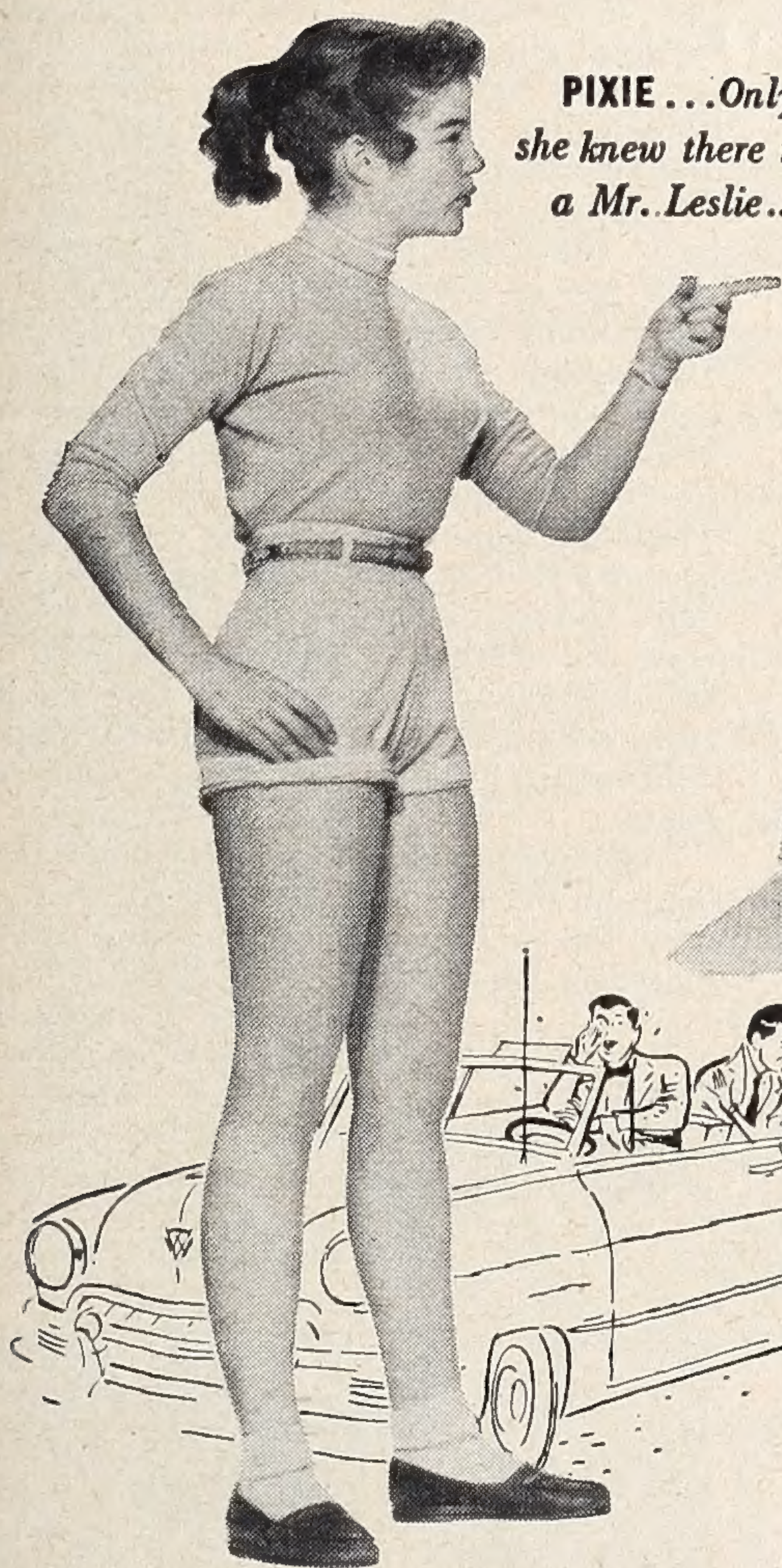
Overheard: "She has long blond hair
with short black roots."

Ray Bolger said it about a wealthy
friend: "His father was so rich they lived
on both sides of the railroad tracks."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your
local TV station

*It's about
Mrs. Leslie...and
the man she never
quite married!*

PIXIE... Only sixteen, but
she knew there never was
a Mr. Leslie...and said so!



"MR. LESLIE"...
He gave her only half
his name...and
six weeks of ecstasy!



THE LOVERS...
Mrs. Leslie's secret
saved them...from
their own shame!



**SHIRLEY BOOTH
ROBERT RYAN**

in
HAL WALLIS'
production

"ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"

Co-starring
MARJIE MILLAR - ALEX NICOL

Directed by **DANIEL MANN**

Screenplay by **KETTI FRINGS** and **HAL KANTER**

From the novel by **VINA DELMAR**

A **PARAMOUNT** PICTURE

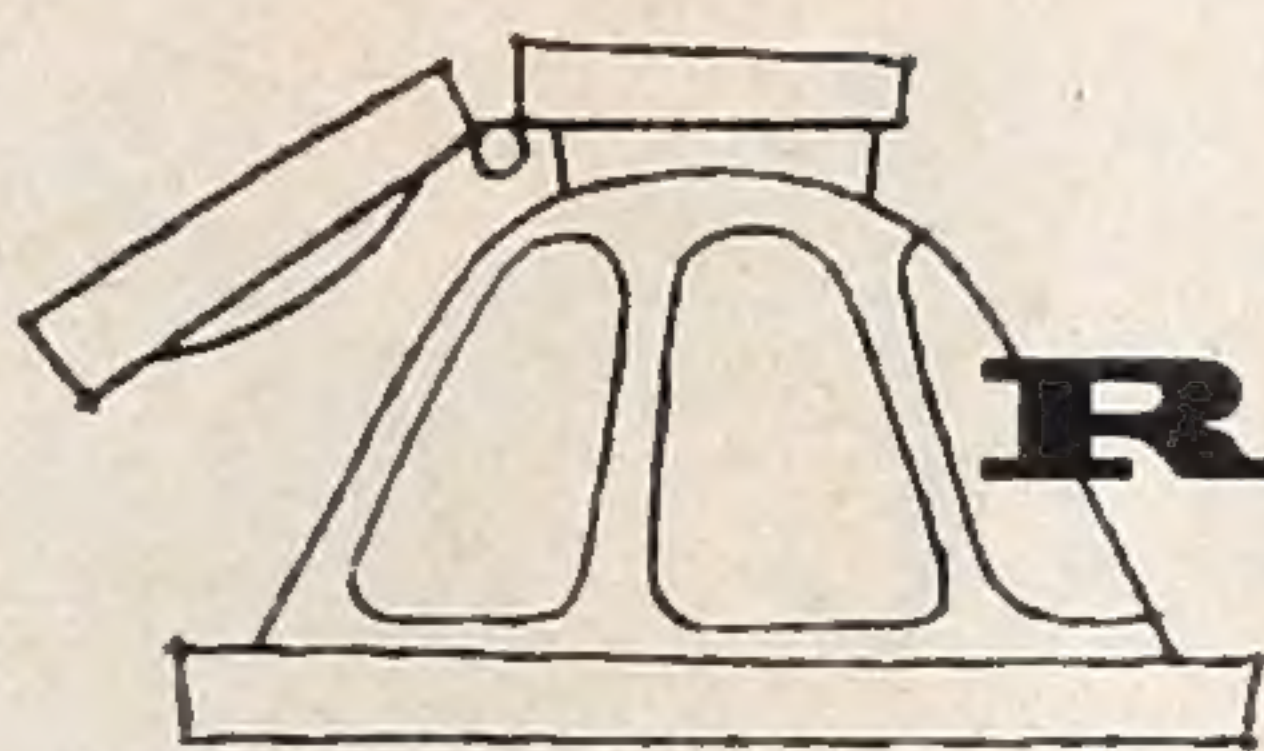
**SHIRLEY BOOTH TOPS
HER GREAT ACADEMY AWARD
TRIUMPH IN "COME BACK,
LITTLE SHEBA"!**



Put
some
egg-citement
in your hair!



Watch this luxury lather make your hair exciting to behold! Suddenly glowing clean... silky... amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Conditions any hair! Try it! 29¢, 59¢ and \$1



READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Recently my family and I went back to Detroit to visit relatives, and while we were there, I overheard a conversation between my mother and a friend. "How in the world have you managed to keep Piper happy at home?" my mother's friend asked. "My Gail's going through an independent stage. All she can think about is getting an apartment of her own."

Well, I think I'm as independent as anyone I know, but I prefer to be with my family. My mother and father and I live



Piper Laurie: Living alone would be lonely

in a house that is far from pretentious. It's comfortable. And so is our life.

I remember a line from a play that goes "... hold close with open arms." I can appreciate that line, because that's the way my folks have always held me close. There has been a certain amount of discipline, of course, but I've never been smothered by it.

Privacy? I have lots of it. I have my own bedroom and a small sitting room and when I want to read or study—to be alone—they're all mine and mine alone.

Like other girls I know—Debbie Reynolds and Lori Nelson, for instance—I'd shudder at the thought of coming home to a dark, lonely apartment. I like to see a light in the window and know that in my house there's a warm, friendly welcome waiting. I love that home. And, until I marry, I don't want to leave it.

PIPER LAURIE

I wish to congratulate Ruth Waterbury for writing and PHOTOPLAY for publishing the beautiful story about John and Patti Derek.

It is refreshing and relieving to read a story of a *real* marriage.

And congratulations to John and Patti for the outstanding example they're setting.

MARY PAT BRAUN
St. Paul, Minnesota

After seeing "Saskatchewan," my friends and I went crazy over Hugh O'Brian. Hollywood needs more guys like him.

PATRICIA BARKER
Houston, Texas

After reading Robert Wagner's article, we came to the sad conclusion that he is looking for a robot, not a girl. Come down to earth. R. J.!

BEVERLY AND JOAN
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

If you were in love with *me* . . . you would be a living doll. (In my opinion you already are!) You would be good-natured and humorous, probably slightly crazy, but not too ridiculous. You would be sensible, practical (to an extent) and understanding.

You would like music, period—particularly the Hilltoppers and I'm definitely with you on Glenn Miller. You would enjoy dancing (with me) and be pretty good. You wouldn't mind spending an evening at home (probably it would be raining out) in front of the fire just dancing, listening to records and maybe I'd cook dinner. You wouldn't make fun of me when I cry in movies. You would love children. And don't worry about cooking. I'm pretty good.

As for clothes, I do prefer simple ones and I would dress according to your likes and dislikes—but I do not like two-piece bathing suits and would not wear one. Sorry.

You mentioned age wasn't important. I hope you're on the level about that—I'm only 15, so I'm glad you're not ready for marriage yet.

A ROBERT WAGNER FAN
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Here is a snapshot of Christy Winner, probably your youngest reader—age three.

MRS. FAROLD WINNER
Los Angeles, California



Christy's not too young to like the best!

CASTING:

Why didn't some studio bring to life the story about the Brink's robbery which appeared in Collier's? Playing the lead might bring Jeff Chandler the Oscar he really deserves.

B. J.
Hollywood, California

Universal-International agrees. Jeff has the role, opposite Julia Adams.—ED.

(Continued on page 18)

MICKEY SPILLANE'S A MOVIE STAR NOW!



CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS GIGANTIC 3-RING CIRCUS

actually performing death-defying feats against his man-devouring jungle beasts!

MICKEY SPILLANE

bringing you every bullet-and-blonde thrill
in the sensational way he's famous for!

"RING OF FEAR"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE

AND WARNERCOLOR

ALSO STARRING

PAT O'BRIEN

WITH SEAN McCLORY · MARIAN CARR · JOHN BROMFIELD WRITTEN BY PAUL FIX · PHILIP MacDONALD · JAMES EDWARD GRANT PRODUCED BY ROBERT M. FELLOWS A WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION

DIRECTED BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.



KEEL'S KINGDOM

Success has enabled him to give Helen, their girls, things he'd missed



*It is bounded by
a man's love
for his family
and nothing
not even
Howard's career
can invade it*

BY
CORINNE BAILEY

It's late afternoon and the man behind the wheel of the red sportscar is tired from a long day in front of blinding hot lights and the exacting demands of the cameras. But the car handles easily as he swings it through the comfortable neighborhood of redwood fences, green terraces, and stately eucalyptus trees. A neighborhood warmed by the last coral rays of the setting sun and cooled by the fresh ocean breeze, echoing with the happy shouts of chubby pig-tailed girls and freckled boys whistling and running and laughing. A family neighborhood.

As he swings the red car up the steep driveway toward the delightful two-story Connecticut farmhouse, his eyes light up with a glow of anticipation and pleasure that illuminates his whole face. Howard Keel has come home.

At the other end of the driveway is the reason for his anticipation—his wife kneeling with her arms around their two daughters—a welcoming household of women who smile up at him and can hardly wait until he gets out of the car before they leap all over him with laughter and kisses.

This to Howard Keel is the beginning and the end of a perfect day, a day during which he has been a perfectionist at the studio and satisfied himself that he has done the best job that he could possibly do. Now he is home again, hungry and a little tired but happy and relaxed, confident that in his life hard work is rewarded by love and affection. His pretty blond, brown-eyed wife, Helen, junior misses Kaiya and Kristine, and their good-natured helper, Bessie, all radiate the love and affection that can come only from serene happiness.

Despite his own insistence that when he's working he tends to be tense and preoccupied, everything about his home reflects harmony. Living is easy, and obviously this harmony is meant to last. The house is furnished in a mellow mood—with the richness of mellowed alderwood in king-sized and demi-sized furniture designed by Howard.

It's then made up especially for the Keels by a cabinet maker in Culver City. The gleam of silver, lovingly polished. The deep comfortable floral-patterned chairs and ottomans. The favorite chairs pulled close like the Four Bears to the den's brick fireplace. A small red chair close to an over-sized brown one. A well-scribbled child's blackboard.

Howard is admittedly a sentimental man. He treasures old things—a worn leather chair. Personal things—a tile table telling the story of his life which was painted for him by one of his closest friends, Louis Calhern. Milestone markers—a scroll signed by the stars and crew of "Annie, Get Your Gun," his first M-G-M picture. Family souvenirs—an oil painting of a golden-haired child in a

blue dress, Kaiya, as painted by her dad.

Like parts in a jigsaw puzzle that's been assembled, everything fits together so perfectly it's impossible to imagine things any other way.

And to Howard Keel, there could be no other way that would be right. This is a goal toward which he has been working his entire life. Not just his adult life. This is what he has wanted from his earliest recollections, when he was a boy in the grim coal-mining town of Gillespie, Illinois, and yearning to be like other kids. What made him different was poverty. Howard knew poverty well, real poverty, and he knew shame.

To a sensitive boy—too thin, too shabbily dressed, too rebellious—there was an unforgettable anguish in the early death of his father, a death brought on by the man's despair. And there was heartbreak in the heroic battle his mother waged—running a paper-hanging business, taking in washing and ironing—to keep her two sons clad and fed.

Howard, born Harry, Keel, has come a long way since then. He has hewed out a career that has won him wealth and fame. This success has meant even more to Howard, perhaps, than it would to most people. It has given him an opportunity to provide his children with the things he has missed.

Not so much the financial things—although certainly these are important—as the emotional things, the security and the warmth that comes from a family in which there is time for love and affection—and an understanding of its necessity.

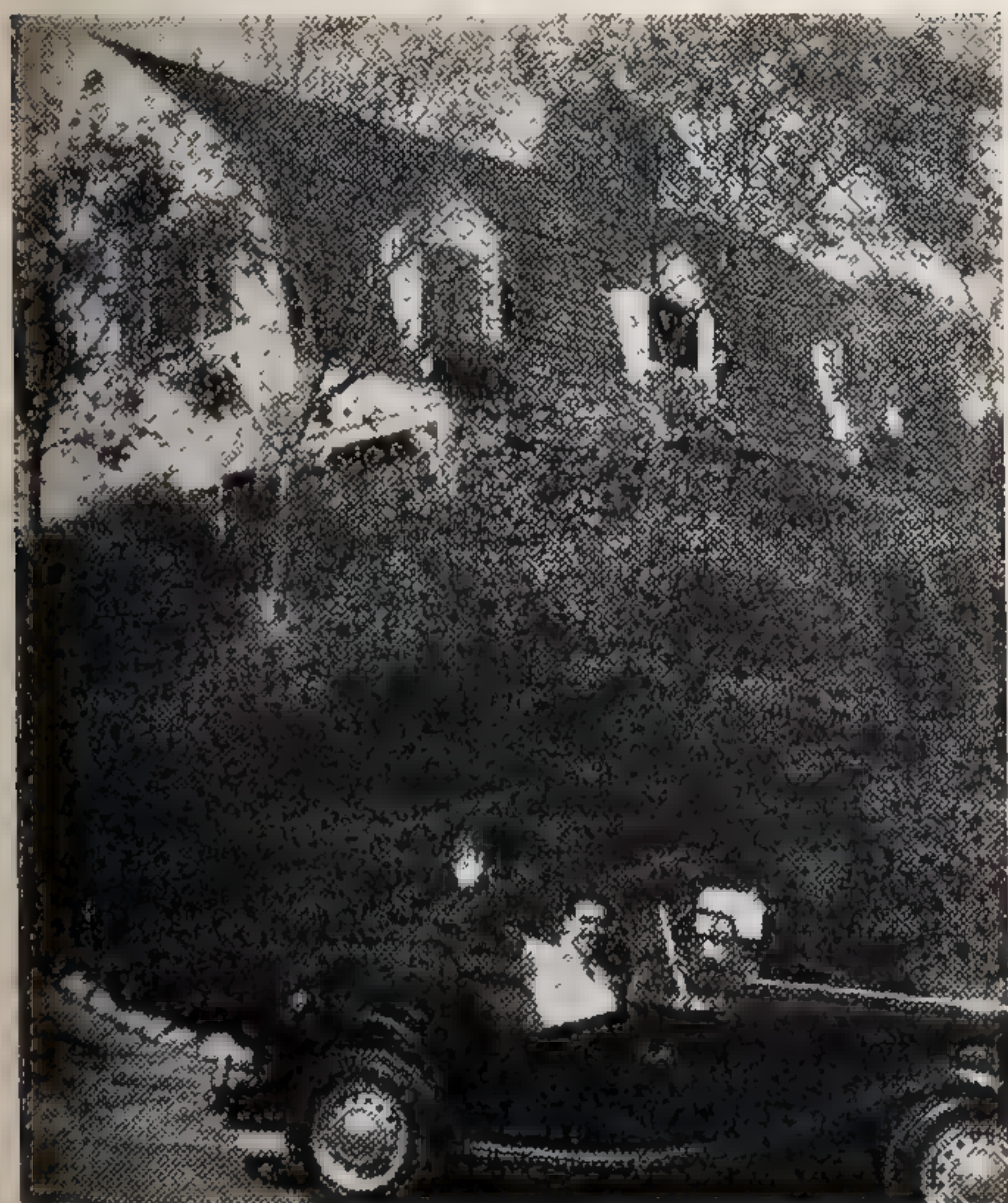
When Howard Keel first came to Hollywood, he made a set of solemn vows: No matter what the glittertown did to others, he was determined to have a real marriage and a normal home, a home complete in itself, a happy home. Above all, he was not going to allow his career and its obligations to turn the lives of his children topsy-turvy with publicity and an exaggerated sense of their own importance. They were to be treated as if their father were a plumber or a lawyer or a streetcar conductor.

He lives in constant fear of their being spotlighted and singled out and cheated of their carefree years, much the same—although for exactly the opposite reason—as he was spotlighted and singled out and cheated of his own childhood years that should have been carefree and happy.

"We live in a family neighborhood where there are a lot of normal little kids," Howard says, "kids who are all growing up with every chance for the future—the chance to live their own lives. I want my kids to have that same chance.

"I don't want them to feel any different from the other. (Continued on page 70)

Home, to Howard, is a two-story Connecticut farmhouse



New sure way to
**LOVELIER
HANDS**
IN ONLY 9 DAYS

(unretouched
photo)



1. BEFORE.
Skin dried out from
**SOAPS AND
DETERGENTS!**

**2. Protect with
PLAYTEX
GLAMOROUS
HOUSEWORK
GLOVES**

(unretouched
photo)



3. AFTER.
Softer, smoother skin
**IN ONLY
9 DAYS!**

The best protection is
prevention. And: The first
manicure you save can
pay for your gloves.

PLAYTEX® \$1.39
LIVING GLOVES

Prices slightly
higher
outside U.S.A.

FABRIC-LINED LATEX
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Dover Del. In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ont.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE



Cute Pat Crowley makes happy music for singer
Vic Damone in rustling striped taffeta gown

Fans keep favorites Debbie Reynolds and Tab
Hunter busy at big "Executive Suite" preem

Date duo: Gene Nelson, definitely separated
from Miriam, and France's Christiane Martel

BY
EDITH
GWYNN



Hollywood guys and dolls have been livin' it up with an assortment of parties, preems, openings—as usual. But this month things were a bit more varied than usual! One of the more colorful events was the weekend junket Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis staged at the Apple Valley Inn for private and press chums. It was a two-and-a-half-day shindig that started with a wonderful outdoor western steak fry. Dean and Jerry and Janet Leigh donned chef's outfits and personally helped feed guests made extra-hungry by sniffing that "charcoal-broiled-filled air!" Later the boys previewed their picture, "Living It Up," the real reason for the weekend wingding. Added guests that eve included airmen from nearby George Air Force Base.

Photogs had a field day all the way to goodbye time, wot with Dean and Jerry's mad capers in and around the swimming pool and at the tennis courts that almost blew away in a sudden high wind. The zanies (in full western regalia) also did a lot of singing with the Bel Air Trio, danced and clowned together. I'm sure they rightly figgered this co-operative nonsense would end the goshawful rumors of their splitting up. Personally, I don't believe they will split. Dean said, "We have a different set of friends. We go our separate ways. But that's nothing. We've always done so—'after hours.'"

Jerry Lewis says he's having a tur-
rible time with son, Gary, aged 9. The
moppet is (Continued on page 12)

Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!



Hi... Does *your* wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No?

Then think how much *more* beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its

superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men . . . envied by women . . . a softer, more charming *you*. Because your Lilt will *look*, *feel* and *stay* like naturally curly hair.

Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

Procter & Gamble's
new **Lilt**
Home Permanent

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! ^{\$1.50}
plus tax



for hard-to-wave hair



for normal hair



for easy-to-wave hair



for children's hair

No other deodorant gives you so much...



- STOPS PERSPIRATION ODOR.... instantly
- HANDY STICK FORM no mess, no waste
- SURE PROTECTION, all day long
- THRIFTY big stick lasts for months
- GENTLE, HARMLESS to skin or clothes
- DAINTY greaseless, never sticky
- FRAGRANT and luxurious as a lipstick

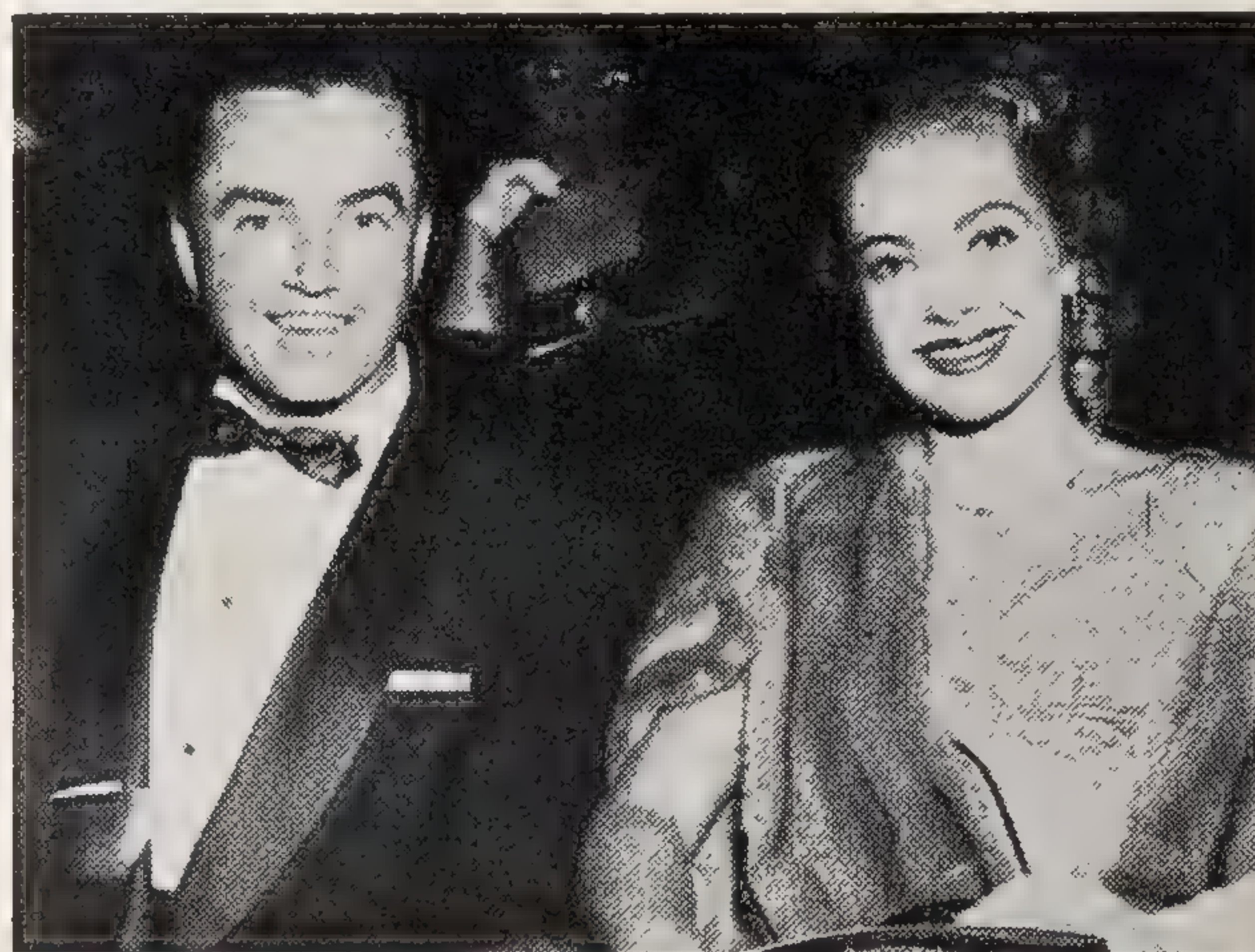
...for so little!

LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL
STICK
DEODORANT

embarrassed about Jerry! Never looks at M and L's tv shows because he thinks the whole country is laughing at his *father*! P.S. Gary's favorite comic is Lou Costello.

It wasn't till Kirk Douglas tossed a big party for Ann Buydens (a French lass he met there a few months ago) that anyone knew he was even slightly interested. (And then very soon after that came the surprise word of their sudden marriage in Las Vegas.) Eleanor Parker was at Kirk's with portrait painter, Paul Clemens—and they're at the serious stage. Susie Hayward was with her manager, Ned Madin. He's the only guy she's gone anywhere with since her marital troubles began. The Fred Astaires, Clifton Webb, Joan Crawford with Chuck Walters, Mari Blanchard, the Peter Lorres, others on hand. Also the James Masons, who brought their five-year-old dotter Portland.

Few nights later, Joan Crawford took over the private dining room (with small dance floor) at Chasens and tossed a big bash for some hundred guests. Among them were Donald O'Connor who sang and performed with his pal, Sidney Miller; June Allyson and Dick Powell, who put on a cute act of their own. Doris Day said she couldn't sing because she was "too nervous!" Jane Wyman, who wasn't nervous at all, sang and sang. Fred MacMurray and June Haver, who could be one as you read this, were there as a two. Also Jeff Chandler, stag; Rock Hudson, stag; George Burns and Gracie Allen; Jane Greer and Ed Lasker. Joan wore another of the "little-girl" type semi-evening dresses she's long adored, but that enormous diamond clip of hers at the throat took some of the naive look away, however. Her daughter, Christina, now a tall, willowy teen-ager, charmed (*Continued on page 71*)



Good friends get together! Dick Clayton and Lori Nelson at "Magnificent Obsession"

Lana gave fans something to shout about when she showed up—a beauty in black

Lots happier nowadays, Janie Powell takes coffee break during Toast of Town TV show



**This was the moment
unashamed...**

**when this
man and
this woman
felt the first
ecstasy of
their
Magnificent
Obsession!**

Universal-International presents

**JANE WYMAN
ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH**

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS'

**Magnificent
Obsession**

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**



with **AGNES MOOREHEAD • OTTO KRUGER • GREGG PALMER**
Directed by Douglas Sirk • Screenplay by Robert Bles • Produced by Ross Hunter

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



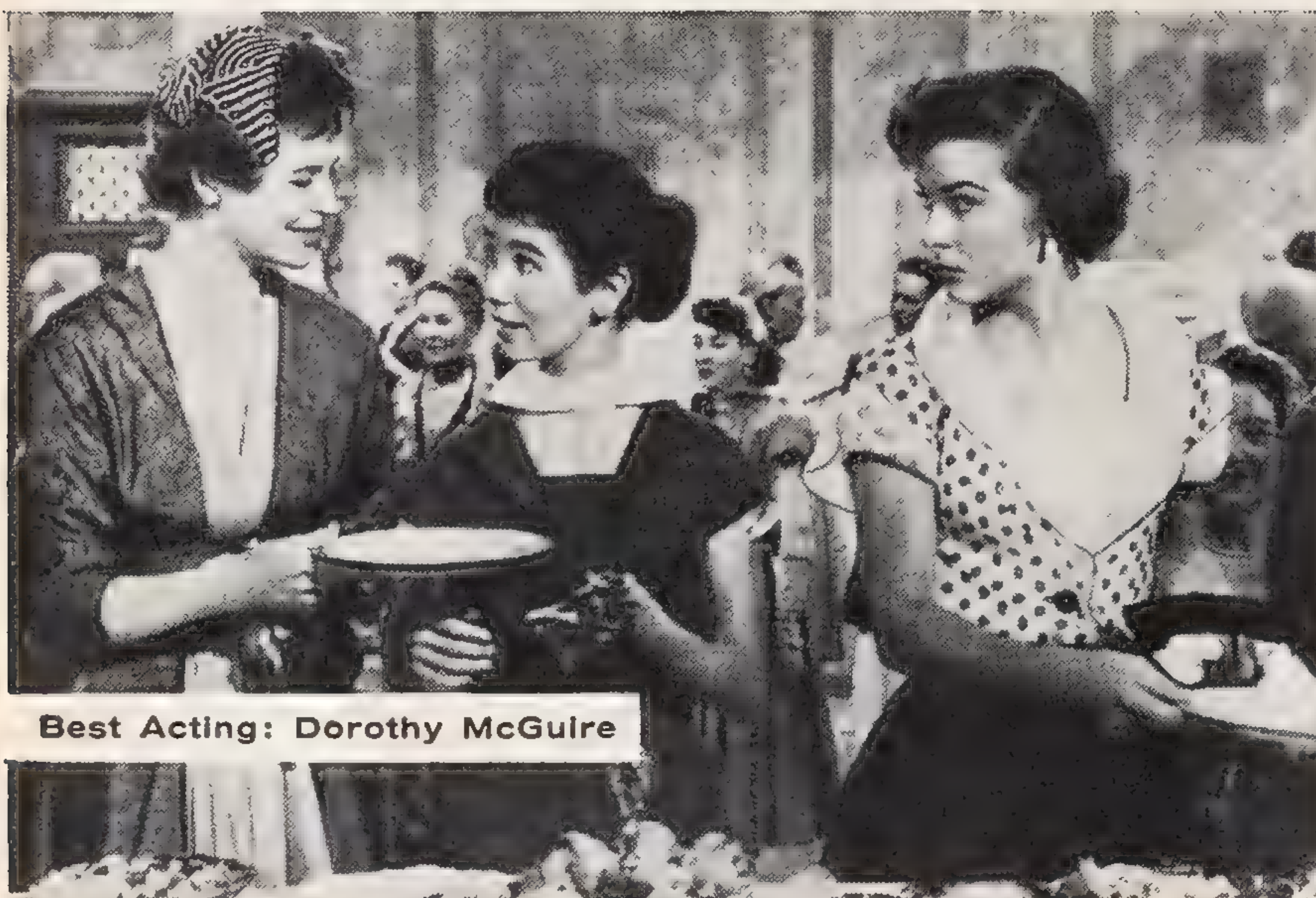
Best Acting: Van Johnson

The Caine Mutiny

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The film version of the remarkable best-seller about the wartime Navy is sparked by several high-powered performances. Van Johnson, given the best chance of his career, stands out as the steady, loyal *Lt. Maryk*, goaded to deliberate mutiny. Fred MacMurray runs him a close second as the sophisticated *Lt. Keefer*, likable most of the way, but eventually exposed by defense counsel Jose Ferrer as the real villain of the piece. In Humphrey Bogart's hands, *Capt. Queeg* is at once hateful and pitiable. Though the youthful romance of Robert Francis and May Wynn sometimes seems to interrupt the progress of the story, in itself it's affecting. Not so well-knit and forceful as "From Here to Eternity," the picture still has plenty of punch. FAMILY

Bob Francis, Van and Fred face a final accusation of guilt



Best Acting: Dorothy McGuire

Three Coins in the Fountain

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Ever wanted to see Rome, Venice? Ever hoped you could find romance during your travels? Now you may, via spacious CinemaScope views of the ancient cities and the Italian countryside, against which the romances of three American girls are lightly interwoven. New arrival Maggie McNamara finds herself sharing a luxurious apartment with fellow secretaries Jean Peters and Dorothy McGuire. Seen first in "The Moon Is Blue," Maggie now gives a second lesson in how to trap a wolf—this time an Italian prince (Louis Jourdan). Jean loses her cynicism when she's wooed by the charming, penniless Rossano Brazzi. And Dorothy's silently in love with her boss, a sardonic novelist (Clifton Webb). It all works out neatly. FAMILY

With Dorothy and Jean, Maggie attends her first Rome party



The High and the Mighty

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The courage of airline employees, confronting a professional emergency and personal problems, animates the strongest sequences of John Wayne's latest. He's a veteran flyer, co-pilot on a Honolulu-to-San Francisco plane captained by Robert Stack. When the craft is crippled by fire, the crew begins a stubborn fight to reach land. Scenes involving the passengers are not as well dialogued; it takes the skill of a fine cast to bring these near-caricatures to life. They include *two* fancy ladies (standard equipment is just one), two honeymooners, a feuding couple, a would-be murderer and his intended victim. Their behavior in the crisis provides a load of emotional drama, while the crew's work and the rescue efforts supply terrific tension. FAMILY

From experience, John understands the fear that grips Bob

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 26 • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 100 • MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 16



Bobbi is perfect for this new "Stewardess" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — *and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.



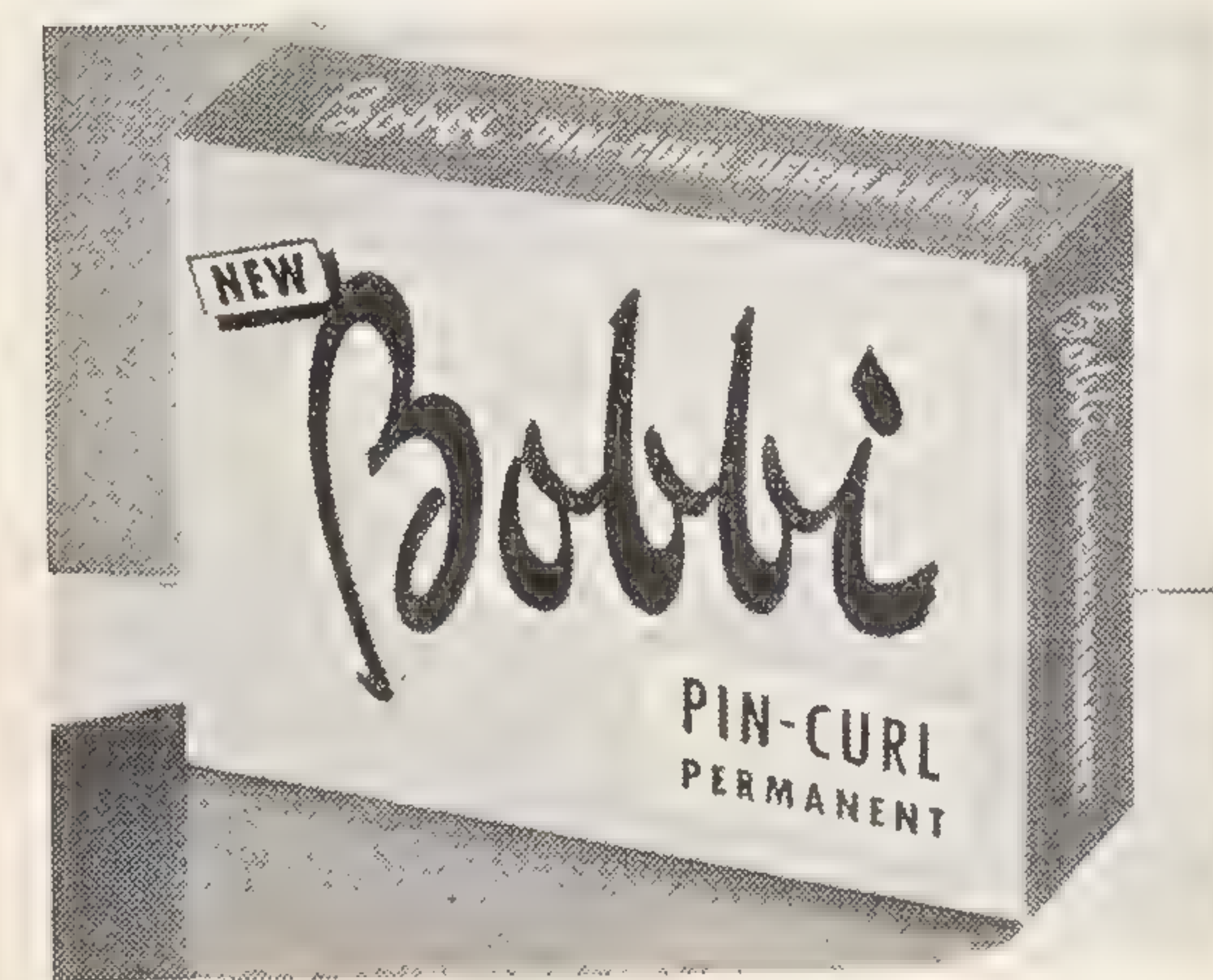
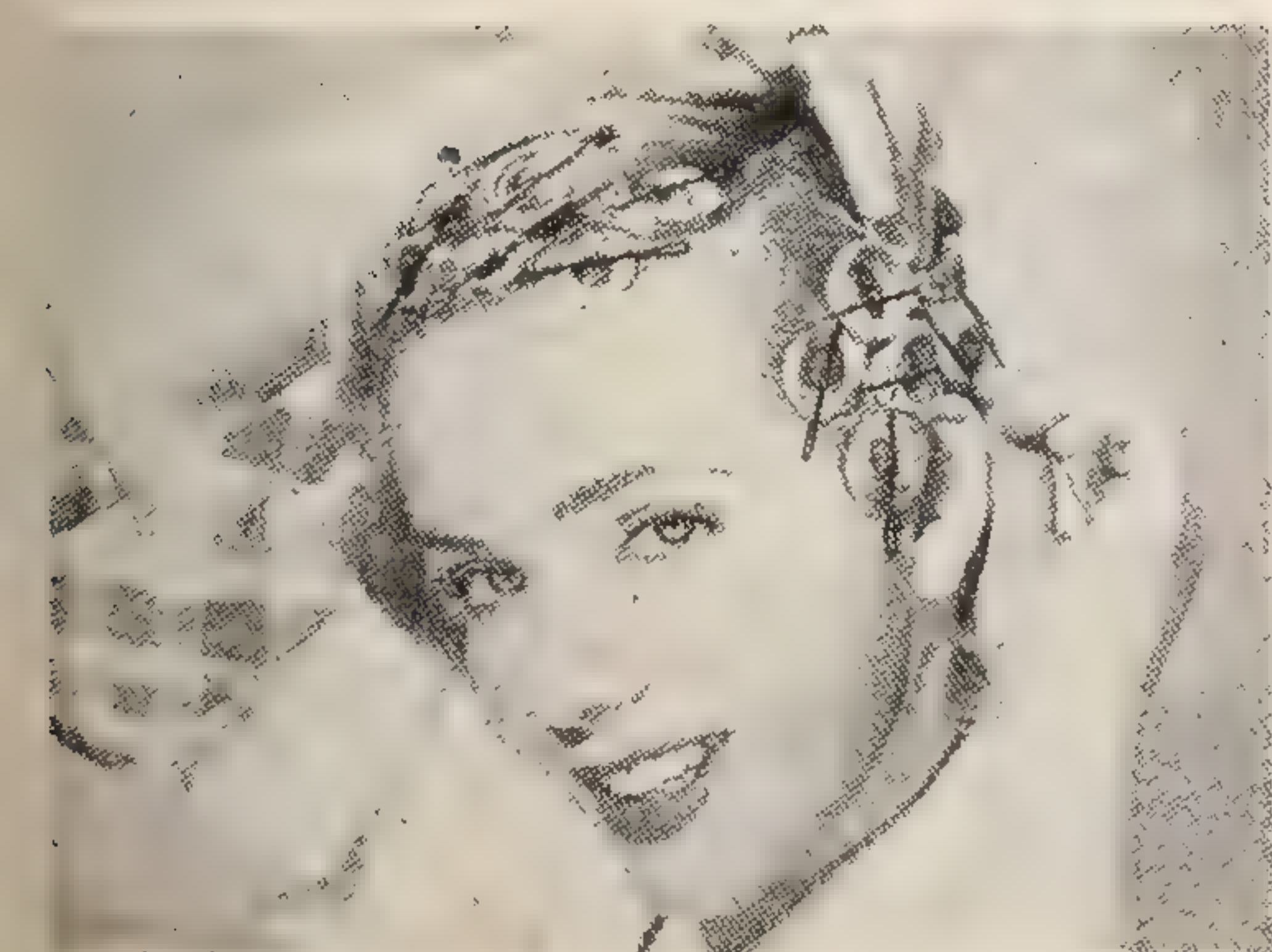
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Sweet Heart" style. Bobbi is so easy — no help is needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Bettina" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Casual, carefree — that's the "Chantilly" hairdo — thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

MOVIES

CONTINUED

★★★★ EXCELLENT ★★★ VERY GOOD ★★ GOOD ★ FAIR



Men of the Fighting Lady

M-G-M, ANSCO COLOR

★★★★ Carrier-based jet bombers range Korean skies in an excellent picture of modern warfare. Realistic without being unduly harrowing, done almost in documentary style, the story presents its expert actors not as stars, going in for heroics and emoting, but as genuine airmen, intent on tactics and the reason for the fight. Van Johnson believes sincerely he's engaged in long-range defense of his own country. "Retread" Keenan Wynn and the younger Dewey Martin claim they'll always take care of themselves first. Frank Lovejoy, leader of the bomber squadron, rouses argument with his insistence on risky low-level bombing. Action sequences are first-rate, climaxed by the factual incident in which a blinded pilot is "talked" to a landing. **FAMILY**

Shipmates at odds: Dewey, Van, Walter, Keenan and Frank



Apache

U.A., TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ That familiar movie figure, the proud Indian warrior unwilling to concede victory to the whites, here becomes a real, unglamorized person for the first time. In a shaggy black wig, dark make-up, shabby clothes that never suggest operetta costumes, Burt Lancaster is an imposing hero, a young Apache who rebels when the beaten tribe heads for the reservation. The movie is full of violent action: an escape from a prison-bound train; a wild journey across country, through the white man's overwhelming cities; the fight against white treachery; flight to the lonely life of outlawry. But the story does express the true tragedy of a whole people. Jean Peters, as authentically garbed as Burt, is his partner in a touching, unorthodox love story. **FAMILY**

Injuries can't keep Jean from following Burt in his exile



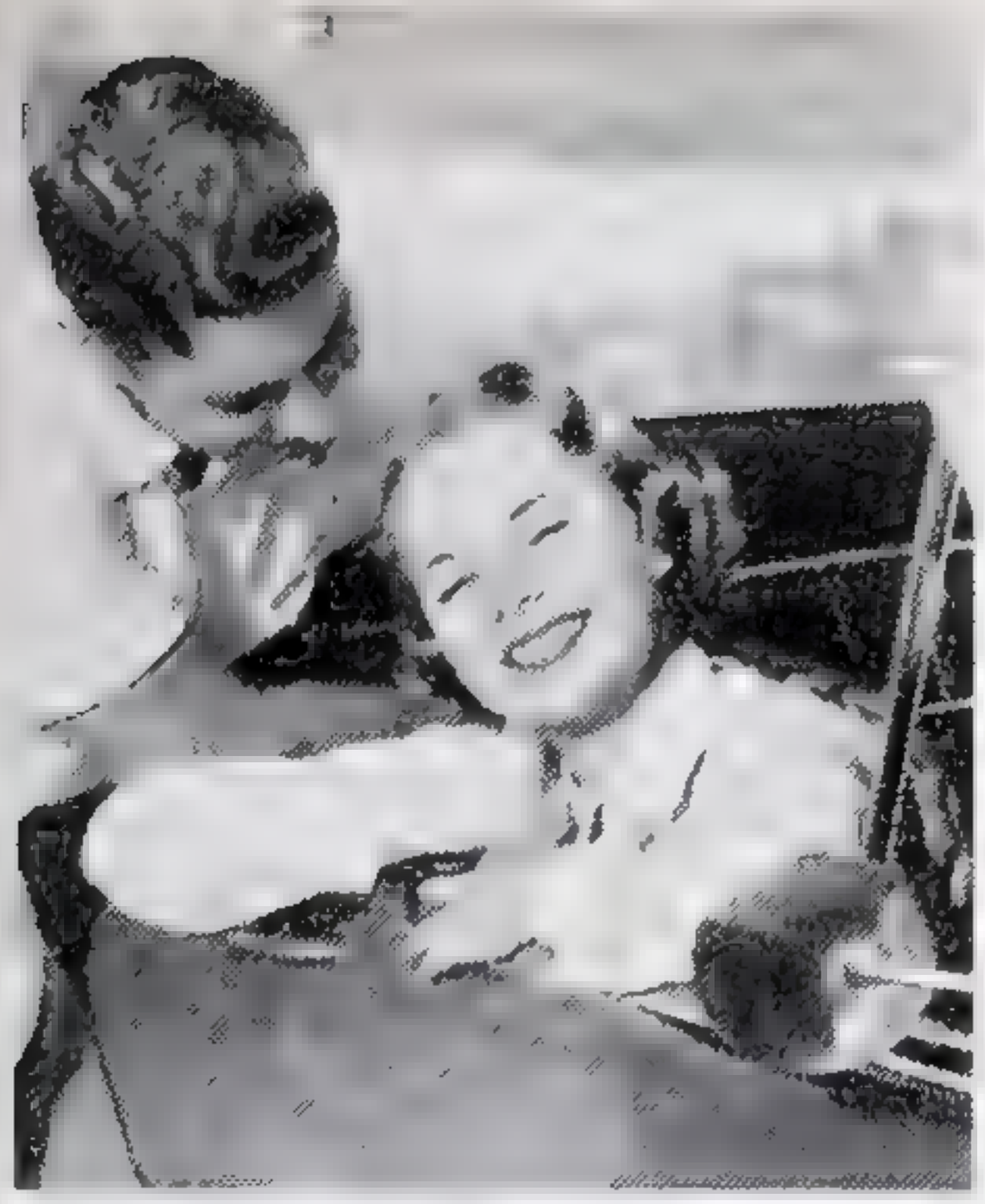
Johnny Dark

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

★★★ With Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie as the exuberant young stars, a tale of sports-car racing gives you a lively entertainment session. Tony's an engineer at an ultra-conservative car factory. He has designed a new sports model; but Sidney Blackmer, the firm's owner, opposes such a departure, while Paul Kelly, Tony's immediate boss, backs it. Piper, Blackmer's granddaughter, works incognito at the factory and also sympathizes with Tony's dream—partly for personal reasons. Without authorization, Tony enters his car in a race down the west coast from the Canadian border to the Mexican. Don Taylor, his ex-buddy and rival in romance, is his chief competitor. Suspense is kept at a high pitch throughout. **FAMILY**

Tony tries to convince Piper that cars aren't his only love

Your hair is romance...



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance.

Use New *WHITE RAIN* Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

Says
Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Conover School Beauty Director

"I've seen this soap help girls from 11 different countries—with every type of skin—dry, normal and oily."



"It's such wholesome beauty care!" says chic Paris stylist, Georgette. "No wonder American complexions are so pretty!"

"French women are wise in the ways of beauty," says glamorous Georgette, "but I must say I've learned a lot about complexion care since I started using Cashmere Bouquet. My skin tends to be oily, so Candy taught me to beauty-wash by creaming this rich, mild lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves a fresh glow, a softer, smoother feel. And I love the flowery fragrance!"

P.S.

"Cake make-up helps oily skin keep that glowing, Cashmere Bouquet look all day. Cream-base foundations lend the same perfection to dry skin."

Candy



Complexion and big bath sizes

Readers Inc...

Continued from page 6

I've just learned that a studio has bought the rights to Samuel Shellabarger's "Lord Vanity." I can just see the following stars doing a wonderful job: Rick Jason as *Richard Morendi*; Elizabeth Taylor as *Maritza Venier*; and Ava Gardner as *Countess Amelie*.

MRS. C. VALDAVINO
Walnut Grove, California

When, oh when, are they going to make the life story of that colorful hockey great Howie Morenz, or today's more familiar greats, Gordie Howe or Maurice Richard? What would be more thrilling and inspiring than Tab Hunter as the star!

DOROTHY KRAL
Berwyn, Illinois

I have just finished "Not as a Stranger," and I believe this book would make an excellent movie. William Holden or Victor Mature would be perfect for the male lead, with either Jean Peters or Ann Blyth playing opposite.

LIBBY FISCHER
Brooklyn, New York

So did Columbia, and Stanley Kramer's set to produce it with Frank Sinatra and Bob Mitchum already cast.

I would like to see "With All My Heart," by Margaret Campbell Barnes, turned into a movie that would retain the true feelings of two spirited people in a complicated situation. Ann Blyth should play the part of *Catherine of Braganza* and Steve Forrest should be the handsome and magnetic *Charles II*.

MARILYN CONYERS
San Francisco, California

Why isn't Rhonda Fleming cast in more singing and dancing roles? She certainly has the beauty and sex appeal for them.

B. K.
Great Falls, Montana

QUESTION BOX

Could you please tell me whether Burt Lancaster has a fan club, and if so, how do I go about joining forces with same? I have just seen "From Here to Eternity" and think it's one of the best . . .

RUTH H. HARRISON
Hulmeville, Pennsylvania

Suggest you write directly to Mr. Lancaster for information. Address him in care of the Screen Actors Guild.—ED.

For lack of something to do this evening, a few of us started arguing about the height of various movie stars and we disagreed about Alan Ladd. How tall is he? If he's under 6'1" and 185 lbs, I'm going to be mighty disappointed.

JUDE PETRIE
Notre Dame, Indiana

Alan Ladd is 5'9" and weighs 160.—ED.

Could you please tell me who played Elaine's brother in "Knights of the Round Table"? And where can I write to him?

CAROL W. CHURA
Chicago, Illinois

That was Gabriel Woolf. Suggest you write him at M-G-M.—ED.

How tall is Marlon Brando?

PHYLLIS CASEY
Newark, New Jersey

He's 5'10" and weighs 170 lbs.—ED.

Continued on page 20

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU



Grace Kelly, with Bing Crosby, has Sidney wondering out loud

I WONDER if Grace Kelly knew she had so much S.A. for movie heroes before she started in pictures . . . Debbie Reynolds is a fooler. She giggles, appears demure but knows the score and is determined . . . I'm for the Zsa Zsa Gabor-Rubirosa romance (?) because I think they deserve each other . . . If it weren't for Grauman's Chinese, the Beachcomber, Musso-Franks and the Pickwick Bookshop, Hollywood Boulevard would be nothing . . . I'm tired of reading Mary Murphy used to wrap packages before she was an actress . . . Somehow I always find myself rooting for Frank Sinatra . . . Rock Hudson's real name is Roy Fitzgerald, and what's wrong with that?

"Women have a better break. It doesn't matter whether they act or not." John Wayne said it, and by the dough he's shelling out, he knows what he's talking about . . . I don't object to pictures having a message if the picture and the message are good . . . Lauren Bacall should make another movie in which she tells a guy to go whistle for her . . . I'm waiting for them to give Charlotte Austin the chance in pictures she deserves.

My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told Jean Simmons: "What's the matter? You don't believe a word I make up." . . . Burt Lancaster is the only actor who combs his hair with his fingers . . . I like Joan Crawford much better with her shoes off . . . Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding met in a most unusual manner for Hollywood: They were introduced to each other . . . I wish Clark Gable and Jeff Chandler would get movies worthy of them . . . What's wrong with the movies? The most intelligent answer came from an unknown couple sitting behind me in a neighborhood theatre. During the trailer, she said: "Always is coming next week a good picture."

I don't buy Lana Turner when she has to be a lady on the screen . . . Most of the new movie heroes look alike to me. They are either Tony Curtis or Rory Calhoun, who is a tall Tony Curtis . . . Funny, but I never get tired of hearing Bing Crosby and Judy Garland sing. . . . Robert Taylor once told me: "The first thing I notice about a woman is her voice. If that's pleasant, then I'll notice her complexion and hair." Must listen to Ursula.

Elaine Stewart always assumes a graceful pose, whether standing, sitting or lounging . . . I think it's too long a wait between Gene Kelly musicals . . . There must be something to working as assistant to a movie dance director. First Gwen Verdon clicked in "Can-Can," and now Carol Haney is a hit on Broadway in "The Pajama Game." . . . "I never fight for a better dressing room. You can't see it in a movie." Deborah Kerr said it and believes it.

I question whether Audrey Hepburn will be as popular when she becomes a fine actress . . . Girls tell me Jerry Lewis has more S.A. than Dean Martin . . . Van Johnson is the biggest movie fan of all the movie stars. He's apt to ask himself for an autograph . . . I goofed with Greta Garbo. Can't get her to make another movie . . . Kirk Douglas prefers a shower to a bath because he likes the beat of the water on him.

While wandering through the wardrobe department at Fox, in the section where falsies are kept, I noticed this sign: "Our Definition of 'Space Fiction.'" That's Hollywood for you.



Lauren, with Bogey. He whistled!

Van Johnson's a Hollywood movie fan



Martin & Lewis, Janet: No fooling, Jer's the charm boy!

spray net*

keeps your hair in place...

dryness? stiffness?

not a trace!



Helene Curtis spray net

contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion...
can't ever dry your hair! keeps your hair set all day... softly!



Do you put up with wispy, "fly-away" hair because you shy away from the usual hard hair fixative?

Then *please* try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Just spray it on. See how soft and "touchable" it keeps your hair while keeping it in place... *all day long*.

SPRAY NET can never dry your hair because SPRAY NET contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion.

And notice the lovely, lively lustre it gives your hair.

No stuck-in-place look or sticky feel when you use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps end curls *in* curl and wisps *from* wispings even in damp, droopy weather.

Housewives, debutantes, and girls-on-the-job all say that SPRAY NET is the joy of a career.

Whatever *you* do... do take just a minute, and try wonder-working Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today.

Regular size (4½ oz.) **\$1.25** New large economy size (11 oz.) **\$1.89** both prices plus tax



FOR QUICK "HAIR-DOS"

Put hair up in pin curls in your usual fashion, then spray with SPRAY NET, and in a few minutes you're ready. No waiting for water or wave set to dry!

*T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



BRUSHES OUT INSTANTLY

Just a few brush strokes and SPRAY NET disappears! It doesn't flake, linger on the scalp, or necessitate washing your hair more often than you like



WON'T SHOW EVEN ON BLONDE OR WHITE HAIR

SPRAY NET is absolutely colorless, completely invisible on the hair. Adds a sheen, but won't change the hair color a bit.

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...

Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 18)

Would you please tell me... if the songs from the movie "Calamity Jane" starring Doris Day and Howard Keel have been recorded?

MARDELL HARBAUGH
Johnson, Pennsylvania

Long-playing discs have been put out by Columbia records on this score.—ED.

Could you tell me the name of the movie starring Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor? Who was the male star in that picture? Did Shelley Winters and Farley Granger ever co-star in a movie?

LUCILLE MEYER
Dickinson, North Dakota

Shelley and Liz played opposite Montgomery Clift in "A Place in the Sun." Yes, Shelley and Farley Granger co-starred in "Behave Yourself."—ED.

In the May issue of PHOTOPLAY your story about Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger said that Jean was seventeen years old in 1935... This makes her thirty-six... I didn't think she was over twenty-five.

PAT NEFF
Onsted, Michigan

This was an error. Jean is just twenty-five years old.—ED.

My husband and I are having a little argument. He says Charlton Heston played Rory Calhoun's blond friend in "Rogue River," and I say he didn't play in this picture at all. Who is right?

MRS. ELLA MAE McMILLIN
Bedford, Indiana

Peter Graves portrayed Rory's fair-haired buddy in this one.—ED.

I don't know whether or not you've noticed it, but I sure have. What? Why the fact that Debbie Reynolds and that terrific newcomer Ben Cooper look quite a bit alike. I'm wondering... if these two are related.

MARGE DINEEN
Berkeley, California

Debby and Ben are not related.—Ed.



Man in question: Harold Russell

In "The Best Years of Our Lives" was the actor who played Homer really an amputee?... What has happened to him? I haven't seen him in any other pictures...

BARBARA FERRELL
Charlotte, North Carolina

Navy veteran Harold Russell, who actually lost both hands in World War II, played the role of Homer. Since then he has been the National Commander of the Amvets, and is now a representative for the World Veterans Federation.—ED.

why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

1  2  Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. These photomicros prove it. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath). No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits.

Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion — even under make-up.



Also available in Canada

P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.

Dial M for Murder

WARNERS; 3-D.
WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Here's a suave, consistently satisfying tale of suspense, with Ray Milland pacing a small but select cast. Ray is early revealed as a complete scoundrel, blandly blackmailing an old school chum into an attempt at the murder of Ray's rich wife, as this unhappy lady, Grace Kelly, gives a spirited performance, with more emotion and color than she's shown before. She upsets Ray's plans by fighting off the assassin, killing him in the struggle. Undiscouraged, her husband concocts a neat frame-up that renders her unable to prove she killed in self-defense, and it looks as if the hangman will make Ray a wealthy widower.

Robert Cummings gives too much of his familiar farce style to the role of a whodunit writer in love with Grace. But elegantly underplayed comedy is contributed by John Williams, as a dogged Scotland Yard inspector. Talky but tense, the film is Alfred Hitchcock's best directing job in years, with shrewd use of 3-D. (It may also be shown in 2-D.)

FAMILY

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe

U.A.
PATHECOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The classic castaway story has been filmed with integrity and poignancy. Though it's high adventure, the picture shows in believable terms just what twenty-eight years on a desert island would do to a man. There are no big names, but Dan O'Herlihy, the only human being in sight for most of the footage, makes a deeply sympathetic figure of *Crusoe*. In the 17th Century, he comes ashore on a desert island after a shipwreck, provides himself with food, shelter and clothing, eventually finds companionship by rescuing a savage—the original "My Man Friday" (James Hernandez)—from cannibals visiting the island for a sort of beach picnic. This is fascinating physical action, shot in Mexico. But it's the psychological angle that gives the movie distinction.

FAMILY

Flame and the Flesh

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The dark-haired Lana Turner does a nice job as a lazy opportunist, short on conscience and morals, though she's not so convincing as an Italian. Tossed out by a disapproving landlady, Lana latches on to Bonar Colleano, a surprisingly naive musician who gives her shelter in his apartment, asking nothing in return. But Bonar's roommate, night-club singer Carlos Thompson, quickly arouses Lana's interest, and she sets about taking him away from his fiancée. Beautiful Pier Angel keeps this good-girl role from being saccharine, playing it with vigorous simplicity. The unassuming little story is set in picturesque Italian locations. It's all Lana's, and she's at her best, making no attempt to glorify a shoddy character even giving some lines a Mae West intonation.

ADULT

this is how you feel...

All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere
bouquet

TALCUM POWDER



Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin... helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

59¢
29¢ 43¢
Plus Tax

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

The Student PrinceM-G-M;
CINEMASCOPE, ANSCO COLOR

✓✓✓ Ann Blyth teams with newcomer Edmund Purdom in the sweet old-fashioned operetta about a mythical-kingdom prince and a lovely commoner. Purdom, a Rock Hudson type minus a few inches and plus an English accent, starts out as a stuffy, stiff-necked lad who repels his intended bride, princess Betta St. John. So his kingly father (Louis Calhern) ships him off to Heidelberg University to get humanized. This he does so thoroughly that he falls in love with Ann, a barmaid at dad S. Z. Sakall's inn. The music is as charming as ever, though Mario Lanza's robust voice on the sound track doesn't quite match Purdom's more reserved personality.

FAMILY



In a duet with Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom embarks on a gay new life at a university

Demetrius and the Gladiators20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The sequel to "The Robe," tracing the further adventures of Victor Mature as the Greek ex-slave, has all the spectacular qualities of its predecessor, but the theme of Jesus' garment here loses much of its strength. Mature's effort to guard the robe from pagan hands dooms him to the existence of a gladiator, and scenes in the arena are full of excitement. Jay Robinson again plays the mad Caligula, while Susan Hayward joins the cast as the wicked Messalina, wife of the intellectual Claudius (Barry Jones), heir to the throne. Her seductive ways lure Victor from his faith, but only temporarily. Debra Paget appears briefly as his sweetheart, also a Christian.

FAMILY

Black Horse Canyon

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ An ingratiating Western starring Joel McCrea gives Race Gentry his first leading role. Race, who scored a hit in a minor part in "The Lawless Breed," now graduates to a lead, again showing promise. He's a sort of adopted kid brother of Joel's, and the two one-time saddle tramps are starting a small ranch. Race is distracted from his chores by a hunt for a magnificent wild stallion, also coveted by Mari Blanchard and by a ruthless neigh-



Your Second (so much prettier) Skin!

Umm-mmm—what a complexion! It looks all yours—only prettier than it's ever looked before. Because this silk-textured powder clings close as your own skin... never flakes, shines or streaks. And there's a Cashmere Bouquet shade that's twin to your skin—whether your basic skin color is pink, ivory, olive or any tone in between!



Conover
Girls
Pick
Cashmere
Bouquet

"All our Conover students use this silky Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder," says the Beauty Director of the Conover School. "We teach them to pat it on lavishly, press in well, then brush off the excess for a velvet finish."

7 Cover Girl Colors **29¢** plus tax

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

cashmere bouquet

FACE POWDER

Have

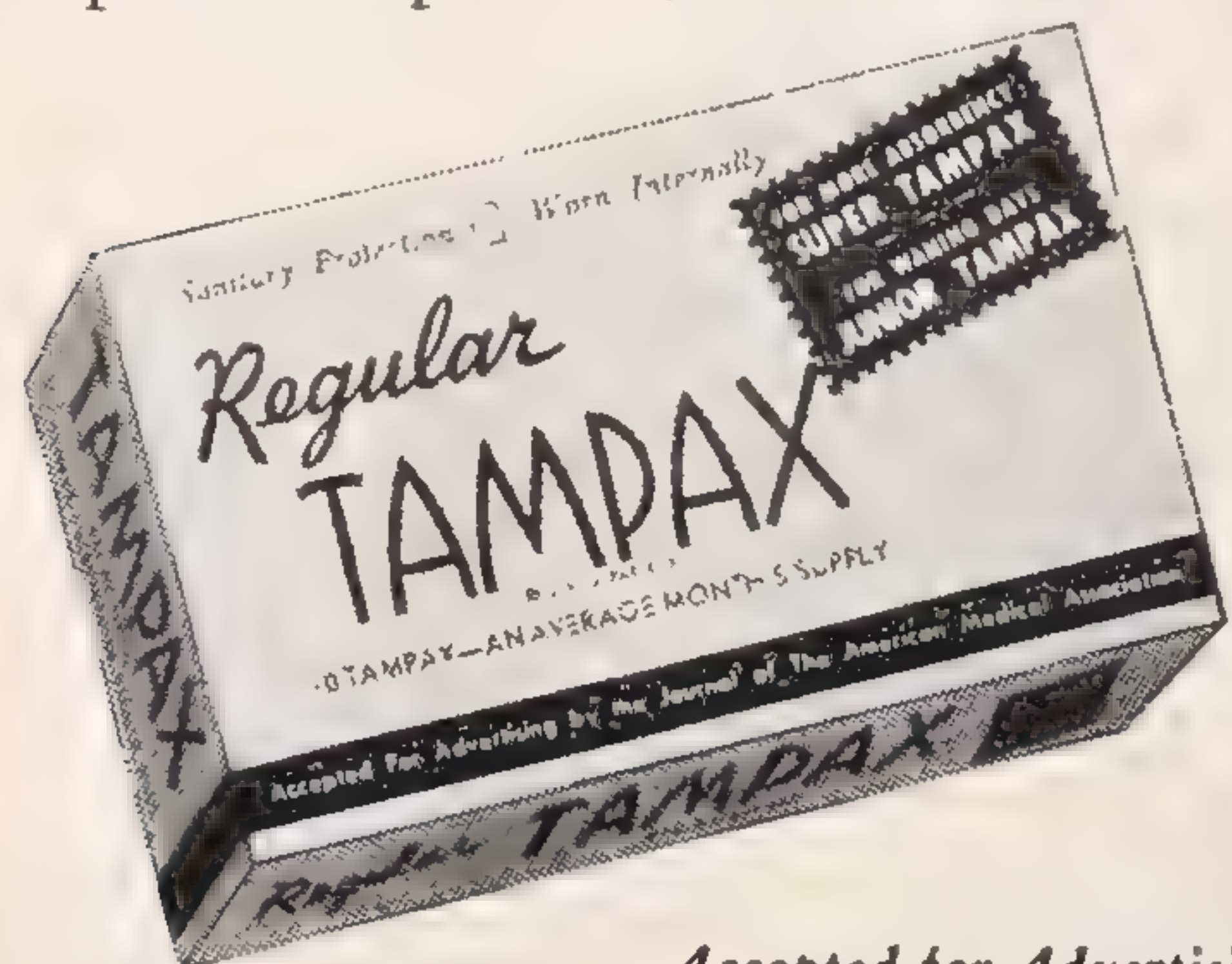


Fun!

don't deprive yourself of the fun of going swimming just because it's "time of the month" for you. Be smart! Be modern! Be a Tampax user! Tampax is internal sanitary protection that never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit.

do enjoy all the other summer advantages of Tampax. Be glad it prevents chafing. (Tampax can't even be felt, once it's in place.) Rejoice in the way it prevents odor from forming. And remember the fact that it's easy to dispose of when you're away from home. No wonder so many women find Tampax so convenient all year round—so *ideal* during warm weather.

because *honestly!*—Tampax can be worn by any normal woman. It's *simple* to insert! Get your supply this very month at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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MOVIES CONTINUED

bor, Murvyn Vye. There's a wistful touch of love interest, Race yearning after the somewhat older Mari. The horses are beautiful to watch, and the whole film has a pleasant lightness.

FAMILY

About Mrs. Leslie

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT

✓✓ Shirley Booth's warm personality and superb acting are the mainstays of a somewhat rambling love story. She's the owner of a rooming house, taking a sympathetic interest in the problems of her guests—among them two young people (Marjie Millar and Alex Nicol) trying to get into show business. Shirley's own great love is past, but she recalls it in flashbacks. Her heart was given to a married man (Robert Ryan), with whom she could spend only six weeks of each year. Ingratating as the two players are, it is hard to find much sense or romance in such a relationship.

ADULT

Silver Lode

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ This action story offers substance along with thrills. In a small Western town, John Payne's about to be married to Elizabeth Scott—when he's threatened with arrest for a murder two years before. Dan Duryea, brother of the dead man, represents himself as a U. S. marshal, and John has trouble proving that Dan's real aim, once he's gotten his captive out of town, is quick vengeance. At first, the townspeople defend John, but gunplay turns them against him, landing him in a mighty tough spot.

FAMILY

Make Haste to Live

REPUBLIC

✓✓ Several capable players make the most of this slender suspense picture, set in today's Southwest. Dorothy McGuire is a small-town newspaper editor, whose past suddenly catches up with her. It's personified by Stephen McNally, her gangster husband, just out of jail. She dreads his influence on their daughter (Mary Murphy), who's been brought up in the belief that her father is dead. Two romances are threatened: Dorothy's with scientist John Howard; Mary's with young Ron Hagerthy.

FAMILY

Secret of the Incas

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A standard treasure-hunt story gets a considerable lift from vivid location shots of Peruvian villages, mountains, natives and Inca ruins. Charlton Heston is an unscrupulous adventurer hungry for Inca gold. Thomas Mitchell is his competitor, further along in years and greed. As a fugitive from Red Roumania, pretty Nicole Maurey is involved only accidentally, while Robert Young, as an archaeologist, seeks the treasure for unselfish reasons. Yma Sumac does two native songs in her unique voice.

FAMILY

Johnny Guitar

REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR

✓✓ Joan Crawford's the dashing star of a Western so determinedly off-beat that the heroine and the female menace end by shooting it out, as the men merely look on. The efforts of the jealous Mercedes McCambridge to close down Joan's gambling house set off the action. Sterling Hayden, a reformed gunfighter, once Joan's lover, must take up his guns again. Scott Brady's also featured as a not very tough young bandit.

FAMILY

The Diamond

U.A., 3-D

✓✓ Shot in England with American stars (Dennis O'Keefe and Margaret Sheridan), this thriller is distinguished by an unusual chase scene near the finish and by its new shape. The picture is coyly scalloped at top and bottom! Dennis is a U. S. Treasury agent trailing a thief who robbed Uncle Sam of \$1,000,000. The money, it's suspected, will be used to manufacture synthetic diamonds. Margaret's seen as the daughter of the inventor, held captive by the gang.

FAMILY

Gog

U.A.; 3-D, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ The latest in the science-fiction cycle is full of spectacular gadgets, but its people aren't too convincing. Richard Egan makes a security check on a secret desert laboratory, where the country conducts experiments aimed toward the building of a space station. A giant mechanical brain directs all the machines—which suddenly go haywire, killing scientists. Egan and Constance Dowling share the love interest.

FAMILY

The French Line

RKO; TECHNICOLOR, 3-D

✓✓ With all her new comedy craft, Jane Russell manages to put sparkle into a tired farce about a Texas multi-millionaire off on an incognito husband-hunting trip to Europe. She contrives to look lovely in dowdy costumes designed only to show off the already well-known Russell chest. Gilbert Roland's the debonair Frenchman who loves her in spite of her money. As for *that* dance, it's a conventional burlesque routine, weirdly placed in a Paris fashion show. Like the above two films, this 3-D may also be shown in 2-D; check your theatre.

ADULT

Tanganyika

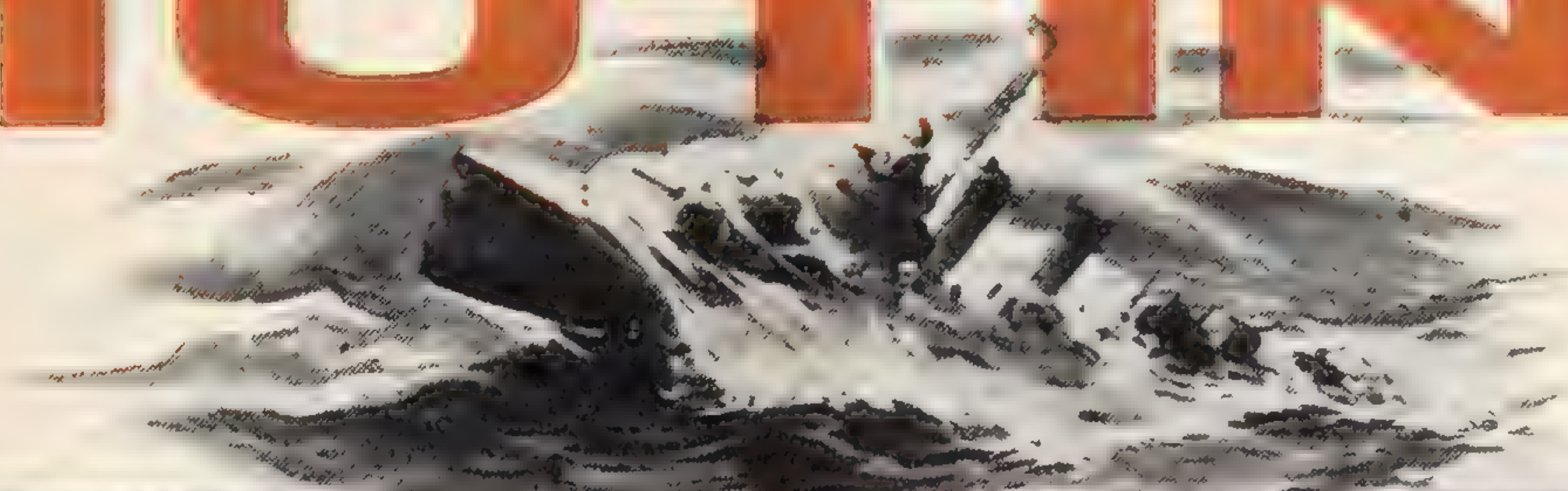
U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Though supposedly set in Africa, this adventure story is a converted Western, in which a misguided tribe is stirred to war by an ornery white man. Lumberman Van Heflin, his business threatened, goes gunning for the renegade. His safari acquires unexpected travelers: Ruth Roman and her orphaned niece and nephew; Howard Duff, wounded by the hostile tribe. As it turns out, Duff is the innocent brother of Jeff Morrow, the madman who has become a jungle dictator. Dynamite blasts provide a lively finale.

FAMILY

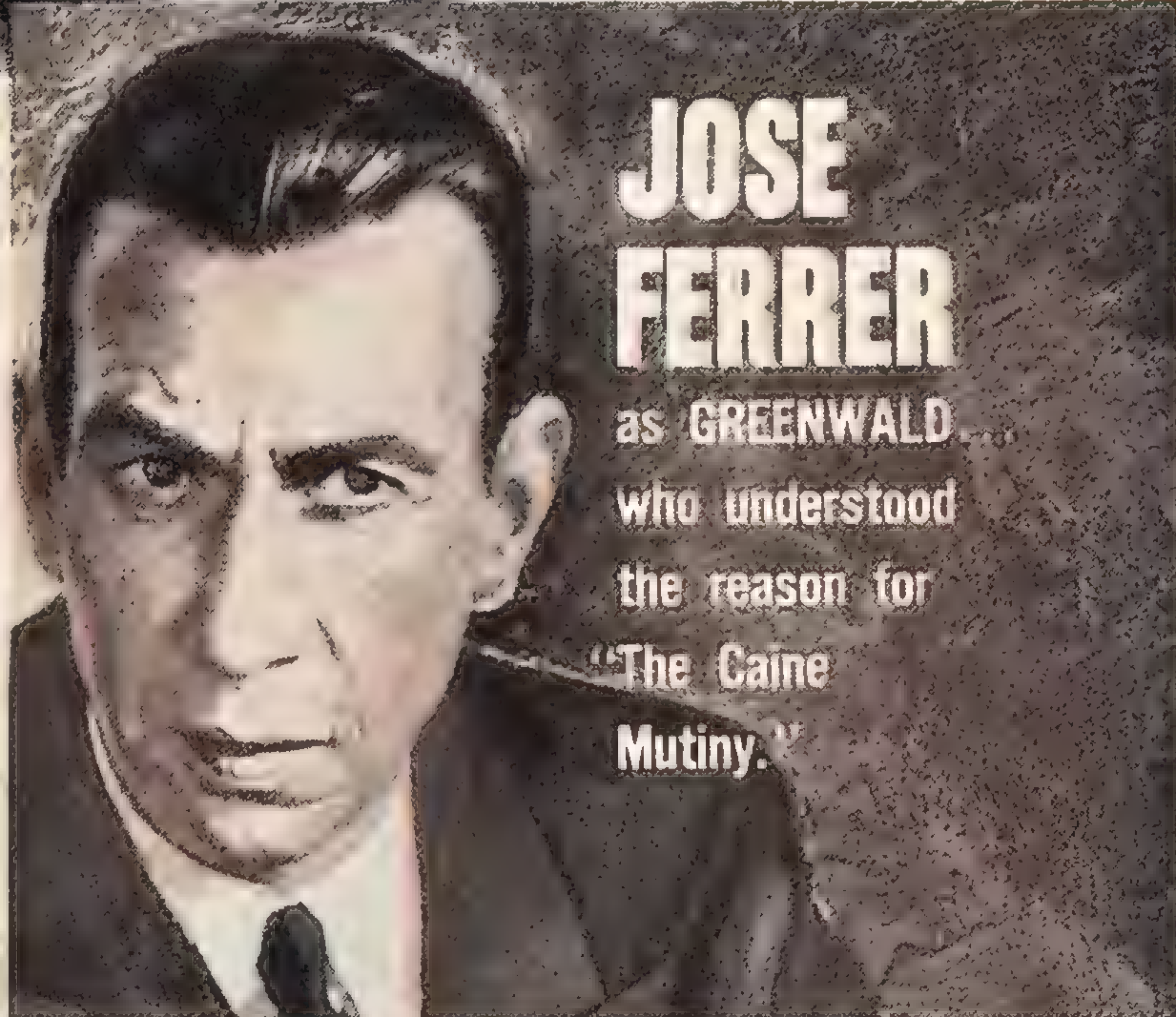
At last on the screen!

THE CAINE MUTINY



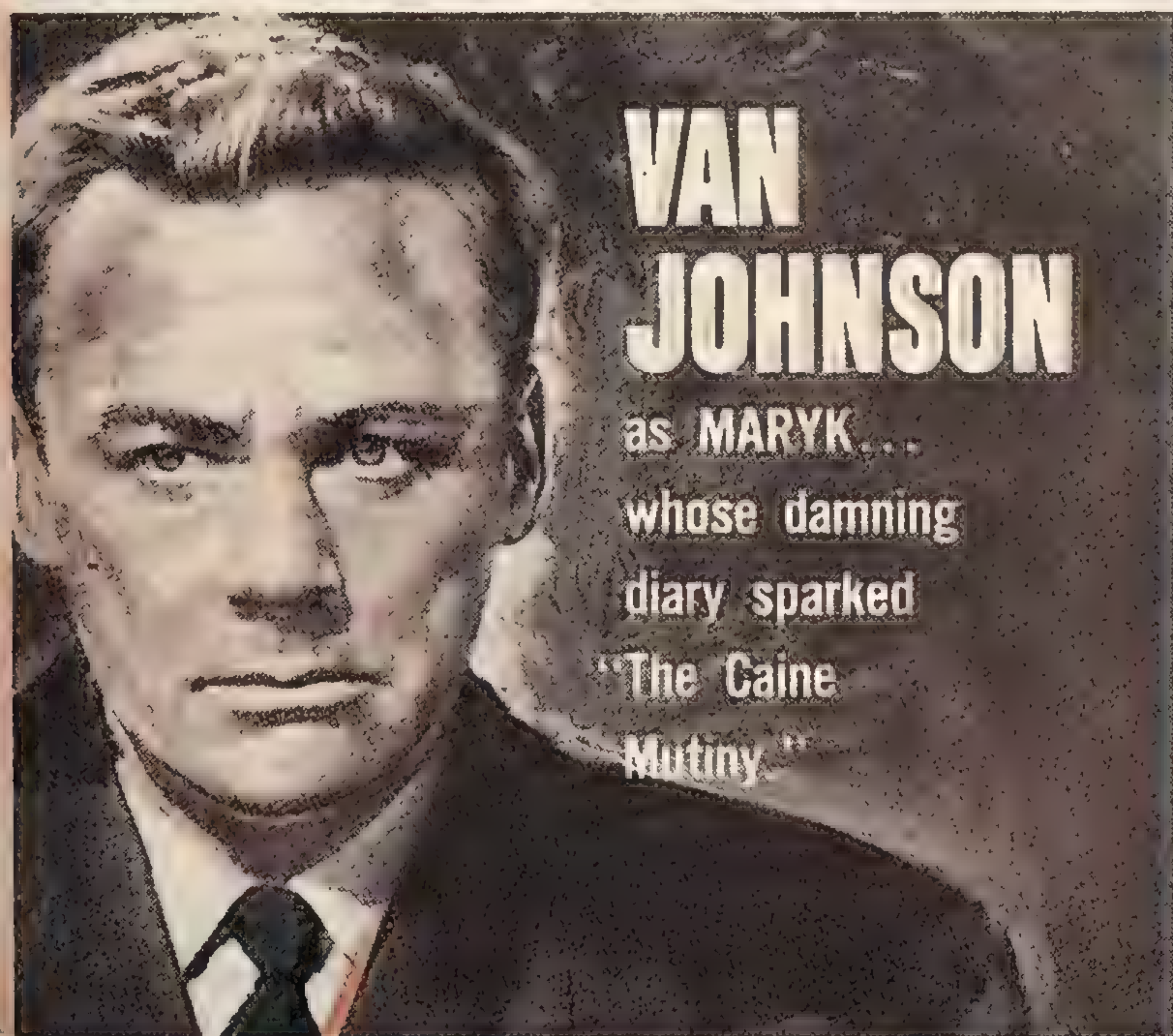
**HUMPHREY
BOGART**

as QUEEG...
the captain and
the cause of
"The Caine
Mutiny."



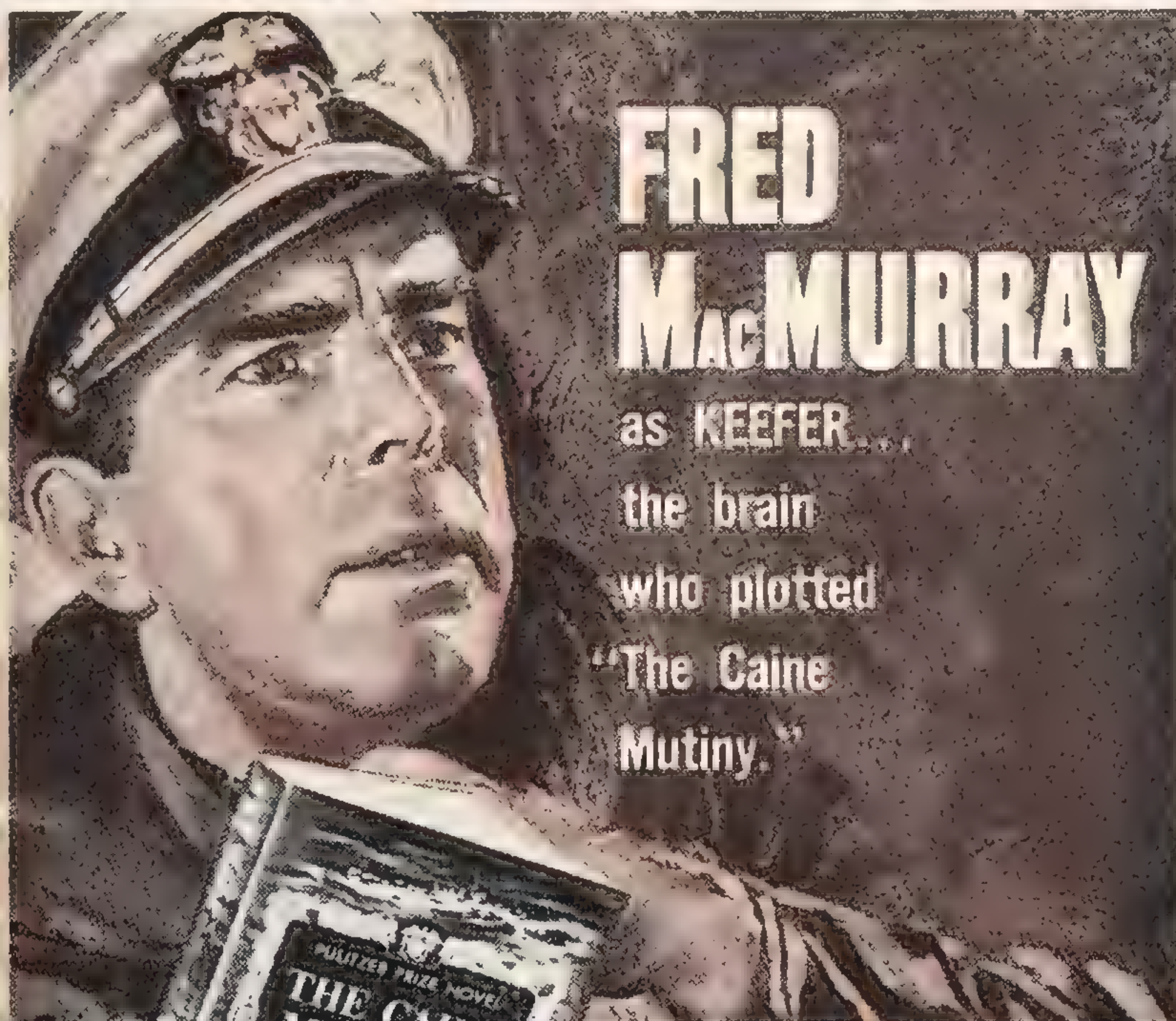
**JOSE
FERRER**

as GREENWALD...
who understood
the reason for
"The Caine
Mutiny."



**VAN
JOHNSON**

as MARYK...
whose damning
diary sparked
"The Caine
Mutiny."



**FRED
MacMURRAY**

as KEEFER...
the brain
who plotted
"The Caine
Mutiny."

and Introducing

ROBERT FRANCIS • MAY WYNN

Screen Play by STANLEY ROBERTS

Based upon the Pulitzer prize winning novel by HERMAN WOUK

Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK



COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

A COLUMBIA PICTURE
A STANLEY KRAMER PROD.



It's Lanolin
magic!

ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!

Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean... radiant to behold!



Helene Curtis
**lanolin
shampoo**

Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢, \$1
Lanolin Creme Shampoo—49¢, 89¢, \$1.69

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ABOUT MRS. LESLIE—Paramount. Directed by Daniel Mann: *Mrs. Vivien Leslie*, Shirley Booth; *George Leslie*, Robert Ryan; *Nadine Roland*, Marjorie Miller; *Lan McKay*, Alex Nicol; *Harry Willey*, Sammy White; *Mr. Poole*, James Bell; *Pixie*, Eilene Janssen; *Mort Finley*, Philip Ober; *Fred Blue*, Henry Morgan; *Marion King*, Gale Page; *Mrs. Poole*, Virginia Brissac; *Mr. Pope*, Ian Wolfe; *Mrs. Croffman*, Ellen Corby; *Barney*, Ray Teal; *Jim*, Isaac Jones; *Camilla*, Maidie Norman; *Felice*, Laura Elliot; *Gilly*, Amanda Blake; *Hackley*, Percy Helton; *Rick*, Ric Roman.

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—U.A. Directed by Luis Bunuel: *Robinson Crusoe*, Dan O'Herlihy; *Friday*, James Fernandez; *Captain Oberzo*, Felipe De Alba; *Bos'n*, Chel Lopez; *Leaders of the Mutiny*, Jose Chavez, Emilio Garibay.

APACHE—U.A. Directed by Robert Aldrich: *Massai*, Burt Lancaster; *Nalinle*, Jean Peters; *Al Sieber*, John McIntire; *Hondo*, Charles Buchinsky; *Weddle*, John Dehner; *Santos*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Glagg*, Ian MacDonald; *Lt. Col. Beck*, Walter Sande; *Dawson*, Morris Ankrum; *Geronimo*, Monte Blue.

BLACK HORSE CANYON—U.I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs: *Rock*, Joel McCrea; *Aldis*, Mari Blanchard; *Ti*, Race Gentry; *Jennings*, Murvyn Vye; *Doc Spain*, Irving Bacon; *Sheriff Whitney*, Ewing Mitchell; *Duke*, John Pickard; *Juanita*, Pilar Del Rey; *Jim Graves*, William J. Williams; *Haley*, Henry Wills.

CAINE MUTINY, THE—Columbia. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: *Captain Queeg*, Humphrey Bogart; *Lt. Barney Greenwald*, Jose Ferrer; *Lt. Steve Maryk*, Van Johnson; *Lt. Tom Keefer*, Fred MacMurray; *Ensign Willie Keith*, Robert Francis; *May Wynn*, May Wynn; *Captain DeVriess*, Tom Tully; *Lt. Cdr. Challee*, E. G. Marshall; *Lt. Paynter*, Arthur Franz; *Meatball*, Lee Marvin; *Captain Blakeley*, Warner Anderson; *Horrible*, Claude Akins; *Mrs. Keith*, Katharine Warren; *Ensign Harding*, Jerry Paris; *Chief Budge*, Steve Brodie; *Stilwell*, Todd Karns; *Lt. Cdr. Dickson*, Whit Bissell; *Lt. Jorgenson*, James Best; *Ensign Carmody*, Joe Haworth; *Ensign Rabbit*, Guy Anderson; *Whittaker*, James Edwards; *Urban*, Don Dubbins; *Engstrand*, David Alpert.

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS—20th. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Demetrius*, Victor Mature; *Messalina*, Susan Hayward; *Peter*, Michael Rennie; *Lucia*, Debra Paget; *Paula*, Anne Bancroft; *Caligula*, Jay Robinson; *Claudius*, Barry Jones; *Glycon*, William Marshall; *Dardanius*, Richard Egan; *Strabo*, Ernest Borgnine; *Cassius Chaerea*, Charles Evans; *Kaeso*, Everett Glass; *Macro*, Karl Davis; *Albus*, Jeff York; *Slave Girl*, Carmen de Lavallade; *Varus*, John Cliff; *Specialty Dancers*, Barbara James, Willetta Smith.

DIAL M FOR MURDER—Warners. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: *Tony*, Ray Milland; *Margot*, Grace Kelly; *Mark*, Robert Cummings; *Inspector Hubbard*, John Williams; *Capt. Lesgate*, Anthony Dawson; *The Storyteller*, Leo Britt; *Pearson*, Patrick Allen; *Williams*, George Leigh; *1st Detective*, George Alderson; *Police Sergeant*, Robin Hughes.

DIAMOND, THE—U.A. Directed by Dennis O'Keefe: *Joe Dennison*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Marlene Miller*, Margaret Sheridan; *Inspector McClaren*, Philip Friend; *Thompson Blake*, Allan Wheatley; *Yeo*, Francis de Wolff; *Hunziger*, Eric Berry; *Hoxie*, Michael Balfour; *Sergeant Smith*, Ann Gudrun; *Dr. Eric Miller*, Paul Hardmuth; *Castle*, Cyril Chamberlain; *Lascelles*, Seymour Green.

FLAME AND THE FLESH—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: *Madeline*, Lana Turner; *Lisa*, Pier Angeli; *Nino*, Carlos Thompson; *Ciccio*, Bonar Colleano; *Mondari*, Charles Goldner; *Peppe*, Peter Illing; *Francesca*, Rosalie Crutchley; *Filiberto*, Marne Maitland; *Marina Proprietor*, Eric Pohlmann; *Dressmaker*, Catharina Ferraz.

FRENCH LINE, THE—RKO. Directed by Lloyd Bacon: *Mary Carson*, Jane Russell; *Pierre Duquesne*, Gilbert Roland; *Waco Mosby*, Arthur Hunnicutt; *Annie Farrell*, Mary McCarty; *Myrtle Brown*, Joyce MacKenzie; *Celeste*, Paula Corday; *Bill Harris*, Scott Elliott; *Phil Barton*, Craig Stevens; *Katherine Hodges*, Laura Elliot; *George Hodges*, Michael St. Angel; *Francois*, Steven Geray; *First Mate*, John Wengraf; *Donna Adams*, Barbara Darrow; *Kitty Lee*, Barbara Dobbins.

GOG—U.A. Directed by Herbert L. Strock: *David Sheppard*, Richard Egan; *Joanna Merritt*, Constance Dowling; *Dr. Van Ness*, Herbert Marshall; *Dr.*

Zeitman, John Wengraf; *Dr. Elzevir*, Philip Van Zandt; *Madame Elzevir*, Valerie Vernon; *Major Howard*, Steve Roberts; *Dr. Carter*, Byron Kane; *Peter Burden*, David Alpert; *Dr. Hubertus*, Michael Fox; *Engle*, William Schallert; *Helen*, Marian Richman; *Marna*, Jeanne Dean; *Senator*, Tom Daly.

HIGH AND THE MIGHTY, THE—Warners. Directed by William A. Wellman: *Dan Roman*, John Wayne; *May Holst*, Claire Trevor; *Lydia Rice*, Laraine Day; *Sullivan*, Robert Stack; *Sally McKee*, Jan Sterling; *Ed Joseph*, Phil Harris; *Gustave Pardee*, Robert Newton; *Ken Childs*, David Brian; *Spalding*, Doe Avedon; *Nell Buck*, Karen Sharpe; *Milo Buck*, John Smith; *Flaherty*, Paul Kelly; *Humphrey Agnew*, Sidney Blackmer; *Lillian Pardee*, Julie Bishop; *Gonzalez*, Gonzalez-Gonzalez; *Howard Rice*, John Howard; *Wilby*, Wally Brown; *Hobie Wheeler*, William Campbell; *Mrs. Joseph*, Ann Doran; *Jose Locota*, John Qualen; *Frank Briscoe*, Paul Fix; *Ben Sneed*, George Chandler; *Dorothy Chen*, Joy Kim; *Toby Field*, Michael Wellman; *Alsop*, Douglas Fowley; *Garfield*, Regis Toomey; *Ensign Keim*, Carl Switzer; *Lt. Mowbray*, Robert Keys; *Roy*, William DeWolf Hopper; *Dispatcher*, William Schallert; *Susie*, Julie Mitchum.

JOHNNY DARK—U.I. Directed by George Sherman: *Johnny Dark*, Tony Curtis; *Liz Fielding*, Piper Laurie; *Duke Benson*, Don Taylor; *Scotty*, Paul Kelly; *Abbie Binns*, Ilka Chase; *Fielding*, Sidney Blackmer; *Miss Border-to-Border*, Ruth Hampton; *Emory*, Russell Johnson; *Svenson*, Joe Sawyer; *Smitty*, Robert Nichols; *Winston*, Pierre Watkin; *Morgan*, Ralph Montgomery.

JOHNNY GUITAR—Republic. Directed by Nicholas Ray: *Vienna*, Joan Crawford; *Johnny Guitar*, Sterling Hayden; *Emma Small*, Mercedes McCambridge; *Dancin' Kid*, Scott Brady; *John McIvers*, Ward Bond; *Turkey Ralston*, Ben Cooper; *Bart Lonergan*, Ernest Borgnine; *Old Tom*, John Carradine; *Corey*, Royal Dano; *Marshal Williams*, Frank Ferguson; *Eddie*, Paul Fix; *Mr. Andrews*, Rhys Williams; *Pete*, Ian MacDonald.

MAKE HASTE TO LIVE—Republic. Directed by William A. Seiter: *Crystal Benson*, Dorothy McGuire; *Steve*, Stephen McNally; *Randy Benson*, Mary Murphy; *Josh*, John Howard; *Sheriff Lefe*, Edgar Buchanan; *Hack*, Ron Hagerthy; *Rudolfo Gonzales*, Pepe Hern; *Mrs. Gonzales*, Argentina Brunetti; *Bud Kelly*, Eddy Waller; *Mary Rose*, Carolyn Jones.

MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew Marton: *Lt. (JG) Howard Thayer*, Van Johnson; *Comdr. Kent Dowling*, Walter Pidgeon; *James A. Michener*, Louis Calhern; *Ens. Kenneth Schechter*, Dewey Martin; *Lt. Comdr. Ted Dodson*, Keenan Wynn; *Lt. Comdr. Paul Grayson*, Frank Lovejoy; *Ens. Neil Conovan*, Robert Horton; *Lt. (JG) Andrew Szymanski*, Bert Freed; *Comdr. Michael Coughlin*, Lewis Martin; *Cyril Roberts*, George Cooper; *Lt. Wayne Kimbrell*, Dick Simmons.

SECRET OF THE INCAS—Paramount. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Harry Steele*, Charlton Heston; *Dr. Stanley Moorehead*, Robert Young; *Elena Antonescu*, Nicole Maurey; *Kori-Tica*, Yma Sumac; *Ed Morgan*, Thomas Mitchell; *Mrs. Winston*, Glenda Farrell; *Pachacutec*, Michael Pate; *Anton Marcu*, Leon Askin; *Phillip Lang*, William Henry; *Man with Rifle*, Kurt Katch; *Col. Emilio Cardosa*, Edward Colmans; *Mr. Winston*, Grandon Rhodes; *Mrs. Richmond*, Geraldine Hall; *Mr. Richmond*, Harry Stanton; *Juan Fernandez*, Booth Colman; *Oello*, Rosa Rey; *Dr. Carlos Mendes*, Robert Tafur; *Dr. Cesar Perez*, Martin Garralaga.

SILVER LODE—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: *Dan Ballard*, John Payne; *Rose Evans*, Elizabeth Scott; *McCarty*, Dan Duryea; *Dolly*, Dolores Moran; *Sheriff Woolley*, Emile Meyer; *Judge Cranston*, Robert Warwick; *Mitch Evans*, John Hudson; *Johnson*, Harry Carey, Jr.; *Kirk*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Wicker*, Stuart M. Whitman; *Paul Herbert*, Frank Sully; *Zachary Evans*, Morris Ankrum; *Rev. Field*, Hugh Sanders; *Mrs. Elmwood*, Florence Auer; *Dr. Elmwood*, Roy Gordon.

STUDENT PRINCE, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: *Kathie*, Ann Blyth; *Prince Karl*, Edmund Purdom; *Count Von Asterburg*, John Ericson; *King of Karlsburg*, Louis Calhern; *Prof. Juttner*, Edmund Gwenn; *Joseph Ruder*, S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall; *Princess Johanna*, Betta St. John; *Lutz*, John Williams; *Queen*, Evelyn Varden; *Prime Minister*, John Hoyt; *Lucas*, Richard Anderson; *Von Fischtenstein*, Roger Allen; *Feuerwald*, Steve Rowland; *Richter*, Chris Warfield; *Von Buhler*, Gilbert Legay; *Head Corps Servant*, Archer MacDonald; *Hubert*, Charles Davis; *Willie Klauber*, John Qualen.

TANGANYIKA—U.I. Directed by Andre de Toth: *John Gale*, Van Heflin; *Peggy Merion*, Ruth Roman; *Dan Harder*, Howard Duff; *Abel McCracken*, Jeff Morrow; *Andolo*, Joe Comadore; *Andy Merion*, Gregory Marshall; *Sally Merion*, Noreen Corcoran; *Paul Duffy*, Murray Alper.

THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Shadwell*, Clifton Webb; *Miss Frances*, Dorothy McGuire; *Anita*, Jean Peters; *Prince Dino Di Cessi*, Louis Jourdan; *Maria*, Maggie McNamara; *Giorgio*, Rossano Brazzi; *Burgoyne*, Howard St. John; *Mrs. Burgoyne*, Kathryn Givney; *Principessa*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Dr. Martinelli*, Vicente Padula.

...even your best friend won't tell you!



It was big-date night again for Dora, but for Sarah it was just another Saturday night . . . alone. Why was it, Sarah wondered, that Dora got all the dates and she got none. Dora might have given her the answer* but she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. After all, the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

The merest hint of *halitosis (bad breath) and you're out of the running. Nobody wants you around . . . nobody wants to date you.

Isn't it foolish to risk bad breath when Listerine Antiseptic will rid you of it instantly, and usually for hours on end? Listerine is the extra-careful precaution against offending . . . four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you

what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This...Instantly

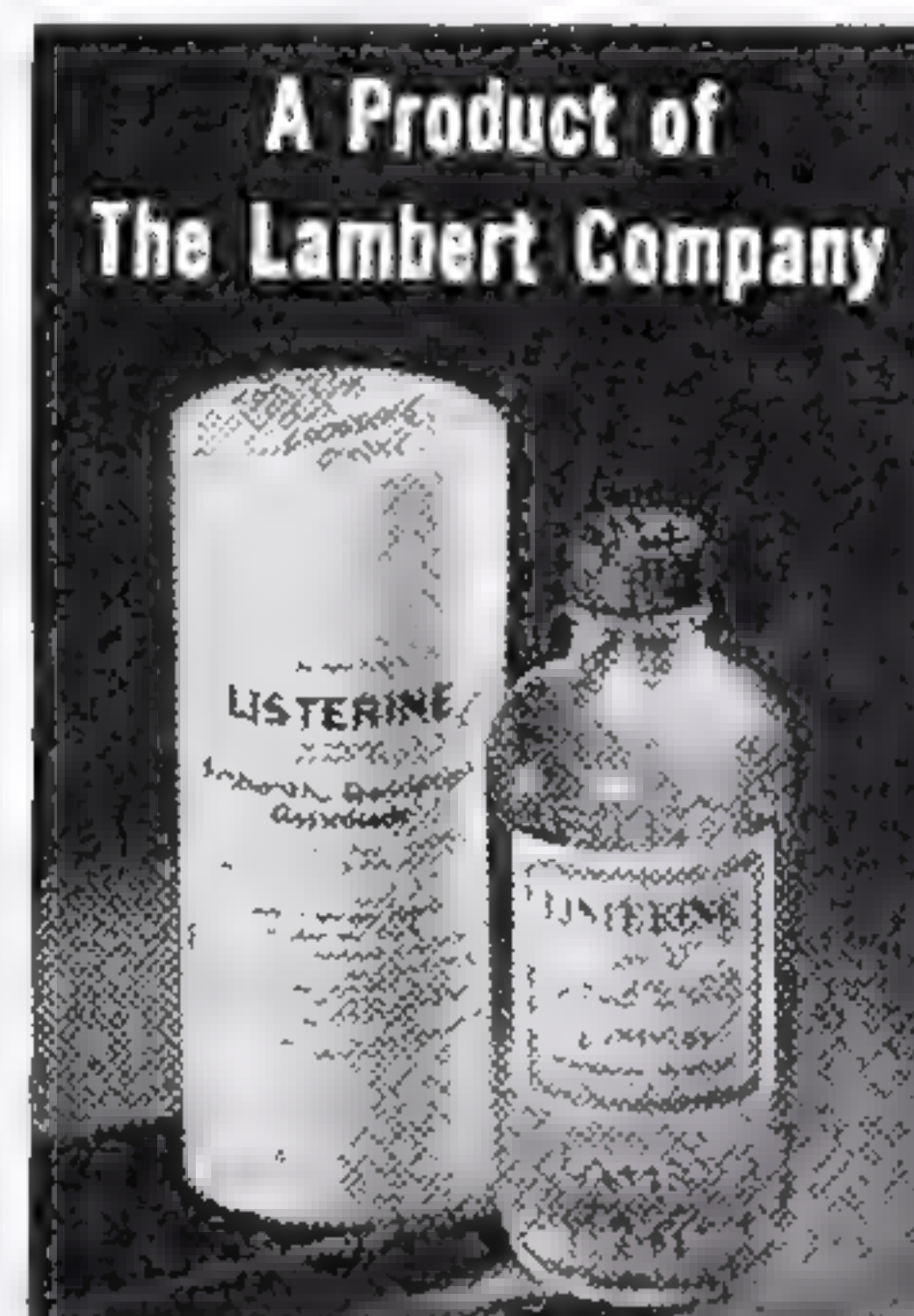
You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth.

And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs . . . but Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria by millions, gives you proven lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



Every week on television —

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...**



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Virginia Mayo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!

Virginia Mayo

co-starring in

**"KING RICHARD
AND THE CRUSADERS"**

A Warner Bros. Production
in CinemaScope and WarnerColor.



IT'S NO SECRET ANY MORE



For two years, Bob and Ursula kept Hollywood waiting for this story

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

● Ursula Thiess is now Mrs. Robert Taylor. In a simple ceremony performed by a justice of the peace aboard a boat owned by Bob's friends, Jess and John Wort, Ursula and Bob said their "I do's". The setting was Jackson Lake, Wyoming, indeed a romantic setting for two people who had waited more than two years, during which they tested the love they felt in their hearts for each other.

It all started on April 24, 1952, when Ursula and Bob were guests at the same party. She was wearing a black taffeta frock with a discreet bodice and a yards-rich skirt. (Bob thinks that a woman always looks her smartest in black: black suits for the street, black dresses for the

theatre, black evening gowns for gala occasions.) Her masses of black hair curled softly about her heart-shaped face, and Bob noticed at once that she, like himself, had a deep cleft in her chin.

As people will, at a party that flows through gracious rooms like a tide, Ursula and Bob found themselves deposited on a small island of calm in a window-seated corner and started a typical buffet-party conversation. At first they talked about Europe and the cities each enjoyed. Ursula loved Salzburg, Bob had never been there. Bob loved Firenze (Florence), Ursula had never been there. The only city they both knew, aside from New York (*Continued on page 98*)

The way she looks tonight...



Debbie Reynolds wrote singer Bill Shirley a fan letter—now they hear music together!



Paul matches Jeanne Crain's elegance with latest "after six in Hollywood" dress suit

When it's the Jeff Hunters' night to howl, Chris doesn't. Granny's his guardian angel



CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

INSIDE

Beauties of the Night: Jane Powell has one answer to all inquiries about marriage plans with Pat Nerney. "Ask me in August"—which is when her divorce is final. But Janie, who learned a lesson from talking too much about her short-lived romance with Gene Nelson, still shares all dates with Pat Nerney *only* . . . Young son Christopher's safe and sound when Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter go out for an evening. And Barbara's mother who lives with them, continues guard duty while the actress is in Ireland making

"Captain Lightfoot" with Rock Hudson. Looks like disappointed Jeff's completely recovered from losing "Prince Valiant" to good friend Bob Wagner. New term deal at 20th rates him huge hike in salary . . . It's a standing date every opening night of the light opera season for music lovers Debbie Reynolds and Bill Shirley. He's the sensational singing voice of *Prince Charming* in Walt Disney's CinemaScope cartoon, "Sleeping Beauty." Before meeting Bill, Debbie sent him a fan letter after hearing his songs



Ginny's gown by Amelia Gray

When Ginny Mayo dolls up for Mike, baby Mary O'Shea does too—in ruffled panties!



Jane Powell has a dreamy answer to those questions about marriage with Pat Nerney

Goodnight, ladies: The Ty Powers with their nursery charmers, Taryn and Romina

STUFF

on radio . . . Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea refer to Sarah Young as, "The nurse who came to dinner!" Originally hired for two weeks, she became so attached to now nine-months-old Mary Catherine, she just stayed on and on! Next to loving parties and pretty party dresses herself, Ginny loves to put ruffled panties on her daughter to make her feel like she's stepping out too! . . . Three-year-old Romina Francesca and one-year-old Taryn Stephanie are "shot" each month by Tyrone Power for a perma-

nent film library on his daughters. Columbia's "Long Grey Line," incidentally, fulfills Ty's great ambition to be directed by realistic John Ford . . . "No more separations from my children," declares devoted Jeanne Crain, who made a recent movie in Africa. And while we're with Jeanne, her short-cropped bright red hair and sophisticated wardrobe just fools fans and they fail to recognize her in person. At U-I where she has a new three-picture deal, they plan to present Jeanne as a (Continued on page 84)



Color pictures by Stern



The DiMaggios. "With Marilyn, Joe is Number One"

*To Marilyn marriage means
candlelight on bridge tables,
planning budgets and dreaming
of babies. It means all the things
a woman knows who has grown
wise through loneliness*

260,000

Minutes of Marriage

**BY SIDNEY
SKOLSKY**

Mrs. DiMaggio surprised even best friend Sidney!



● There are two Marilyn Monroes.

When I first mentioned this, it caused much excitement. This is easily understandable to all people who had to be content previously with only one Marilyn Monroe.

However, I was wrong. I should have said that there is a Marilyn Monroe and a Marilyn DiMaggio.

You know about everything there is to know about The Monroe, and I'd like you to become acquainted with Mrs. DiMaggio, who is kind of new. I admit that it's often difficult to know where Marilyn ends and Mrs. DiMaggio begins, or vice versa. But either way you can't lose. Come along with me and meet them both in action. Time: Late afternoon in June.

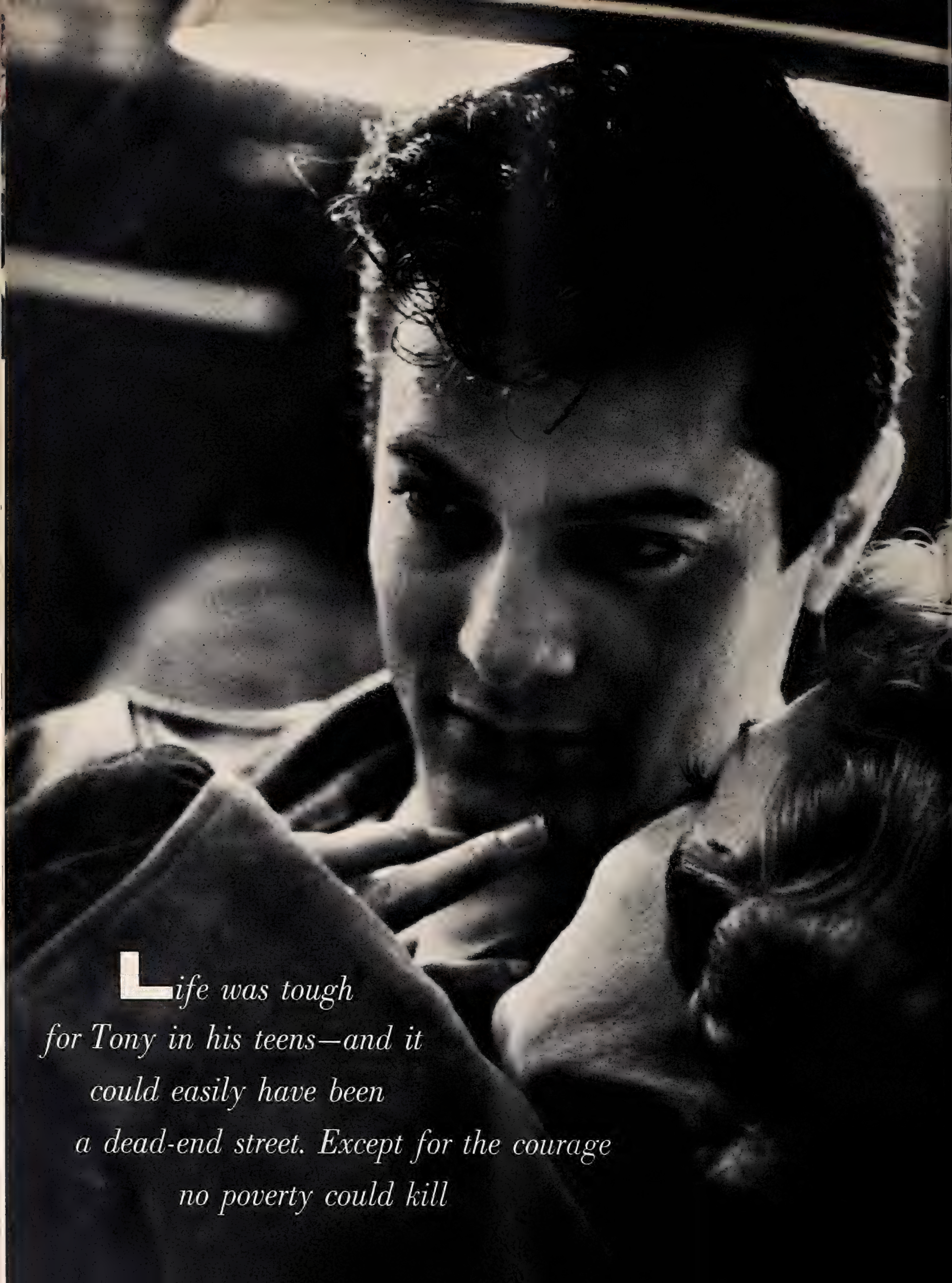
Place: Bungalow Four—20th Century-Fox Studio.

The small bungalow is partly hidden in the back section of the studio. Marilyn, wearing tight-fitting pedal pushers, a not-too-tight gray sweater buttoned in the front and loafers, is rehearsing her songs for "No Business Like Show Business." She hasn't any make-up on except for lipstick, and this is wearing off as she continues to sing.

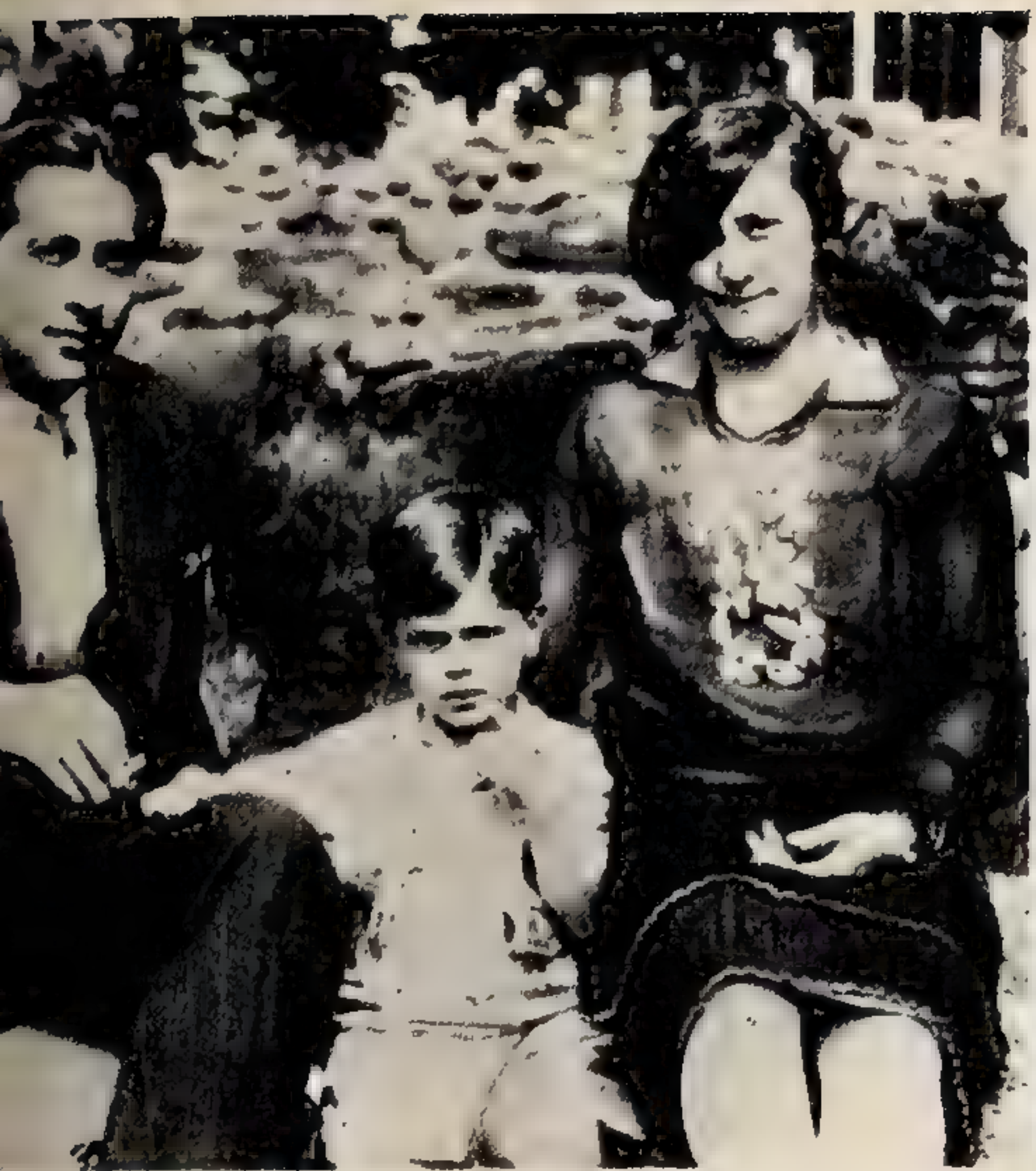
She sings "Lazy" again . . . again . . . again . . .

Hal Schaefer, her voice coach, is at the piano. She looks toward him for instruction, (Continued on page 92)





Life was tough
for Tony in his teens—and it
could easily have been
a dead-end street. Except for the courage
no poverty could kill



Tony, age 3, with parents. They gave him assurance of being loved



With Scout Troop, Tony, 11 (fourth from left), found outlet for growing pains



Warm welcome was given Tony, boy who made good, on visit to old neighborhood

TONY'S DAYS OF DECISION

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

● He had a driving need to be noticed. The New York streets were his playground and constantly he felt the pressure of the big city. Near him, he saw opulent wealth while his own family lived in poverty.

To many a sensitive kid, this combination has been dangerous as a fuse attached to dynamite. Any sudden shock can explode it into juvenile delinquency and a life of crime.

For him, such a shock did occur. It was a shock so devastating that it threw his father into a serious illness and for a time broke up their home, their family.

Why, then, did Tony Curtis grow into a man who not only is a talented motion-picture star but who also is a responsible citizen whose public and private life is directed toward good?

Why didn't he swing in the reverse direction and, propelled by this same driving energy, become an underworld character challenging all rivals for the title of Number One hoodlum?

Tony knows. He says crisply, "I met a settlement worker named Paul Schwartz."

Tony's wife, the lovely Janet Leigh, knows. Since theirs is a marriage where each has shared past as well as present, she knows the turning point in his life as certainly (Continued on page 75)

Years of dodging city traffic trained Tony for nimble footwork in swordplay



Sleeping beauty wake

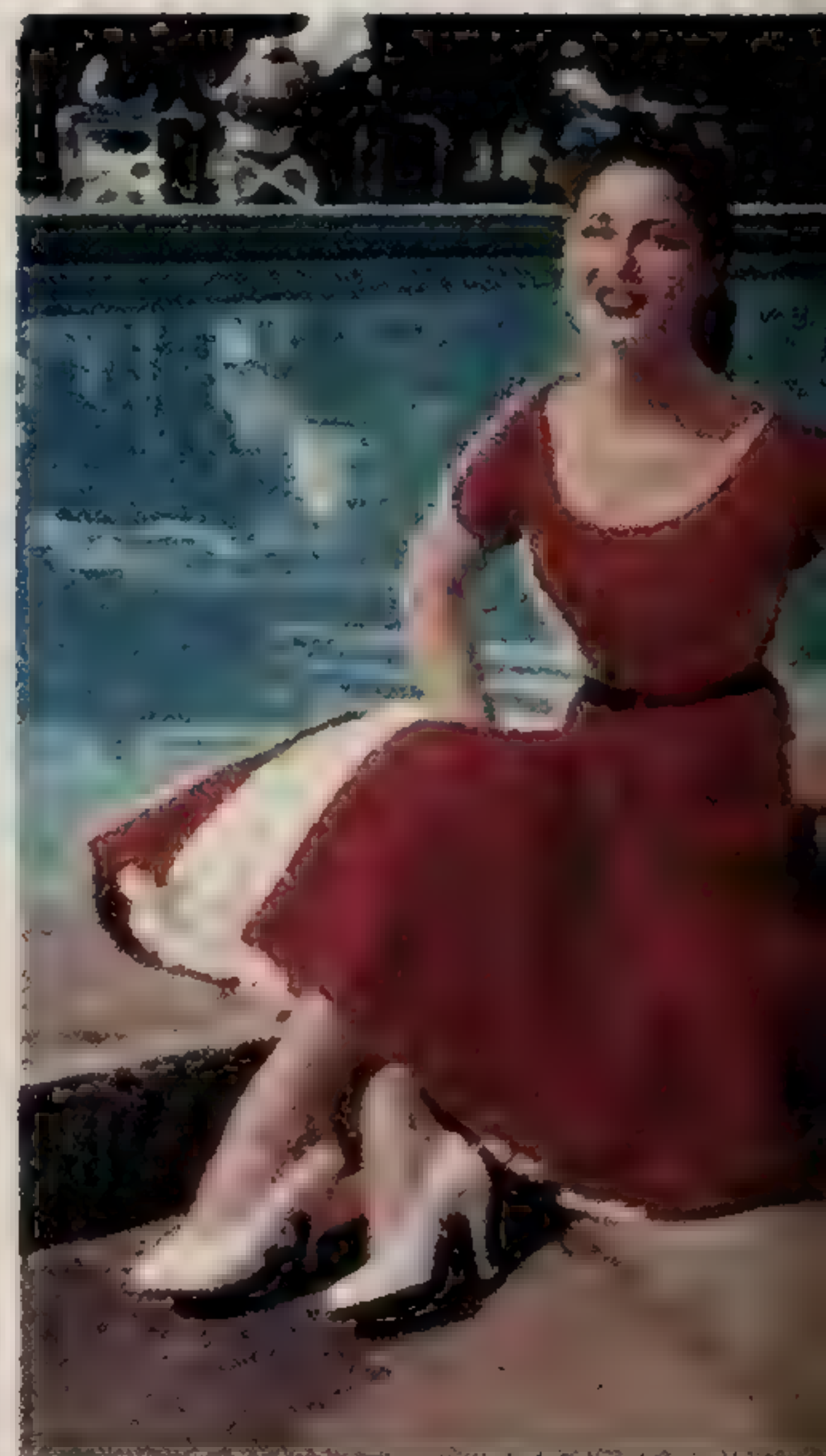
She'd closed her eyes to the things she'd feared.

BY
GLADYS
HALL

● "Only last year," Pier said, "I really, really grew up. On June nineteenth, nineteen fifty-three, I became twenty-one. And when you become twenty-one your growing pains—as it is called in America when you change from a child to a woman—are said to be over.

"It is a very interesting story, the story of my growing pains, because so many people helped me become not a child but a woman, and also because my growing pains, they were different from those of many teen-age girls:

"Some of these growing pains that cause suffering to other girls come from the embarrassment of not having pretty clothes to wear, or embarrassment because, for a time, their skin does not look nice, or they have to wear braces on their teeth, or they are too fat or too thin, or they have not a



The Pier of yesterday wore hair down, flat-heeled shoes. Today, she .

Up...

Now Pier Angeli is gloriously awake!

nice home in which to entertain their friends.

"I did not suffer these kinds of pains. When I lost my first teeth I was, I remember, a little unhappy then. But soon others came and I was happy again. And once I was ashamed because my legs were so thin I had to be helped to walk on them. But this, too, passed too soon to leave a scar. I did not suffer from the self-consciousness of adolescence either. I had always the feeling of loving everybody and of everybody loving me.

"My father, Luigi Pierangeli, whom I so dearly loved, was an architect. The best. In Sardinia where I was born (quite a few seconds before my twin sister Maria Luisa, so that I am the elder and like to be the boss!) my father was (Continued on page 81)



has sleek new hairdo, wears "beautiful spiky heels!"



It was what happened last year that helped Pier say, "I'm not afraid any more"



Indian love scene, with Jean Peters, is from "Apache"

BY RUTH WATERBURY

*He likes to believe he's hard
and stern. But when
Big Burt's around home,
any resemblance to a tough guy
is purely coincidental!*

SOFT-HEARTED MENACE

● Burt Lancaster was so pleased with himself over the present he was giving his wife Norma last Christmas that he couldn't quite wait for the big day.

He was in that happy pre-Christmas state of mind that even the most devoted of husbands rarely attains. He was positive he knew exactly what his wife wanted.

It was a super-terrific Somali leopard sports coat. Norma already had her minks—the full-length job so expensively brown it was practically black. Then she had the short chic “breath-of-spring” mink scarf. One was for coldish weather; the other, for cocktail parties.

Norma, however, is an essentially practical girl. So she wanted something sturdy yet dashing for those moments when she dropped the four kids off at their various schools and she herself went on to lunch or some such, via the station wagon. That's how Burt hit upon the leopard. It would take a beating, yet complement his wife's golden-haired, brown-eyed beauty, plus the black dresses she always wears daytimes. The reason for that Burt very well knew: Black's

With Gary Cooper in "Vera Cruz." Film was shot in Mexico



(Continued on page 41)





How to handle a tough character! Burt's family joined him in Mexico. Left, Jimmy, Joanna, a friend, Susan, Billy

He calls wife Norma "girl"—a word of endearment to Burt. His nickname is "H.B.L." (Handsome Burt Lancaster!)

When the "kidlets" were told they could name the expected baby, pandemonium reigned! They all had different ideas



Burt figures he was lucky in love. Because if it hadn't been for his "girl" and his "kidlets," his might have been a different story

the only color he likes her in daytimes. White's all he likes in the evenings.

Thus, Mr. L., after ten years of being passionately in love with the girl, flipped on December 23rd and stood forth with his Christmas offering. But, knowing every shade of his wife's reactions, he caught the little cloud that passed over her face, to be quickly replaced by a polite smile.

"Why don't you like it?" he asked, before she could speak.

Norma suddenly began laughing. For your information, Norma is a doll whose sense of humor is always at the ready, but on this particular day there was something like a note of hysteria in her laughter. "Oh, H.B.L." said Norma, "don't be angry, but I won't be able to wear that coat for long. You see, I've just discovered that something has happened . . ."

And that was the way that Burt learned he was becoming a father for the fifth time. Which was not according to plan. He learned it on the tide of Norma's golden laughter, which is the way he's learned so many other things. Learned it by way of her calling him H.B.L. Learned it with the four "kidlets," as Norma calls them.

They tumbled down the stairs to find out what all the laughter was about and then shouted among themselves, "Mommy's going to have another baby."

The newest Lancaster will probably be here by the time you read this. And oddly enough July is the birthday month of three of the others, Jimmy, Susan and Joanna. And there is even the lively possibility that the baby could be doubles, since Mrs. L. is a twin.

Burt himself now rocks with laughter as he tells how, a few nights later, he and Norma, trying to be such very advanced parents, told Jimmy, Billy, Susan and Joanna that they could decide on the new baby's name among themselves. "It led to the damndest battle you ever saw," Burt says, grinning. "In five minutes they were all hitting each other over the head. Each one of them owned the new baby. Each one had the only perfect name for it, whether male or female. Norma and I had to put on quite a show of parental dignity before we calmed things down."

And that's the way it is with the Lancasters—the family acts as *(Continued on page 78)*

His earlier heartache over Jimmy, Billy's brush with polio, made an important change in Big Burt's outlook on life

Daddy's a softie about his little girls. All Susan has to do to get Burt to play is roll her big eyes at him!



gossips look for the



Ornitz

When the Powells quarreled, Hollywood couldn't believe its ears. Neither could June or Dick—it was their first fight in nine years!



Ornitz

Cynics said it couldn't last. But Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh refuse to let any differences in temperament spoil their happy marriage



Bernard

Lita's Latin temperament often leads to fireworks—but the only thing that burns up the Rory Calhouns is talk that they're divorcing



Stern

worst—but these spats are just ripples on the sea of matrimony

TROUBLE ON CLOUD 9

By SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Barbara Rush was on the other end of the telephone saying, "There isn't a word of truth in it, Sheilah, but come on over and Jeff and I will talk to you about it."

Fifteen minutes later, watching these two serious youngsters as they attempted to explain away a rumor that there was trouble in their marriage, I was struck by the fact that no matter what happened in the future, here were two people earnestly trying to stay married to each other. Barbara and Jeff had married for love and they were hanging on for dear life to that love.

These two have everything that it takes to make their marriage work. They are mad about each other, love their little boy Christopher. Day by day they are attempting to finish furnishing their home. Both have wonderful careers—and along with these careers come the same problems confronting most young marrieds who are struggling to work and raise a family. In common, too, with the rest of us, they have the same shortcomings.

"Of course, we have arguments," admitted Jeff.

"We're normal people," said Barbara, determinedly.

"And all this is a bit frightening," Barbara continued, her big brown eyes wide open. "We can't let ourselves down—and sometimes it seems that no matter what we do we have the added responsibility of not letting anyone else who believes in us down. Not just our family and our friends—but total strangers, too!"

"Tell Sheilah about the letter you received," Jeff urged her.

"I had a letter from a woman who said she was glad to read we were so happily married," Barbara continued. "She hoped it was true, and from now on, she'd be watching us like a hawk. That's the part that's so scary to Jeff and me."

"With everyone watching you, you smile outwardly when maybe you don't feel like it and that makes your behavior in public kind of unreal. And Jeff and I have to be careful (*Continued on page 85*)

What they say to each other in public sounds like fighting words to Hollywood. But it's the Stewart Grangers' way of saying, "I love you"

NON-STOP TERRY

"I'm going to be a star" she announced. Seven-year-old Miss Koford wasn't kidding!



TERRY, TWO MONTHS—MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE!



AT FOUR, A CHUBBY COQUETTE



SEVEN—PIGTAITS AND PINAFORES

● Yours is a famous face and figure. Your sunny smile and vivacious personality are pinned up in the huts—and in the hearts—of GI's in every far-flung outpost of Uncle Sam's.

But in your life there have been many shadows behind that smile, and your story is as poignant as your own childhood favorite—"The Princess Who Couldn't Cry."

Yours has always been a divided dream and destiny as divided as the conflicting desires and hopes and hurts of a famous and ambitious actress and an everyday All-American girl. Your triumphs have been tempered—and clouded—by your younger tears.

Here is that untold story. Read—and recall with us—as we unfold pages as revealing as those deep in the heart of any young girl's diary. Pages from your story, Terry Moore—for this is your life. . . .

It begins January 7, 1929, at the Lutheran Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles when a bouncing baby girl is born to Luella and Lamar Koford, an investigator for the Retail Credit Company. But let's let your "producer" supply the details.

"Terry was a bouncing baby, all right, Ralph. Take her mother's word for that. She was the fattest little thing I've ever seen. It was the fad then to name girl babies Betty or Shirley—but we chose Helen—because I insisted on a more substantial-sounding name. She had the prettiest big blue eyes—but she had no hair at all until she was three years old. Not even enough to put a ribbon on. In spite of the fluffy bonnets I made her and the big ribbon bows I used to put on her baby carriage—people would still say, 'He's a nice healthy fellow,' or 'My, what a big husky boy.' I could have killed them!"

But the following year you need every ounce of that strength. You have lobar pneumonia, and in the hospital the tense hours tick by . . . the hours that will decide whether you live or die. Outside a glass window, your parents stand watch and pray.

"Yes, Ralph, we nearly lost our girl that year. The doctors

(Continued on page 46.)

Ornitz • Terry Moore was last in "King of the Khyber Rifles"



THIS IS
YOUR LIFE

BY
RALPH EDWARDS





These were the important times for Terry,

didn't give us much hope. They did all that medicine could do. But her father and I will always feel that prayer—not only our own, but the prayers of all our friends and the members of our church—helped pull Helen through.”

Out of near-tragedy often comes some measure of good. Because of a bronchitis condition which results, your parents move to a higher altitude in Eagle Rock where you are to meet the neighbor and landlady who will some day “stake” you in the first step of your motion-picture career.

NON-STOP TERRY

Continued



Age 14, with high school date. Love versus a career was beginning to be a big problem!



Front, center, as cheerleader at Glendale High. Even at sixteen Terry had advice for the boys—crusaded in school paper for “less sloppy male attire!”



Terry, 17, with parents, brother Wally. School, movies, modelling kept her busy

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CIVIL AERONAUTICS ADMINISTRATION AIRMAN IDENTIFICATION CARD This is to certify that the person whose picture, fingerprint, signature, and descriptive data appear hereon has registered with the Civil Aeronautics Administration and otherwise complied with the procedure prerequisite to the issuance of this card.		
AIRMAN'S NAME AND ADDRESS HELEN LUELLE KOFORD 1221 NORTH CEDAR STREET GLENDALE 7, CALIFORNIA		
AIRMAN'S SIGNATURE <i>Helen Koford</i>		
ACA-2135 (12-50) (OVER)		

It's no publicity stunt when Terry takes to the air. She is a licensed pilot

who was fast approaching the joys—and heartaches of stardom

At three you're a chubby *Calamity Jane*, listening to "The Lone Ranger," and riding the prairies of your backyard on your fiery Shetland steed.

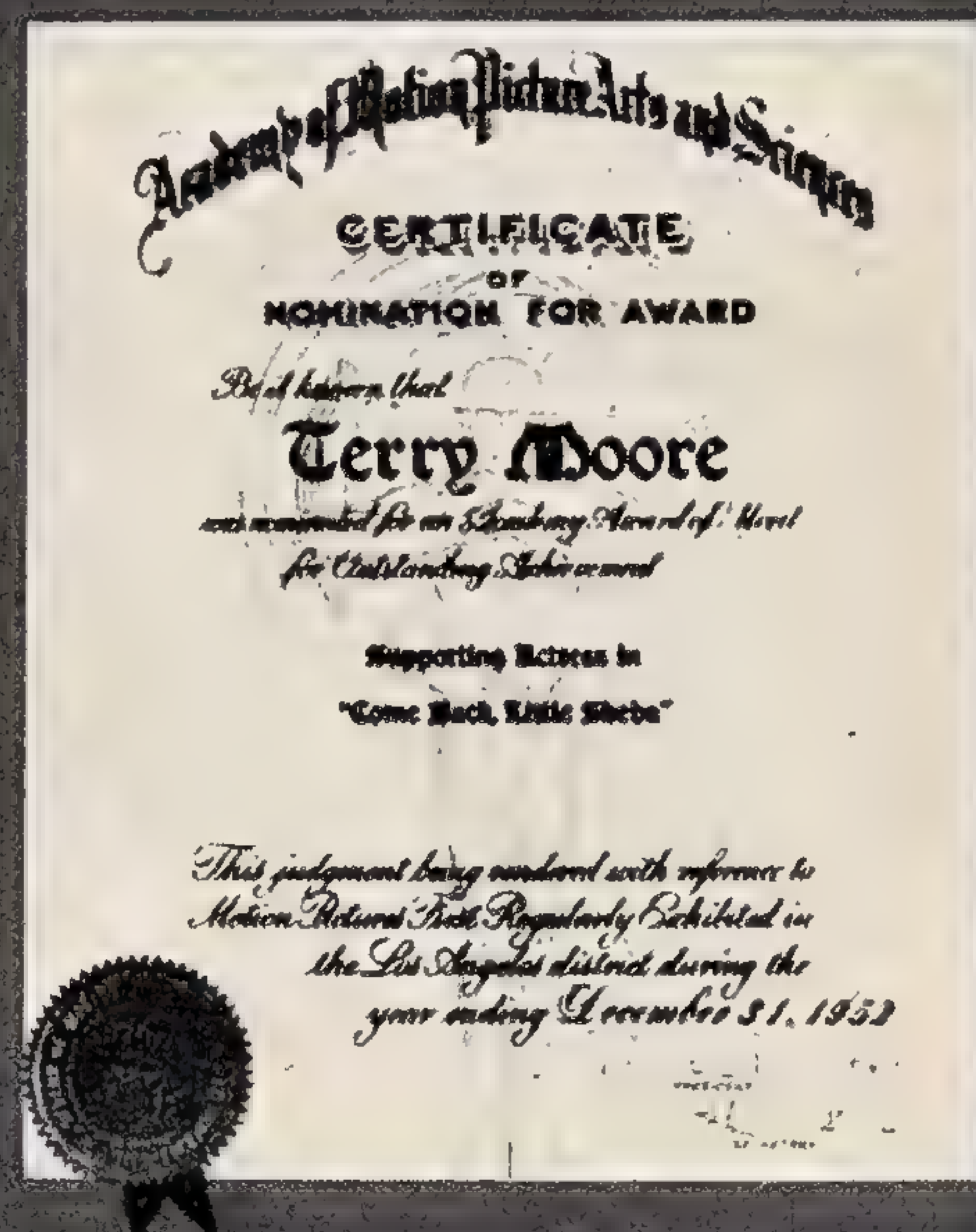
At seven you're the darling of the pigtails and pinafore set. And determined to some day be a motion-picture star. From infancy, your mother has recited readings, instead of singing you to sleep, and soon you commit them to memory. You try them out on an uncomplaining audience—your adoring younger brother, Wally, your dolls, two ducks named Donald and Clara Cluck and a dog of somewhat doubtful parentage, Prancer, a refugee

from the Pasadena dog pound. When the other girls play nurse, you're always a motion-picture star. Jane Withers is your favorite. You play movie-star hopscotch—putting the initials of stars in the squares. When you visit Brigham City, Utah, in the summer, your cousin goes you one better—for one cent he sells your autograph.

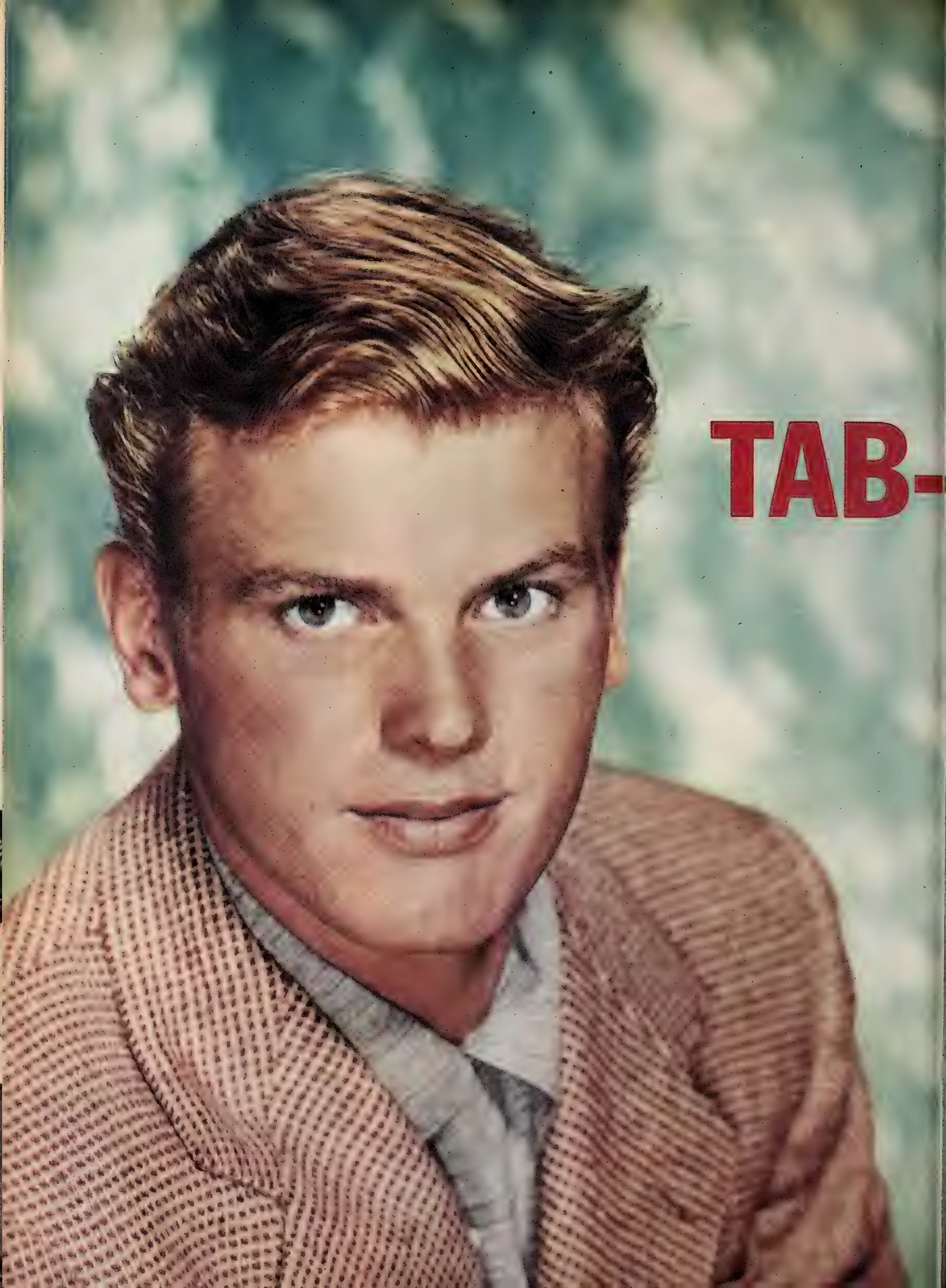
January, 1939—you go with your parents to see Shirley Temple in the Rose Parade. She's wearing the white ermine costume and muff from her last picture, "The Little Princess," and to you, Terry Moore, she's the most glamorous creature (Continued on page 72)



Terry made her first movie at 11, landed on the cutting room floor! Above, at 16, on radio show "Those We Love," with M.C. William Sloan



Despite the ermine bathing-suit episode, Terry got a certificate of esteem from the Army (at top). Her years of hard work paid off with an Oscar nomination for her vivid acting with Dick Jaeckel, left, in "Come Back Little Sheba"



TAB-

Tab's no Mr. Perfection

*or Sir Galahad—and he can't hang on
to a dime or a dollar.*

*But for my money, he's a Blue Ribbon
winner in the charm department*

and they call him

Dreamboat!

BY DICK CLAYTON

● The hurdle at the riding academy was high. It was also a little dangerous if you didn't have the coordination and skill it took to jump a horse over it. But the blond kid, sitting his horse like a professional equestrian, would have been any horseman's equal as he collected his mount and took him over. I had to admire the skill with which he lifted his weight from the animal at the proper moment and helped the horse jump, and the courage this kid displayed in trying it.

I'm the kind of guy who likes to tell people when I think they've done something to be congratulated about, so I rode up to him.

He gave me a quick shy smile of thanks and a nod of appreciation toward the horse I was riding. We started to talk horses.

I was an actor at the time, serving my hitch in the Navy. He was a blond twelve-year-old. Just a kid. But there was a certain poised certainty about the way he moved, the way he discussed horses that made you forget how young he was.

(Continued on page 88)



Dick Clayton, Tab's long-time friend and adviser

One evening shortly after the birth of her baby Mary Catherine, Virginia Mayo walked into her living room and found herself the object of a searching, and not altogether approving, scrutiny by her husband, Michael O'Shea.

While she stood there uncomfortably wondering what this was all about, her husband turned and began to stare just as hard at the larger-than-life painting which showed Virginia as Lady Barbara in "Captain Horatio Hornblower," a beautiful gift from her studio.

Virginia looked at the painting, too, and then she looked down at herself. Mike had been teasingly calling her "Fatso," but now she suddenly knew he was no longer teasing. Comparing her present figure to the lithe, glamorous one she had had before the baby came, she realized how much she had been cheating her husband—and herself—by allowing herself to become overweight and to lose that magnetic allure that had been so important a part of her charm.

Recalling that incident now, Virginia says, "Right then and there I decided it was time to take steps." Then she grins mischievously and adds with purely feminine logic, "Besides, I had a whole closet full of wonderful clothes I wanted to wear again."

And with characteristic enthusiasm, making up her mind was actually the same thing as getting started. First thing the next morning, she sat down with her doctor and really listened to his explanation of the calories in the different types of food and in the various methods of preparing foods—the theory of dieting. She had heard it all before, but this was the first time she really listened.

All during her pregnancy Virginia had been simply famished. It was her first vacation in years, and she was in a deepening state of wonder and excitement and inner peace and a miraculous sense of fulfillment—all brought on by the knowledge of a new life stirring deep within her. She didn't require any special dishes—nothing exotic as some mothers-to-be report. Just food. She loved staying home. She was content to become more and more indolent.

And the calmer and more lethargic lovely Virginia became, the more pounds appeared. At each visit to her doctor he counseled moderation and urged, as every modern obstetrician does, that Virginia try to limit her weight gain to around twenty pounds. She did everything the doctor said—the calcium, the milk, the

*Virginia
Mayo's*

Miracle

"Fatso!" Mike teased her. But
it wasn't any fun when she looked in the
mirror. That's when Ginny Took Steps—
and lost those extra pounds!

BY LEE TRAVERS

Six • Virginia Mayo is in
"King Richard and the Crusaders"

(Continued on page 52)



Diet



Diet and exercise not only restored Ginny's gorgeous figure but whittled another inch from her waistline

vitamins—but her body seemed to need extra food in ever-increasing quantities. And the only time she could restrict herself was the day before the dread appointment for the monthly visit to her doctor rolled around again.

Then she'd diet like mad. But of course it didn't do any good when she stepped on the scales in the doctor's office. And she even made her appointments for right after breakfast because she knew she'd weigh less then than after lunch. By the time the baby was born she'd climbed to a figure-shattering 157—a full 37 pounds above her normal weight!

But it wasn't until husband Mike made the un-

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS

VIRGINIA MAYO'S MIRACLE DIET

● Following this remarkably varied diet conscientiously after she had her baby, Virginia regained the magnificent figure that helped make her famous. To understand this diet more fully, read also the explanatory footnotes.

NOTE: Consult your doctor before following this—or any other—diet that has not been made especially for you. This one was tailor-made for Virginia Mayo and her particular needs and requirements—not for yours. Show it to your doctor and ask him to make necessary changes.

Breakfast

1 serving of 10% fruit
(see below)
1 egg, boiled or coddled
 $\frac{3}{4}$ slice rye or brown toast
fat-free milk, tea or coffee

Lunch

1 medium serving meat, fish or fowl,
lean, broiled or baked
1 serving 5% vegetable (see below)
2 tablespoons cottage or pot cheese
1 serving 10% fruit (see below)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ slice rye or brown toast
fat-free milk, tea or coffee

Dinner

1 medium serving meat, fish or
fowl, lean, broiled or baked
1 serving 5% vegetable (below)
1 serving 10% vegetable
 $\frac{3}{4}$ slice rye or brown toast
1 serving 10% fruit
tea or coffee

10% vegetables include beets, carrots, dandelion greens, canned green peas, green olives, onions, oyster plant, canned pumpkin, winter squash and white turnips.

5% vegetables include all others *except* fresh green peas, lima beans, parsnips, corn, potato, baked beans and navy beans, which are forbidden.

10% fruits include blackberries, cantaloups, cran-

berries, gooseberries, fresh grapefruit, grapefruit juice (unsweetened), honeydew melon, lemon, orange, orange juice, fresh peach, fresh pineapple, strawberries, tangerine, watermelon. All other fruits, including dried varieties, were forbidden.

One multiple vitamin tablet daily as well as saccharin for sweetening tea or coffee at each meal was permitted.



Mike and Ginny: Mom was always hungry!

Virginia Mayo's MIRACLE DIET

—continued

flattering comparison between the Virginia in front of him in their living room and the Virginia in the painting that she saw herself as others were seeing her and decided to do something about it.

And by the time the doctor was through explaining the facts of a diet to her, Virginia was beginning to realize the penalties she was going to pay for having indulged herself. "What Price Food?" she sighed, inappropriately paraphrasing the movie title on glory.

As everyone knows, the trick of dieting is not just a matter of getting on one—it's staying on one! How did Virginia feel about this necessarily strict diet her doctor prescribed for her (which

we have presented complete for your convenience), especially after she had been on it long enough for the first flush of her enthusiasm to be worn off?

"Fine," Virginia says. "The dieting had to be done—and I did it. I ate in tiny bites, chewed my food completely and very slowly and thus the meal lasted longer and made me feel more filled up. You know, most overweight people eat too fast—hardly know what they're eating. The diet provided a wide variety for me to choose from. It wasn't monotonous. And I stayed on it until I was at my normal weight—one hundred and twenty pounds. Come to think of it, let's see what I weigh now." (Continued on page 70)

Glamour girls, Ginny and Mary Catherine O'Shea: "Little Darlin'" as Mike calls his daughter, has round blue eyes and a touch of daddy's blarney!





5:00 One sleepy star and a wide-awake sister start the act—getting Debra Paget up for work!



5:05 Meg's mission is accomplished—Debra's in her shower

BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT



5:35 A last cup of coffee gives Cuddles the monkey a chance to cuddle!



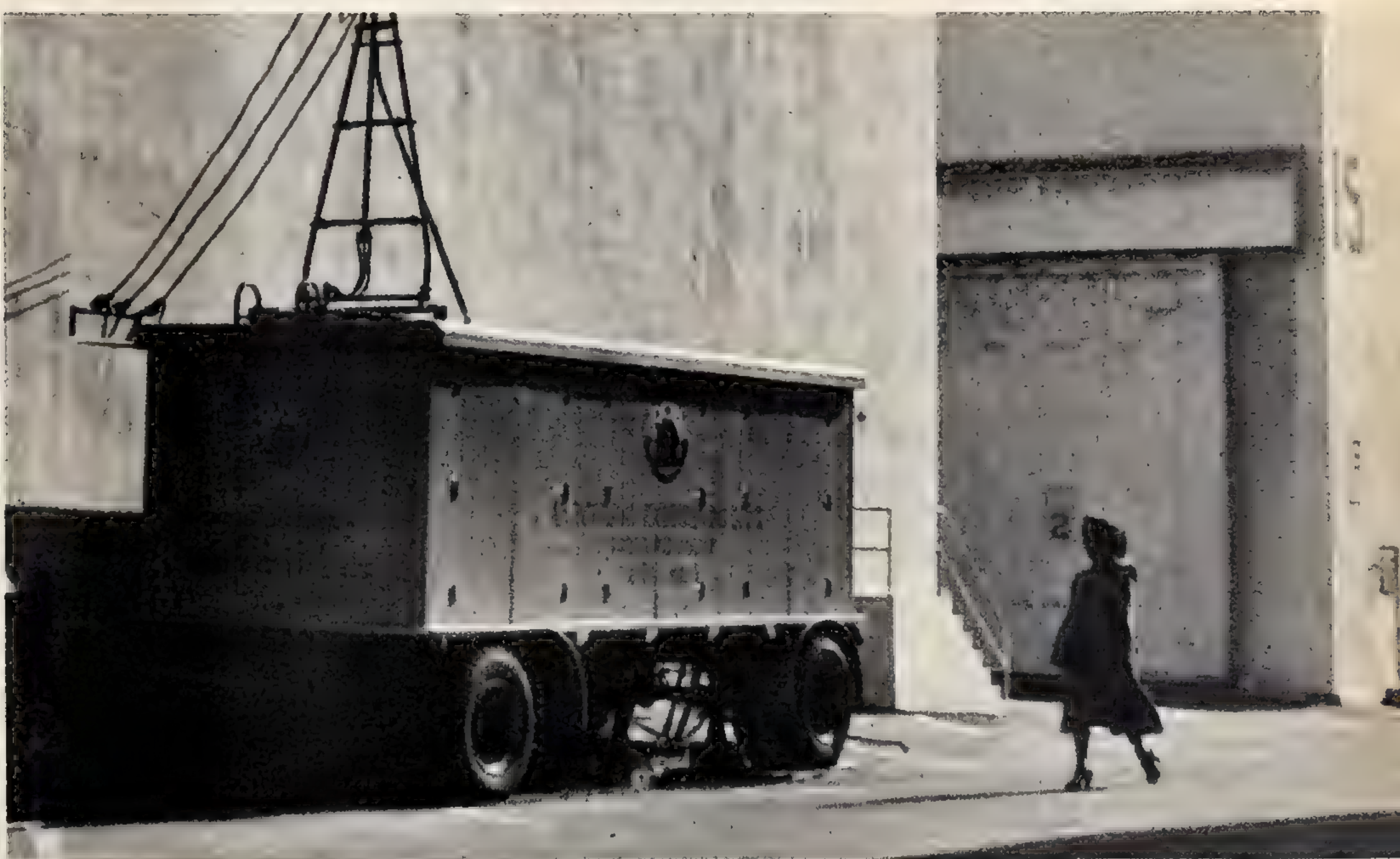
5:17 Weighing in. Debra's lucky—she rarely has to diet



5:23 Everyone's up at Deb's house—Mom, Pop, niece Jeneene and, of course, Meg. Lisa, who works at another studio, gives sister Deb a helping hand with breakfast



5:40 Deb believes in dressing like a star—even at dawn! "I always meet people I know"



6:00 And so Deb, who's in "Princess of the Nile," begins her star day—by the light of a very dim dawn!

*He's off to a new start—
but Hollywood will always be
home to Richard Widmark*

Richard, the Light-hearted

BY PAULINE TOWNSEND



When Dick, now his own boss, took his family to London, where he's filming "Prize of Gold," daughter Annie agreed to go "if he'd get her back in time for school!"



● In the summer of 1947 in New York in an off-beat motion picture called "Kiss Of Death," a young actor named Richard Widmark pushed an old lady down the stairs.

It was his film debut, and even in radio and the Broadway theatre where he had been plugging away for upwards of ten years he was relatively unknown. The options appended to his first picture contract were, he felt, so unlikely to be picked up that he didn't even bother to tell his wife that the possibility of further film work existed.

He should have told her; Jean could have had a head start on the packing.

Fox released "Kiss of Death" in the fall of the year, people went to see it in droves and came away limp and raving about Richard Widmark. And then the phone was ringing in the little house where the Widmarks lived with their toddler daughter Ann, and it was the studio saying hurry on out to Hollywood and go to work.

Today, seven years and twenty-two pictures later—Fox having exercised every one of its periodic options on the Widmark services—Dick is once more his own boss, free to go where he pleases, work at what and for whom he chooses. With "Broken Lance" completed last April, he completed his commitment to Fox.

He is a free man, a happy man, and bursting with plans.

Even now in (Continued on page 80)

Richard Widmark is in "Broken Lance"





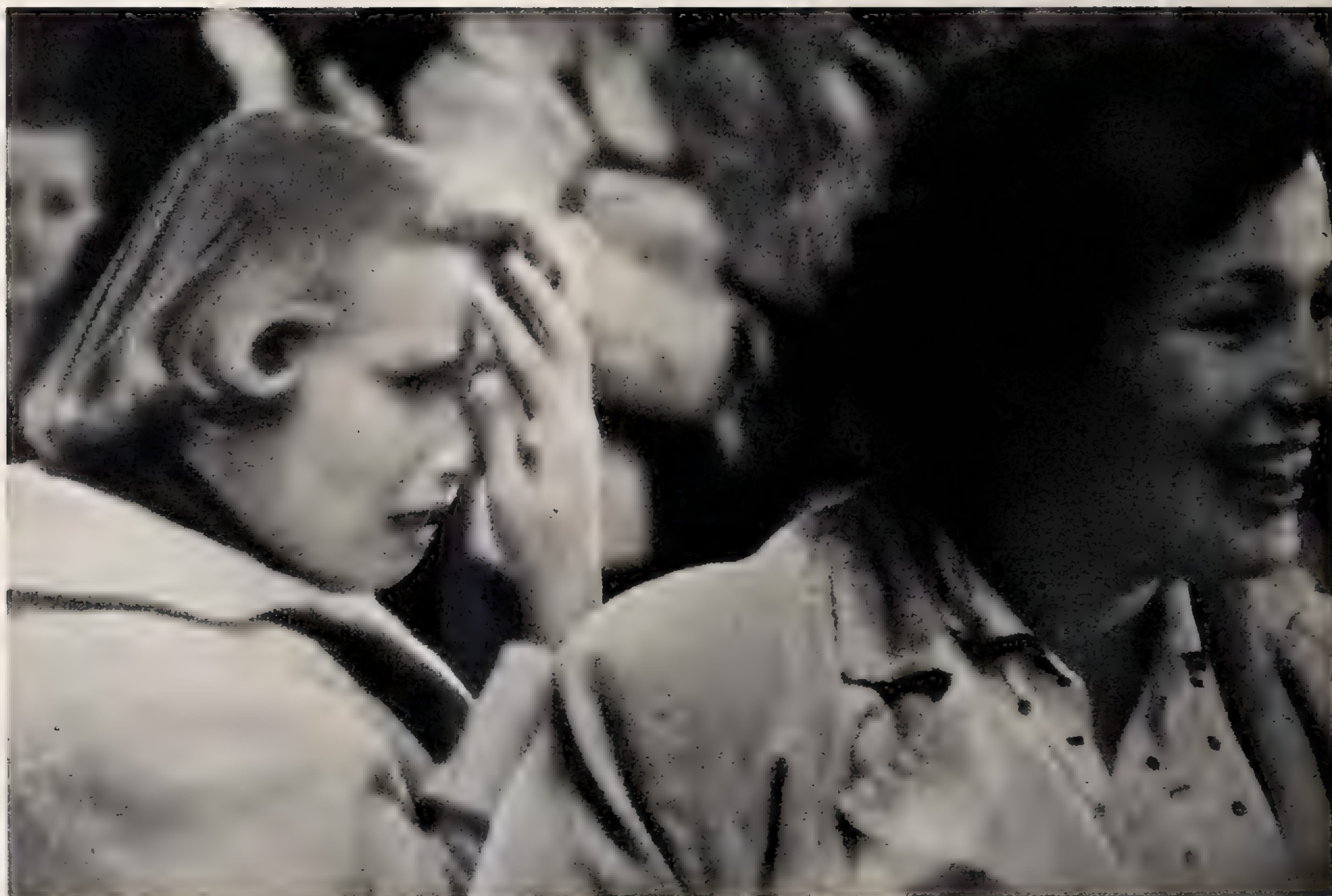
A
PHOTOPLAY
EXCLUSIVE

A young fan, a movie star and an unsuspect

There was something about her—the tense, unsmiling little girl in the vast crowd watching the celebrities arrive at the brilliant premiere of “Prince Valiant.” Something that caught the photographers’ eyes as their cameras registered the night’s events. Suddenly, she came to life—she was shouting, waving her arms. “Rock! Rock!” she was screaming . . .



But Rock Hudson didn’t hear her. She tried to break through the crowd. There were too many people. The girl stood still, silent again, her eyes, straining to keep him in view, slowly filling with tears. Maybe he’d turn around . . . see her . . .



But the crowd was taking him further away! For a miraculous moment Rock turned—but only to smile at the eager faces around him. The next moment he was gone . . . For a moment the girl stared unbelievably—then burst into tears . . .

PHOTOS BY LOUIS HOCHMAN AND PHIL STERN

REACHING FOR A STAR

camera are the principals in this unrehearsed bit of drama at a Hollywood premiere

Rock Hudson is in "Magnificent Obsession"



Then the miracle happened. One of the photographers had dashed after Rock, told him about the sobbing girl. And now she was talking to him, he was telling her how sorry he was, signing his name in her book—to Susan Meredith from Rock Hudson



← Susan Hayward is next in
"Demetrius and the Gladiators"



Close as Susan has always been to her twins, she is even closer now since the break-up of her marriage. "I don't want Timmy and Greg hurt by our problems," says Susan. "They need love more than ever"



MOM'S NO QUITTER!

BY MAXINE BLOCK

*With her eyes wide open,
Susan Hayward is making new
plans for the future—
and learning that twins
can be a rollicking
remedy for heartache*

● This is a Friday night at the home of Susan Hayward.

Dinner is over; the hands of the clock are creeping towards seven and red-haired, freckle-faced Greg, already dressed in his Cub Scout uniform, goes to the foot of the stairs and yells up to his twin brother, Timmy.

"Hey, Tim, aren't you ready yet? You'll make us late for the meeting. Come on, Mommy and I are waiting."

"Aw, hold your horses—hold your horses," Timmy yells back, and eventually he comes ambling down the stairs from the big second floor room he shares with his brother.

There's a last-minute tapping of pockets to make sure they have everything and then the two boys are ready to pile into the car with their mother and set off for the weekly meeting of their Cub pack. But there's one thing more.

"Jackets, men," says Susan. "It's a little cool outside."

"Aw, Mom," the twins protest in unison, "we don't need jackets. We'll be warm."

"Jackets, please, and no arguments," Susan insists, smiling

MOM'S NO QUITTER!

continued

but firm. "See, I'm wearing a coat. And tell Cleo (Cleo is the housekeeper) good night."

So the black Cadillac convertible heads out the driveway and the three of them—Susan and her lively and full-of-mischief twins are off for another happy Friday, one of many since the little Barker Brothers became Cubs and Susan joined the neighborhood Den Mothers.

"It's been a wonderful experience for all of us," Susan says. "At first, when I started coming with the boys to the Cub meetings, the other parents were a little shy and unsure of me. But then we all started warming up and before long we were making and sharing the lemonade, comparing the exploits—and the mischief—of our offspring and having a really fine time."

Close as Susan has always been to her twins, she is even closer now since her separation from Jess Barker. Jess, of course, takes the boys out one night a week and has them on alternate weekends; Susan wouldn't have it any other way. "I don't want Timmy and Greg hurt by our problems," says Susan. "They need love now more than ever."

So the weekends Susan has with the twins are devoted to barbecues and cookouts in the back yard, exuberant swimming parties around the pool with a bunch of the neighborhood kids invited over, or fun-packed trips to nearby vacation spots. There was the Saturday and Sunday Susan and her boys spent at the nearby Long Beach amusement park—a miniature Coney Island; garish, noisy and crowded, echoing with the strident call of the barker's, "Three balls for a dime!"; the heady aroma of broiling hot dogs, cotton candy and potato chips; the enticements of roller coaster, merry-go-round and mirrored Crazy House. Greg and Timmy were in a high state of excitement debating the rival merits of the chute-the-chute against the Space Ship ride—and just as excited was their red-haired mother, a tomboy at heart.

"What an outing!" laughed Susan. "By the time it was over I was limp, and the boys fell sound asleep in the car."

There was the solemn Sunday, too, when the boys were baptized in their church, with Susan watching with a full heart, and grandmother, uncle and all the family around; and the famous night of the school play, when Susan sat proudly with the other parents, submerging all thoughts of self at the sight of their children on the stage.

"Greg is the real ham," said Susan, remembering. "He spoke his lines so bravely. But poor Timmy became self-conscious and did his entire part with his back to the audience."

Yet both boys were praised equally and hugged alike, with Timmy perhaps getting an extra kiss just to keep things even. That's Susan's way, just as it is to give the twins a special award when an out-

of-the-ordinary chore is asked of them. Posing for magazine layouts is one such chore, as Susan explained; it's not at all part of the twins' regular program, and so Susan decided that Timmy and Greg deserved a slight addition to their weekly allowance.

"I told them that if they would pose for the pictures with me, as the studio requested," Susan explained, "I'd give them each an extra fifty cents, since this was extra work. And they were, very good about it. They came home from school promptly, changed into play clothes and did everything the photographer asked. The whole thing must have bored them—Timmy, especially, because a little neighbor girl came over and watched, then threw her arms around him and said, 'You are the man I'm going to marry.' But Timmy took it all very calmly; he just wanted to finish the job, collect his pay and run down to the store to spend it."

What Susan didn't add, proud mother though she is, is that the evident happiness of her youngsters is proof of the love and affection that envelopes them. "Susan," said a studio publicity woman who has been at the house frequently, "is really doing a fine job with the boys. They're courteous, polite and well-behaved. They did everything Susan and the magazine photographer asked them to do. And it's plain to see that Timmy and Greg adore their mother. They have a favorite gag they love to play with Susan. In New York they watched people come up to her and ask for her autograph, so now they pretend they, too, are autograph fans. They both walk over to her with a twinkle in their eyes and very solemnly say, 'Please, Miss Hayward, may we have your autograph?' Then, convulsed with laughter, they dash away."

But it's not all laughter, as Susan can tell you. There's the sadness at the breakup of a long-time marriage and there's a huge void to be filled after the divorce. And other things, too—like the day Susan, busy rehearsing for "The Conqueror," got a phone call telling her that Timmy had been hurt when a rock, thrown accidentally at play, hit him in the eye. Without bothering to change, Susan sped home immediately, to find Timmy's eye bruised and lacerated and swollen to twice its size. "Fortunately," she said later, "the X-rays didn't show any permanent injury, but I didn't close my own eyes until five that morning."

All during the months following her separation from Jess Barker, there was little in Susan's life besides her children. Though she had to leave them to go to Mexico for "Garden of Evil," they were left in the care of Susan's mother and her brother Wally. This was "family," and the twins were content. There were letters from Susan every day, long distance phone calls several times a week, and at Christmas time, a flying (*Continued on page 95*)

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

AUTUMN PREVIEW

PRESENTING PHOTOPLAY'S ADVANCE STAR PATTERN

You can make your own modern adaptation of the lovely costume Cyd Charisse wears in M-G-M's "Brigadoon." Designed as separates, the blouse and skirt are easy to sew and, you'll find, just as easy to wear. We made them in Security Mill's matching coral wool jersey. Advance Pattern provides for a self-belt, we added a black velvet belt to coordinate with bib of jet beads. Three 60" ropes of beads, Rose Sweet. \$2 each. Suede gloves, Alexette Bacmo, \$5.95. Pattern available at local dealers or may be ordered by mail through coupon below. Pattern sizes are 10-16.

PHOTO BY CHRISTA • CYD CHARISSE IS IN M-G-M'S "BRIGADOON"

Advance Pattern Co., Inc.
P.O. Box #21, Murray Hill Station
New York 16, New York

Please send me pattern #6842, Photoplay's Cyd
Charisse dress, in size.....Enclosed is 50¢ in cash.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

More fashions →



The all-around coat . . . in Stroock's camel hair, is Nancy Olson's choice to take her from the first cool days of fall through early spring. Perfect for town wear, suburban living or after-dark dates. It's ideal cover for any suit and dress! The sleeves are full and deeply cuffed, the tailored cardigan neckline, softly stitched to give a collar effect. 8-16. Also in navy. By Ronnette. \$119. Beige chiffon scarf, by Symphony, \$3. Camel hair bag, by Coronet, about \$12.95

For "Where to Buy"

turn

to page 89

The beautiful brightness of Fall cotton . . . new and exciting, wonderfully washable! Sally Forrest models a full-skirted coat-dress style, gaily splattered with tiny flowers and delicately outlined with crisp white rickrack. Front is boldly punctuated with a steady line of white buttons. White print on red, also white on black. For after-dark glamour, unbutton the last few buttons and show a pretty can-can petticoat underneath. By Lanz Originals. In sizes 7-17. About \$25



More fashions →

AUTUMN PREVIEW

Continued

NANCY OLSON IS IN WARNERS' "THE BOY FROM OKLAHOMA" • SALLY FORREST IS IN RKO'S "SON OF SINBAD" • PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 63-68 BY RICHARD LITWIN

AUTUMN PREVIEW

Continued

The little boy look in shirt and shorts . . . Phyllis Kirk enjoys the casual comfort of classic Bermuda shorts, which for fall and winter wear, are made of Anglo's 100% wool in brown speckled tweed, are luxuriously lined for extra comfort. With them, Phyllis wears wool knee socks. Shorts also in black and white tweed. Perfect mate is an all-wool black jersey shirt. Shorts, \$22.75. Blouse, \$15. 10-16. Both by Cabana. Sandler of Boston Shoes, \$8.95

For "Where to Buy" see page 89

The always-perfect knit dress . . . is a fall favorite with Nancy Olson who chooses a one-piece wool chenille shirtwaist style, competently tailored to take any occasion in its stride. Its easily adaptable neckline can be worn buttonhigh and simple or, open and dressed with a favorite pin or pearls. The sleeves stop comfortably just below the elbow. Black and beige, charcoal and navy. 10-16. By Rita Jacobs for Joseph Guttman. \$39.95



PHYLLIS KIRK IS CURRENTLY IN "RIVER BEAT"



More fashions →

AUTUMN PREVIEW

Continued



"For Where to Buy"

Turn

to page 89

The flattering fullness of the princess look . . . for dancing after dark and very special dates. Sally Forrest, looking like a dream, wears a black and white empire dress of cotton, with softly rounded neckline met halfway by twin curves of velvet. Velvet accentuates a young and tiny waistline that flares gracefully into a full waltz-length skirt. For stand-out fullness of the skirt, wear stiff petticoats, 7-15. By Mr. Mort. \$35

In these three hours your skin *"dies"* a little

Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods," dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced," open to troubles like these:

Dryness . . . cracking . . . "shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness

*Read how women noted for their
beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .*

*After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin*

SOME SIGNS of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:

A stiff drawn-tight feel to your skin.
Flakiness . . . splotchy color

These are the more *obvious* signs of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hour period that nature takes to re-protect skin, more distressing problems can take root. Tiny dry lines deepen. The inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin within one minute—at least

60 times faster than nature does. It combats dryness and flaking. Keeps pore-openings clear—skin texture fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" beneath your make-up.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep creaming with Pond's Cold Cream dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking young, vibrant.

Today, begin this simple beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. It will become second nature to you within a week. Soon your friends will be telling you, "Your skin looks really *wonderful* lately!"

Among social leaders who use Pond's

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III
LA MARQUISE DE LÉVIS MIREPOIX

The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. That's why more women use Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made! Get a large jar today.



Antonia Drexel Earle

A member of two distinguished Philadelphia families—Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is noted for her lovely complexion. She says, "The instant I've washed my face, I reach for my Pond's Cold Cream. And every night, of course, I give my skin a *deep* Pond's Creaming."

Keel's Kingdom

(Continued from page 9)

neighborhood children, to feel they're on exhibition and apart. When their playmates come to our house, I don't want those kids to feel they're coming to a circus grandstand. That might be fun for a short time, but not for long. I've seen it happen with other families. After a while, everyone gets sick of the circus, even the kids, and the only friends they could have would be other children in the same predicament."

Howard Keel's is a tough iron mind and an iron will. A will as iron as his heart is warm. His convictions are as deep down as his basso voice. And on this subject—until somebody can show him sufficient reason to change—he's as unshakeable as the Canadian Mountie he plays in M-G-M's "Rose Marie." But his is not temperamental star-stand. He's always felt this way, and he voiced it long before he became a star. When he first signed with M-G-M, he wanted one thing clear. He would keep his home life separate from his career. "If I can't—I won't be in motion pictures," he said then. "I'll go back to musical comedy." Success has only strengthened this resolve.

It's characteristic of Howard Keel that he is a perfectionist about his work. The part of the romantic roué who knocked Kathryn Grayson around and spanked her in violent 3-D in "Kiss Me Kate" was by far the best part he's had.

But what isn't generally known is that "Kiss Me Kate" was also the biggest challenge Howard Keel has faced in pictures to date. Only two people in the whole studio thought he could do it, since he had never done any Shakespeare, and even in

modern dress Shakespeare is still Shakespeare and a challenge to the greatest actors. He made two tests, the first of which was so terrible that for weeks he buried himself studying with Lillian Burns, the studio dramatic coach. The next test was good enough to get him the part.

Whatever the challenge, the dimension or the scope, one thing is sure—his career couldn't be going any better than it is today.

Howard was still dubbing "Rose Marie," his seventh picture in a year, when "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," co-starring Jane Powell, started production. Far from complaining, Howard leaped at the opportunity to keep working steadily. Where another man might have complained that he'd only had three days off in a year and a half, Howard just grinned and made like Leo the Lion. His life is built upon hard work at a trade he finds satisfying, followed by love and relaxation at a home he likes to feel is his castle, and one without the other would make that life incomplete.

Howard's a handy man to have around the house. He's the official carver for their crowd and thinks nothing of it when a harried dinner-hostess calls anxiously, "Harry, would you mind coming over a little early tonight?" But try to put a hoe or rake in his hand—and nothing happens. He hates mowing lawns and working the yard, he admits, so he doesn't do it. That is one of the reasons he works so hard at the studio. It gives him a freedom that otherwise he could never be able to enjoy.

On the other hand, give him a wrench and he's good for a solid Sunday afternoon

working on his car, which seems to relax him as much as a Turkish bath.

One Sunday afternoon recently, Howard was dressed in overalls and tinkering when a group of little girls wandered up the drive. They were carrying autograph books and one of them had a wilted bouquet of flowers.

"Does Howard Keel live here?" asked the girl with the bouquet.

Howard grinned and said, "Yes, he does."

The girls waited expectantly for the grease-streaked man to call the movie star to the door. And they looked startled when he added, "What do you want, kids?" and started signing their books, feeling a bit like a small boy after his prank.

One of the few things that plague Howard Keel's life is that he can't spend enough time with Helen, his wife. She is a very womanly person, once a dancer in the ballet of "Oklahoma." Sweet, warm, wholesome, with a very good head on her shoulders. And he's concerned—probably more even than he shows—because his busy picture schedule means that vacation trips, social evenings and the like must be continually postponed. This doesn't bother Howard as much as he thinks it cheats Helen. But soon he hopes to be able to do something about it.

In the meantime, Howard Keel is one of the happiest men in Hollywood. He has worked incredibly hard to build a life that is as perfect as any life can be, and he's willing to work just as hard to keep it that way, gradually erasing as completely as possible the fears that still haunt him from his childhood, and seeing to it that his children's lives are rich in all the real and solid gifts of normalcy. THE END

Virginia Mayo's Miracle Diet

(Continued from page 53)

Virginia excused herself, returned with the news that she weighed 119—after lunch and dressed! Her breathtaking curved 5-foot-4½-inch figure was set off by slim-fitted black broadcloth treader pants tastefully sprinkled with glittering copper pennies, a cream-colored form-fitting cashmere sweater, wide black belt and gold crocheted ballerina slippers which echoed the gold of her softly curling hair, worn pony-tail fashion. At the moment, Ginny could have posed for a "Petty Girl" painting. And looking at her, it was easy to see why she's been dubbed the "world's most beautiful blonde."

Just then the nurse brought in Mary Catherine, ready for her afternoon airing in her pram around the one-acre O'Shea grounds. "Little Darlin'," as her Daddy calls her, was all frantic motions, smiles and soft baby sounds at the sight of her lovely mother; her fuzz of red-gold hair half hidden under a jaunty yellow knitted beret, her round blue eyes twinkling with a touch of blarney, as she tried, at only five-and-a-half months, to stand up in her mother's arms.

Virginia's eyes lovingly followed her first-born to the door, and then she returned to the subject at hand. "Normally I never have a weight problem, because long ago I taught myself to form the habit of eating a well-rounded diet of high protein meats, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruit low in sugar—a diet which gives me energy, vitality, an ideal weight, good muscle tone and also provides for healthy hair, skin and teeth. It's not easy to stick to a sound diet because our country is such a land of plenty that it's hard to limit our-

selves to eating for beauty and health.

And what does Virginia put into her pretty mouth daily, now that she's back to her normal weight?

"For breakfast I have grapefruit, two soft-boiled eggs, a slice of whole-wheat toast and coffee; broiled hamburger or steak, sliced tomatoes, grapefruit and milk for lunch; meat or fish or chicken, vegetables, salad, a slice of bread and butter for dinner. I love vegetables, but Mike hates 'em—all except potatoes. Imagine! Potatoes, ugh . . .

"Dieting—all starts in the mind," Virginia declared. "It's a simple question of whether you want a good figure, whether you want to feel youthful and enjoy a long life or whether you'll settle for the transient pleasure of eating too much. Before deciding to diet, check with your doctor. Then once the decision is made to change your way of eating, you've got to call on self-discipline and will power. For instance, I knew I was babying myself by eating too much while I was waiting for Mary Catherine's arrival. And when I finally made up my mind, began to use my will power and stopped babying myself and actually followed the doctor's instruction, the extra weight melted away because I'd had it such a short time.

"Some people don't understand diets," Virginia continued. "They go on one and follow it conscientiously until they have lost their excess weight. Then they go right out and ruin everything by eating the very foods that made them overweight in the first place. They go on an eating spree to celebrate having lost weight and gain everything right back again—sometimes

even more than they had lost. It doesn't make much sense, but that's the way plenty of people do it."

The next step came when Virginia's doctor suggested, along with the diet, that she exercise to tighten her muscles after the baby's birth. That was an easy assignment for Virginia. For she has known about the value of exercise ever since she was little Virginia Jones of St. Louis, studying dancing at her Aunt Alice Wientge's drama school. This constant pattern of exercise all her life has conditioned Miss Mayo, given her the enviable proportions that elicit wolf whistles and, furthermore made it easier for her to regain her figure quickly following her pregnancy. But if you've no pattern set for exercising, we suggest you talk to your doctor and have him recommend some exercises.

In addition to the exercises prescribed by her doctor, Virginia rides horseback and plays tennis. At present she is trying to improve her already good game by taking lessons from the renowned Alice Marble.

Returning to the studio to fit her costumes for "King Richard and the Crusaders," Virginia discovered a curious fact. Her figure was exactly the same as it had been pre-maternity—except that her waistline had dropped an inch lower! The wardrobe department pondered this for a long time, unable to come up with an answer, but Virginia knew. The stretching movements she had so faithfully followed in her exercises had lengthened her torso!

And that was the only change in this glamorous blond while she trod the long road From Here to Maternity!

THE END

Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 12)

Joan's friends with her lovely manners. Let's skip from parties to a preem. "The Magnificent Obsession" had a magnifique bow at an off-beat spot. It opened at the Westwood Village Theatre (just beyond Beverly Hills), where usually hordes of teen-agers—in Levis, weird hair-do's, moccasins and bright red jackets—hang out. This night, though, a beautifully dressed crowd streamed across the premises. Rock Hudson, who came into his own as a big-time star in this film, brought his best girl, Betty Abbott. Jane Wyman, top femme in the flicker, was in a lovely bouffant gown of pink and black net—with a pleated band of flesh-colored net across the line that counts most these days—the bust line! Jane's costume was topped by a black-fox cape stole. She wore heavy pearl and diamond earrings and pearl choker. Joan Crawford, who sported a new combo of red dress, pink roses and pink mink last month, showed up in a gray gown, grayish tinted hair, gray jewelled sandals—and natch!—a blending blue-gray mink cape. Similar to a get-up la Crawford sported some time ago with great success. Curb-cheerers didn't go for Lana Turner's dark hair (again!)—but Lana likes it that way—and besides what could look bad on her??? Lex Barker kept beaming upon Lana, and Lana kept beaming back. These two are really aglow! Others applauding the picture were Gregg Palmer with Bobbie Bond, a belle with practically white hair; Lori Nelson with Dick Clayton; Corinne Calvet, in much too-glittering white crepe, with Jeffrey Stone; Barbara Rush in a charming gown of white and green starched chiffon and Jeff Hunter by her side. Jeff Chandler, stag again, wore a pale blue dress shirt with his tux. (D'you suppose he knows whose shirts just match his eyes?) Gene Nelson was with beauty-contest winner Christiane Martel; Mamie Van Doren (still doing the Marilyn Monroe "act") was with Steve Crane; Vera Ellen with Richard Guly; Tom Morton with Joan Vohs (they're nutz about each other); Joanne Gilbert with on-again off-again fiance, Danny Arnold. Movita, who used to be Marlon Brando's "heart trouble," was with Tony Kent; Susan Cabot with Richard Anderson. Also glimpsed: Ida Lupino and Howard Duff; Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman; the Spike Joneses and Annie-pie Sheridan.

One of the loveliest at the Toast of the Town TV show was Lana Turner who showed up in a stunning figure-hugging gown of black crepe cut wide and low in the front with a daring over-drape skirt that opened everytime she took a step, showing off those million-dollar Turner legs. All eyes were glued on her! Janie Powell was there, looking ever so lovely in a very soft chiffon gown that was a mass of tiny, tiny pleats except for the waist which was sparkling jeweled chiffon. Another star-studded group came to the "Executive Suite" premiere and walked through the Egyptian Theatre's floral motif decor, replete with big baskets of spring and summer blooms, hundreds of potted azaleas, rhododendrons—and giant vases of mixed flowers. Debbie Reynolds with Tab Hunter; Esther Williams and Ben Gage; Bob Stack, stag; Dick Anderson, stag; Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell; cute Pat Crowley with Vic Damone; Leslie Caron with ever-lovin' ballet-master Roland Petit; Marilyn Maxwell with Carl Neubert; the Dennis Morgans; the Ronnie Reagans—just a few of the celebs I saw. Star Bill Holden couldn't be there on account of he and his Mrs. were in Florida on a well-earned fishing trip.

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Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.



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ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

Non-Stop Terry

(Continued from page 47)

and the most talented who ever lived.

Yours is the typical life of almost any ten-year-old. You proudly join the Campfire Girls, and with your customary drive, whatever the chore, you win more wooden beads than any of them. One such achievement is cooking, and your family gets plenty sick of "Apple Betty" before you "bead" that one line. You attend Mormon Church and Sunday school faithfully. You're still torn between *Dick Tracy* and *The Lone Ranger*. But now, significantly, you begin to hang on every word of radio serials like "Our Gal Sunday" and "Helen Trent."

In 1939, too, you realize beauty must pay a price—when the dentist insists on braces and corrects a couple of twisted teeth and changes a bite plate to your own bite. But it has its compensations when you fall, at this tender age, for the boy who shares his scooter and skates with you. To your diary you confide, "I've got a boyfriend. His name is Robert MacDougal. He likes me, too, cause he said so. Today he came over looking for his skate wheel." As good an excuse as any—at ten.

January 26, 1940—you pass into the sixth grade—and into what is to be perhaps the most important year in your life. Your lucky eleventh year. But it has its bad moments too. For this year your classmates start calling you "skinny"—and you really suffer. How much—only one Terry Moore can tell.

"The limit, Ralph, the absolute limit. For a girl who started out so fat—I'd really thinned down. I was the last girl to develop in our crowd. When all the other girls were shyly concerned about concealing what they had, I was still wearing loose blouses under loose sweaters, in the hope of concealing what I didn't have. I was so self-conscious about being skinny, and the boys were always kidding me about it and pointing to my legs. I was thoroughly crushed about the whole thing. Funny—how acutely you remember—but I'll never forget the day my whole world fell. I can still see the classroom—and the desks we all had. My girl friend, Barbara Metzler, sat across the aisle from me, and one day when Robert MacDougal came down the aisle, she put her leg across to my desk, blocking him. "Put those million-dollar legs down," he said admiringly. Well, I just about died. It seems funny now. But I remember vowing right then that some day, some way, 'He's going to say the same thing to me.' I felt so humiliated. And since I was planning on being a movie star anyway, I also resolved to have the most photographed legs in the world. I sat there dying and really dreaming it up. 'Million-dollar legs, huh? I'll show him.' Funny how those things stick with you. That's why I've always been so willing to pose for cheesecake—until now."

But yours is a victory in 1940, too, Terry Moore, for this is the year your star is born. One day your neighbor and landlady, Mrs. Annie Lorraine Jensen, encloses a ten-dollar bill with your pinafores picture and sends them to the Welles Casting Directory. Why did you take that gamble, Mrs. Jensen?

"I'd had my eye on Helen since she was two years old, Ralph. Whenever Mrs. Koford came over to pay the house rent, she always brought her little girl with her. Sitting on a stool, her feet not even touching the floor, Helen would raise those big blue eyes and recite. She had a lot of poise too."

February 10, 1940—the day you first stepped inside that world of make-believe you've long dreamed is your own—will be

engraved forever in your memory. The studio casting agent, looking for a child to portray Brenda Joyce as a child, saw your picture in the casting directory and called your home in Glendale. You weren't home for that first magic ring, but your father, Lamar Koford, filled in.

"You might say they filled me in, Mr. Edwards. 'Do you have a little girl, blond, with big teeth?' they said. I was startled for a minute, never having exactly thought of Helen that way. Finally I said, 'Why, yes, we do.' And when her mother and Helen got home, they rushed right to the dentist to have the braces taken off her teeth. When they got to the studio, the casting fellow looked at her and said, 'Would you object to her wearing braces for this part?' And they rushed back and had Helen's own put back on." Your mother says, 'Helen seemed to sense she belonged right there.' When we left the studio, she said, 'I don't know why, but I wasn't a bit afraid. I read the lines and I could answer everything they asked me, and I wasn't afraid at all.'"

You live on wings—as the magic land of make-believe you've envisioned unfolds before your excited blue eyes. It's your fairy tale come true, but you're the little Princess and it's all happening to you. That first night a happy little girl scribbles in her diary, "I got chosen. I'm one of six for a screen test tomorrow. Oh boy!"

Then the long wait begins.

You're eleven years old now, Terry Moore, and you play with paper dolls and listen for that phone to ring. Only you and your diary know how hard you listen.

Finally, on March 9, you report to the studio at 8 A.M. A big limousine takes you out on location but it's too windy and you don't work. Four days later you work before the cameras for the first time. Your director is Henry King, who will direct a star named Terry Moore in "King of the Khyber Rifles" thirteen years from now. You ride a horse bareback in the scene and the studio pays you \$125 for the week and you leave the studio gate that night starry-eyed and dreaming of wonderful things to come.

You're Walter Brennan's granddaughter in the picture. You've gone to Studio School with Peggy Ann Garner and Linda Darnell, still not eighteen. You're in the movies now.

It's so thrilling you can't wait to get back to school and tell the other kids all about your new world of make-believe and share all your exciting experiences with them. But you are to find sadly, Terry Moore, that few want to listen. There's a world separating you now—a world of make-believe they cannot enter. And there's a wall, a magic studio wall that is strengthened by envy and a natural jealousy through the years. This heart-breaking wall you can never break down.

You live in a half-world now, Terry Moore, a divided world—of a child and an actress. A world of highs and lows, triumphs and tears. How divided your world is your own diary tells.

"Mother bought me a new yo-yo. Big geography test tomorrow. We don't know yet about the interview."

You're thrilled when you audition at NBC for "One Man's Family" and when you go on a picnic with the Campfire Girls. You're heartbroken when you fail to get an "A" in typing and when you miss a studio call. You're ecstatic when Fox calls you for retakes—and full of despair when you can't find "the wire that goes on my teeth." And your eleven-year-old heart is torn between love for Cary Grant, whose daughter you portray in "The Howards of

Virginia," and a half-shepherd dog named Tillie a neighbor gives you.

The phone rings and you're excited about an interview for "Cinderella," but you hear words that will become very familiar. "You're not the type." The call is for one of the wicked stepsisters and you're "too pretty" for the part. This happens again and again. It seems this is the year for little freckle-faced girls who stick out their tongues—the female Butch Jenkins. You watch the mirror wistfully for freckles that won't appear. But professionally, 1940 is still a busy year. You're chosen on your first call for photographer's model, and Natalie Graske, then Mrs. Tom Kelley and now a client of the agency, remembers that afternoon well.

"We'd interviewed some twenty children for a color shot of a little girl trying to bake cookies for the magazine *The Country Gentleman*. Tom took Terry immediately. She didn't look like a professional model. She looked like any typical little American girl with flour on her face trying to bake cookies. Then, too, the other kids didn't have Terry's intelligence. After that first sitting, I remember Tom said, 'She's got it. That kid will get someplace some day.' I was impressed. Tom doesn't say that about too many models."

You will get there all right, Terry Moore. Your fresh wholesome All-American face will show upon the covers of every national magazine. But every step up in this exciting new world will alienate you more from the other world and the classmates who mean so much to you.

At school they call you "Spitfire" because of that drive and ambition, that quick mind of yours going a mile a minute with always a million ideas. They nickname you "Two Tongue" for that tongue of yours that's always going a mile a minute too. They resent a little the spotlight that, wherever you are, is always to be inescapably yours. And they shrug off with seeming disbelief any mention of your being in the movies.

Anxiously you wait for your first movie to come out. Then, you think, they will be convinced and they'll be excited too. When you see in the paper that "Maryland" is opening, you run to show your mother. She cries and tells you what Walter Brennan had told her months ago—that you have been cut completely out of the picture. It isn't your movie any more. And you can't make-believe this hurt away.

At school the next day you face the cold eyes of classmates who went to see the movie the night before. They accuse you of lying. You weren't in the picture at all. Or else you must be pretty bad for them to cut you out. You're no actress if they cut you out. The Little Princess can't cry. And in front of them you don't, but that night at home in your bed your diary knows.

"December 4, 1940. The kids weren't a bit nice to me."

It's 1941, and you're in Wilson Junior High now, Terry Moore, and this is your life.

Studying, swimming, horseback riding, miniature golf and netting one dollar a week for helping your mother with the housework. And, of course, the boys.

Those who previously called you "Skinny" are giving you the eye now. Puppy love is rampant. And you're "number one" again with your old friend, "Mac." You're really living when he invites you to meet him at the Alex Theatre and promises, in addition, to buy you a candy bar. The prevailing custom heretofore has been for girls to attend together, leave one empty seat beside each of them and

be joined by the gentlemen when the lights come on.

These are important times for the young in heart. And Robert MacDougal who was one of your gang remembers it well. He's now head of the MacDougal Door and Frame Manufacturing Company. Let him get a word in here.

"That was always the trouble, Ralph. I've known Helen Koford since the third grade. And I haven't gotten in a word yet. Her tongue was always going a mile a minute, even with her bite plate in when she was having her teeth straightened. I'll never forget one Saturday when I invited her to have lunch at our home. I wasn't old enough to have a car or drive. So Helen took the bus over. During these days her dentist was changing her bite, and in the course of luncheon, she said suddenly, 'Bob, you'll just have to excuse me.' And, turning her head, she swiftly removed the plate. She forgot and left it on the window sill, and late that night when we found it, I had my mother and dad drive me over to Helen's house so I could return her plate."

He'll never know either, will he, Terry, how embarrassed you were when you answered the door and found your plate carefully packed in a box of cotton?

And what's this entry in your diary?

"Bill Chambers and I quit going steady tonight on the telephone."

"This one really hurt, Ralph. Bill was my first steady. He never had a dime to spend on a date. Every penny he had he put in a car he was stripping down into a hot rod. Once in a while he'd borrow a relative's car. And we'd ride down in the evening and watch the trains come in. When he finished his work on that car, we broke up."

Yes, these are the tender years. For the first time you're torn with the problem of love versus career. Your heart's heavy when you get a crush on a boy named "Hughey," a stable boy at a resort where you're vacationing. You have to leave him to test for a part with Ingrid Bergman in "Gaslight," but the show must go on.

And the show does. At 20th Century-Fox you play Victor Mature's sister in "My Gal Sal." Your face covers many magazines, and you get the part of *Little White Cloud*, Little Beaver's romantic interest on the "Red Ryder" radio show. You and Tommy Cook are so small the studio gives you stools to stand on to reach the mike. You test for "Jane Eyre" but Elizabeth Taylor gets the role. You test for "Remember the Day" and Ann Todd gets this one. The real heart-breaker, however, is when you're promised a big part in "True to Life" at Paramount with Mary Martin and Dick Powell. This seemed, at first, to be the best break yet, Terry Moore. You're to get fifth billing in the picture and \$250 a week for three months' work. Also you get to wear an evening gown once worn by Veronica Lake. You check your books out at school to study on the lot. Then the night before you're to report on the set the phone rings with the word that the producers have decided the part should be funnier and they're using a "homelier girl."

This is the worst blow yet in your make-believe world. To your diary you lament, "They wanted a real homely girl with freckles. I think that's just what I am." Then there's a later postscript that same night, "I really don't even think of it now." But you both know you're just whistling in the dark.

The toughest part is walking into school the next morning with bowed head, carrying all your books back again. An actress? Not much. Not if they replace you in the part. By now, you seldom

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74 speak of movie work. As an old school friend, Bob Wast, today president of your fan club, can well recall.

"She did tell me when she got a part in 'The Clock' with Judy Garland and Bob Walker, Mr. Edwards, but she cautioned me not to tell the others. They wouldn't be interested anyway, she said."

It's a happy day when you're elected cheerleader and when as you scribble happily, "We're putting on my play, 'The Princess Couldn't Cry.' Oh boy, Oh boy."

During your senior year, Terry Moore, you get a column in the school paper, *The Explosion*, and it's typical of your all-out approach—whatever the problem—that you use the column to crusade for less sloppy male attire. You turn it into a boy's fashion column, using the football stars for models, and you designate one day a week to be observed officially as "Slacks Day" at Glendale High. The boys begin dressing better, but the girls misjudge your motives. They suspect aloud that you're using an unfair advantage to become better acquainted with the school athletes. Your journalism teacher, Mrs. Eva Litchfield, has a few why's for this.

"Helen always put her whole heart into whatever she did, Mr. Edwards. She was doing a lot of fashion modeling then and she was trying to give the other students the benefit of her own experience. The boys had been living in blue jeans and I must say their dress improved. But that year Helen was on 21 Magazine and, well, some of the students never quite accepted her one hundred per cent. But then you pay for what Helen has. Talent always pays a price. Genius in whatever form has to climb the hard way. And talent like Helen's, which showed itself even in youth, always pays a price."

That price for you, Terry Moore, in the years to come will seem high.

January, 1947. You graduate midterm from Glendale High School with mixed emotions. Now you can really work full time in your world of make-believe. You can become the actress you've hoped to be. But you're leaving half of your life behind. This girl now named Jan Ford—what will her future be?

It's September, 1947, and you sign with Columbia Studios for the lead in "The Return of October," a part you've won over many more famous actresses who tested for it.

You take the name of the girl in the film, Terry, and the last half of your mother's name, Bickmore. And now you're stardom-bound. It's evident to James Gleason, who portrays your beloved *Uncle Willie* in the picture and who is supposedly reincarnated in the form of a race horse. We have it right from the "horse's mouth, too.

"Yes, sir, Ralph. With Terry's talent I had no doubt about her future. She showed great promise then, not only as an actress but as a person. That ermine bathing-suit thing. All that uproar was a typhoon in a thimble if you ask me."

On January 1, 1951, you have your first date with football star, Glenn Davis. And your whirlwind romance catches the eye of cinema cupids everywhere. When he goes to Hawaii with a ball team, you and your mother go along and vacation there. Amid the romantic lush island atmosphere, with musicians playing Hawaiian love songs to you, he proposes. He's the famous All American football hero, the story-book prince on a white horse and you agree to marry him.

February 8—five weeks after that first date—you're married in Glendale in the room adjoining the Mormon Church Chapel where you've worshipped for so many years. You honeymoon in romantic Acapulco, and on February 24, 1951, leav-

ing half your life behind you, you go to Lubbock, Texas, where your husband is employed by an oil company. You have a small apartment right next door to the local movie theatre.

Try as you will, Terry Moore, you cannot fit into this new life. You feel a stranger in this new far-flung land. You don't understand the world of oil. Nor do they understand that which has been your world since you were eleven years old. There are personal problems between two who married on such short acquaintance that no story-book wedding and no strains of "Sweet Leilani" could ever solve.

August 18, 1951—you announce your separation and you plunge with feverish energy back to work in your familiar world.

December, 1951—you get your CAA Pilot's license to pilot a single-engined aircraft. Some call it a publicity stunt. Some others still today—Pilot No. 1226668—doubt whether you can really fly. They should have been out at Clover Field that afternoon when your mother and your flying instructor, Ray Pignet of the 20th-Century Flying Service and a former test pilot, sweated out your second solo while scanning the sky for the speck that means you. Ray Pignet tells about it now.

"She'd been instructed to land in Oxnard, California, and there was no indication on our weather maps of trouble there. But when Terry got to Oxnard, she found she was caught in a rough north-and-south crosswind. If she'd landed, she could have cracked up easily. Tell some students to land in Oxnard and, come what may, they'll land there. But not Terry. She went on to Santa Barbara and landed there instead.

It's another year now, Terry Moore, and you test with twenty-one others for the sexy college girl in "Come Back Little Sheba," although it's far from the sweet young things you've been playing. Director Daniel Mann is sold and he gives you the part.

February 17, 1953—you're making personal appearances in San Francisco when you get the happy word that for your fine performance in "Come Back Little Sheba" you've been nominated for Hollywood's highest honors, the Academy Award. This is more than even you had hoped for from your world of make-believe. This seems almost too good to be true. But for you, Terry Moore, even this is a divided victory. Triumph for Terry the actress, and tears for Terry the girl. You're so good in the part you convince many you really are that girl and they identify you with the little sexy siren from now on.

September, 1952—Ace director Elia Kazan gives you the romantic young lead in "Man on a Tightrope." On January 2, 1953, the fairy tale finally comes true. You sign a long-term contract at 20th Century-Fox, where a little girl in pinafore and pigtails ventured in the magic world of make-believe thirteen years ago. You're given star billing in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef" with Robert Wagner and then you co-star with Tyrone Power in "King of the Kyber Rifles," directed by Henry King, who directed that first scene cut out of "Maryland" in that long-ago first assignment.

Your name is news now, Terry Moore, big news, and rumor. Sometimes mistaken rumor that hits to the heart of Helen Luella Koford, not so long ago of Glendale High. The little girl who suffered when she was called "Skinny" is avenged. She's the queen of cheesecake now, and her legs are among the most photographed in the land, but again hers is a divided triumph. You're a top target today and

on Christmas—even in Korea—your whole world crashes around you and the Little Princess has feet of clay.

"You pay for what Helen has," your teacher said. Talent pays a price and for you the price seems finally almost too high.

Christmas Eve, 1953, on a cot in a hut in Korea, you're sobbing your heart out. The setting is far removed, but for you it's the same old story.

You're heartbroken that you can be so misjudged. Again every stab hits an old and familiar wound. You're a big girl now. Today there's no diary to talk to, but the hurt is still the same. You wonder where you have failed. And why. You've worked toward today's stardom for fourteen long years. And you've gotten there without ever stepping on anybody else.

You've also gotten jobs, many jobs, for others who will never know they're indebted to you. And for a few like Darryl Hickman who discover it, but not from you. "I found out a year and a half ago when I got a call out of the blue from director Elia Kazan," he says. "I'd never met him and you can imagine my surprise when he told me many of the nice things Terry had said about me. When I make 'East of Eden,' there's a part in it for you," Kazan said. One other day I got another call from him. Back in Hollywood again to cast the picture, he'd called Terry and again she'd put in a plug for me. How many people will go out of their way these days to do this? How many people ever have? About Terry I could tell you so much, Ralph. This is only one of many things."

So many things, Darryl Hickman, and so many voices, Terry, from your past and present who want to speak for you.

Two years ago a beautiful talented girl with everything to live for, Yvonne Lohn, with whom you worked as a child in pictures, was stricken with polio. Today she is completely paralyzed. Her mother, Mrs. Winifred Lohn, can tell how much you mean to her. "No, I can't tell you how much, Mr. Edwards. How can you measure the will to live? Or faith in God? That's what Terry means to my Yvonne. On Saturday nights when a pretty star like Terry should be out dancing she takes Yvonne to a drive-in and to the show. She always sees there's a friend along, a husky athlete, big enough to carry my daughter's wheel chair in and out. On Sunday mornings she takes her to church. After church she invites people over to her home to meet Yvonne. It's hard for a girl not to ask herself why this should happen to her. It's hard for her to want to live. But Terry's determined. How can a mother measure what Terry means to my daughter?"

Yes, you're pinned up in the hearts of many people whom the public will never know. By many deeds no one can measure. And on April, 1954, Terry Moore, you are honored by a vast gathering of veterans of the Air Force. By fighter pilots and bombers who've fought our skies free wherever war clouds gather. You sit beside General Kenney. You hear yourself introduced as the "Army's own Terry Moore, the girl who's done so much to further the aims to which we are pledged."

There's a plaque for you, too. A pair of bronze boots. Your boots from the Korean tour. *The Princess* can't cry but you do. For these are no silver slippers. These are real and they fit.

This is your life, Terry Moore, and your destiny. Talent pays a price for what you have. You pay. What you give to others someday will light the way to your own deserved happiness.

THE END

Tony's Days of Decision

(Continued from page 35)

as if she had spent those trying childhood years beside him.

Eagerly, her face aglow with love, she says, "Tony could have gone either way. I respect him because even as a child he chose the right way. He had the courage to face a crisis."

Tony's boyhood friends, Sidney Schulman and Sam Negrin, know.

Sidney Schulman, who helps manage his own family's prosperous supermarket, says, "His folks never failed him. They gave him love and freedom."

Sam Negrin, who has chosen as his own career the work of social service among troubled juveniles, nods in agreement with all three, but casts his vote for Tony himself, saying, "You can't discount the guy's own effort. No family can give more than assurance. No social worker can do more than open a door. After that, it's up to the kid himself to walk through it."

But while his childhood was passing slowly into adulthood, things didn't seem quite that simple to a sensitive kid. These three persons who hold Tony Curtis in respect and affection, unfold a story which rivals a film plot. Janet, particularly, feels its excitement. To her, Tony's choice of which life to lead is more thrilling than any adventure which either of them has ever brought to the screen.

Tony was Bernie Schwartz in those days, a youngster with dark hair and bright blue eyes. Born in New York's Flower Hospital on June 3, 1926, he was the first son of Mono and Helen Schwartz, Hungarian immigrants.

In Budapest, his father Mono had been a light-hearted, handsome young actor. In New York during the moneyless Thirties, his alien tongue barred him from the stage. To support his family, he worked as a tailor and operated his own cleaning and pressing business.

Times were hard for everyone, but for the Schwartzes they were bitter. They knew what it was to go hungry and to be dispossessed. Too often they saw their pitifully meager belongings dumped into the street when they could not pay their rent. Mono, laboring under the double handicap of learning a new trade during a period of financial distress, hadn't a chance to provide the comforts he wanted to give his family.

When their second son, Julius, was born, things got even tougher. Proud Mono Schwartz had to swallow his pride and build Bernie a little shoeshine box. The nickels and dimes the child could earn on the street were needed to help Mono feed the family.

Only in love of each other was the Schwartz family rich. However bad things got, that never wavered.

The bright spots of those grim times were the Sundays when they could walk in Central Park. There, while Papa Schwartz told him of the colorful days of the theatre back in Budapest, little Bernie learned to dream and to try to act out his dreams. His parents were his indulgent audience—an audience which, in watching him, found brief escape from their own troubles.

Mono Schwartz, forgetful that his young son at the age of eight still spoke Hungarian, would watch the mimicry and see the boy replacing him on the stage. To Mama, he would repeat his favorite prophecy, "Our Bernie will be a fine actor."

But at the same time, the city itself was teaching Bernie a different kind of acting. The shabbier he looked and the more eagerly he sought customers, the more he earned with his shoeshine box.



Are you in the know?

How would you rate this dipper gal?

☐ Shy ☐ Fun ☐ Dracula's daughter

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. *Funny?* Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being *herself* is a gal's better bet. And on "those" days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*... doesn't chafe!



Just met—what's your chatter cue?

☐ Take over ☐ Proceed with caution

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! Hope *he* doesn't cut in!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can be *confident* (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent outlines. And here's an added worry-saver: Kotex can be worn on either side!



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Should a back-to-school shopper be —

☐ Label-conscious ☐ Loaded with lucre

Budgeteen or million dollar baby—look for labels on togs before you buy! Little tags that tell about shrinkage, fade-resistance; whether a fabric's sudsworthy or should be dry cleaned. Helps you choose what's best for *you*. So too, when choosing Kotex, look for the labels Regular, Junior, Super. Of these 3 sizes there's one exactly suited to you; gives the *complete absorbency* you need.

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Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex & Kotex belts ☐ Moon 'n' June

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And then there was the neighborhood gang, kids from families as hard pressed as Bernie's own. In the excitement of their games, they, too, could forget the empty cupboards at home.

Says Janet, "You know the way kids are. Tony wanted their approval, but he was just a kid on the edge of the gang. He didn't really belong. So he'd try a little harder to excel. There's always a challenge to make the game a little more exciting by making it a little more real."

Bernie, by then age twelve, had one game where, because of his acting ability, he did excel. The dangerous game of "victim."

It was an invention born of the East Side where truck drivers, intent on making the next light, roared along the arterial streets at a terrific pace.

Nimble Bernie and his pals made it produce both thrills and profit. Dodging in and out, they would pretend to be hit and fall moaning to the street. Bernie triumphed when he could make a driver pull up, thrust some money into his hand and rush away, calling over his shoulder, "I'm sorry, kid."

The fact that he never once encountered a conscientious driver who would call the police or offer to take him to the hospital gave Bernie an extra measure of cynical daring. Playing "victim" was both more fun and more lucrative than shining shoes.

Then came the day when Bernie's gang followed a parade. They were having a ball when friends ran up to tell them a child had been hit by a truck. One shouted to Bernie, "It looks like your brother."

A minute later a traffic cop yelled at him, "Get over here and identify this kid."

That was the shock. In that crisis, not only his brother's life, but also Bernie's future, balanced on a knife edge.

It is still in the front of Tony's mind. He says, "That was the worst moment ever. Julie had always been more sensitive than I. I had planned how to help him over the rough spots so he wouldn't have it so tough as I'd had. Now the worst had happened."

Sharply, he recalls exactly how he felt. "I wanted to run for my folks. I wanted to scream for my mother. Then I knew I couldn't do it. I had to act grown up. I think maybe I did grow up right then. I certainly was never really young again after I looked down and saw it was Julie."

The streets, which nimble Bernie had regarded as his own playground, had this time claimed a real victim. In two days, Julie was dead.

Soon hate filed a sharp new edge to Bernie's grief. In offering a two-thousand-dollar settlement, the lawyer for the trucking company said, "Too bad the boy didn't live. That way you would have had a steady income for life. Not big, but continuing."

Glaring at the man, Bernie promised himself that some day he would kill him.

Two months later, disaster again drove deep. Mono's store was robbed and they lost everything.

It was too much for his father. Mono had a breakdown. Helen, Mono's wife, overwhelmed by the tragic series of events, tried desperately to provide for her family. But her struggle went unrewarded and she was forced to put Bernie into a home. By the time his father recovered and reunited his family, young Bernie was carrying a heavy load of bitterness.

Says Janet, sharing that long-ago trial, "What does a boy do in a case like that? Whom should he blame? He could blame the trucking company. He could blame the city. He could blame society in general."

There's both sorrow and pride in her voice as she continues. "Right then, Tony found that wonderful quality which he

has had to depend upon so many times. He faced up to the fact that his little brother had seen him play 'victim.' For Julie's death, Tony blamed himself."

But such self-blame also holds danger. The feeling that he had brought death to his brother and sorrow to his beloved parents imposed a weight which not even their love for him could fully lift. Many a lad, bearing such a guilt, has concluded his own life is worthless and turned fanatically reckless.

Janet, recognizing how heavily the scales were tipping against Tony, says, "The gang was getting too old to act out a simple game of cops and robbers. That temptation to make it more real was creeping up on them. They hadn't yet done anything seriously wrong, but they were close. Tony, wanting to find from the gang the companionship he had lost with the death of his brother, was ready to try anything to win from the gang the approval he could not give himself. I think he was close to doing something desperate. That's why we bless Paul Schwartz."

With the advent of Paul Schwartz (who was no relation) those tilted scales of fate got a man-sized heave in the other direction.

For Paul Schwartz, then program director at Henry Street Settlement House, was a dedicated man who had both excellent professional social-work training and also an inspired way of dealing with kids. Warm and friendly, he recognized the same thing Janet later identified—that many pranks are simply an attempt to act out an adventure. Paul Schwartz believed that a healthy session of dramatics on stage could eliminate a dangerous amount of malicious mischief on the streets. He let Bernie's gang know they would be welcome at Henry Street.

Bernie was then about fifteen and alarmingly quiet. His grieving over Julie's death, the separation from his parents while his father was ill had taken all the bounce out of him. He was frigidly withdrawn on the outside while seething with hurts, puzzlement, anger inside.

Says his friend Sam Negrin, "In the beginning, we had to needle him into coming out of his shell to try to do anything."

Sam and Bernie met the day both turned up at Paul Schwartz's office looking for the summer jobs which East Side kids regarded as fabulous.

Says Sam, "The official designation was 'kitchen boy and counselor-in-training.' In terms of work it actually meant that we went up to Henry Street's camp at Mahopac Falls, New York, to wash dishes for one hundred and twenty-five people, scrub floors and ride herd on the smaller kids. The important thing to us was that we got a summer in the country, but we didn't lose sight of the fact that we also were paid twenty dollars for those ten weeks' work."

Competition for the jobs was terrific and both boys felt as though they had just been knighted when they were among the

lucky ones chosen. They were sent up to open the camp and get it ready for the other kids.

Sam's recollection of that first night in the woods provides a capsule picture of fifteen-year-old Bernie Schwartz, his hopes, fears, anxieties.

This advance crew was small. To bed down for the night they set their cots in close formation in the dining hall, and as they prepared for bed even the toughest in the group was homesick.

Kids who had learned to sleep with neon signs glaring in their windows stared wide awake into the darkness; those who ignored the roar of the Third Avenue El jumped at the chirp of a cricket; boys who prowled vicious streets without thought were scared to set foot outside the door.

They were so jittery about the emptiness of the country that Bernie found no companions when he inquired timidly, "Don't you want to go down to wash up?"

The washing-up shack was at least fifty yards down an unlighted path. One by one each of the kids answered, "Not me." Bernie set out alone.

Sam grins ruefully as he recounts Act II of their little drama. "I should have had my ears pinned back," he confesses, "but I set up a gag. We agreed that when Bernie returned, we'd give him a real scare."

The youngster was literally whistling in the dark as he approached the door. That was their signal to pile into bed and pretend sleep. Frightened and lonely, Bernie went from cot to cot whispering, "Hi, Joe. You asleep, Sam?" No one answered.

He bent to untie his shoes. That was the signal for all to jump up and yell "Boo!"

Says Sam, "I was no more than six inches from his ear and no one was further than a few feet away. We thought it hilarious when we yelled, but in a minute, we knew it wasn't funny. Bernie fell back on his bed, his heart pounding so hard we could see it. For a half hour, he couldn't get his breath. We thought he was going to die. That's when I gave up practical jokes."

But when it came to work, Bernie proved he was no weakling. He did more than his share of the scrubbing and never complained about blistered hands or sore muscles.

When the athletic program was started, Bernie came into his element. Says Sam, "He was our best tumbler, a sort of Douglas Fairbanks, j.g. He was so limber you wondered if he had a bone in his body. We spread our mattresses out on the grass so he could teach his tricks to the other kids."

Bit by bit, Bernie Schwartz was coming out of his shell, but it was in the dramatic program that he really found himself.

Says Sam, "Paul Schwartz was hipped on dramatics. Putting on a musical show became the great project of the camp. We all pitched in to do everything. We wrote it, we rigged up costumes, we built sets."

For Bernie, this was a realization of both his own dreams and his father's. The theatre, which until then had seemed as distant and as impossibly unattainable as Mars, was suddenly alive and he was a part of it.

He was no star in that first camp production. In fact, the boy who was to become Tony Curtis, a big boxoffice attraction, never had a starring role at Henry Street Settlement.

But that never bothered him. Sam, with his present perspective, says, "He did find an opportunity to express himself. Besides that, he discovered in working on production that dreams could be turned into reality. He had the excitement of opening night and the satisfaction of doing a job well."

Bernie Schwartz was a changed boy

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RICHARD HUDNUT
OF FIFTH AVENUE

when he came back from camp that year. Sidney Schulman, who met him when both went to Seward Park High School, has a far different impression from that of the too-quiet, withdrawn, old-before-his-time kid whom Sam Negrin first saw.

Says Sidney, "Bernie was always acting, always clowning. We'd be riding the El home and he'd get his coat up over his head, pull his arms half out of his sleeves, waggle them and announce, 'Look, I'm a rabbit.' He'd do anything for a laugh."

Bernie continued to go to Henry Street Settlement House. His second year at camp he was a full counselor. During the winter, there were always plays to work on under the inspired direction and example of Paul Schwartz.

Says Sam, "Bernie carried his own weight and worked well with the group. I was the real ham. I would have raised the devil if I hadn't got lead roles, but not Bernie. He'd like as not be backstage pulling the curtain or going on in a half-dozen bit parts in each show."

It was a proud night for Bernie Schwartz, son of Mono Schwartz, Budapest actor, when he first was able to invite his parents to see a show. Whatever his roles, he was able through them to breathe life into both his father's dreams and his own. That was important to both of them, but an even more significant thing was happening so gradually that it was imperceptible at the time.

Bernie Schwartz was learning the give-and-take of living. He was able to accept guidance because he also had discovered that he, himself, had something to give back. He had started to find his place in the world. The danger of delinquency was past.

Sam Negrin, whose conversation blithely mixes jive talk with social-work terms, says, "He had begun to integrate—to accept his responsibilities as a young adult. He could make plans for his future. His parents had given him the assurance of being loved, and Paul Schwartz, who influenced us both so strongly, had opened the door, but it was Bernie alone who walked through that door and carried on from there. In fact, that cat was solid."

Janet says, "It's because of what Paul Schwartz and Henry Street did for Tony that we both believe so strongly in boys' clubs and girls' clubs."

She's too modest to add that their belief also turns into practical support. They have presented scholarships to Henry Street's dramatic department, both to further the work that is being done for all the youngsters who need a healthy outlet for their pent-up emotions and to provide an opportunity for some really talented kid from the slums to have more advanced studies.

Even more important, both Tony and Janet give of their own free time whenever they're needed. They manage to turn up at community houses in California to lend what is perhaps more valuable than money—the inspiration that comes from their example of the rewards of acting, both the financial rewards and the emotional rewards. Tony talks to the boys, giving tips on acting and on reading their lines. But most of all at these gatherings, Tony is remembering back a few years to the time when he too stood at the turning point of his life, a confused bundle of seething energy in a world that was too big for him to tackle and yet too small to help him try. And he's wondering how many of these kids will find a solution as perfect as the one he has found. Not necessarily as an actor, although of course that would please him. And he's hoping for the best, rooting for these kids the way his friends rooted for him not so long ago.

THE END

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RICHARD HUDNUT
OF FIFTH AVENUE



(Continued from page 41)

a unit. And, like many parents before them, Burt and Norma often discover that when they try to be most "advanced" they have to react in the old-fashioned manner. In their attempt to teach the "kidlets," they discover they, themselves, are the ones being taught.

But to get back to the Lancasters as parents—as you undoubtedly know, they met in Montecatini, Italy, during the war year of 1944. Burt was the tall, handsome, unknown sergeant. And Norma was the pretty stenographer, who, by accident, had been sent to Italy with a USO troupe.

How are some lucky people able to tell at a glance that they are right for one another? What divine sixth sense lets them know they can fulfill each other's highest ideals? Burt Lancaster and Norma Anderson weren't one bit alike. He was the rough, tough city boy. She was the pretty little country girl.

His has always been the serious touch. It showed there in wartime Italy when, at their first meeting, he told her that he wanted four children—two boys, two girls.

Hers has always been the light touch. She nicknamed him, then and there, H. B. L. That means, you see, Handsome Burt Lancaster, which she still calls him to this day, particularly in moments of deep emotion.

Yet they were in love, in that instant. You know the stories about Burt being AWOL, trying to follow her, and her being AWOL, trying to get back to him. And it wasn't just because it was springtime and wartime and they both were hungry for the sight of members of the opposite sex. A hundred thousand other war marriages as hastily performed as theirs cracked up the moment the couple met again, state-side. But Burt's and Norma's did not. This marriage was for real. This still is.

Burt came out of uniform, penniless and without prospects. "We'll eat," said Norma serenely. "I'm working."

"This girl of mine," Burt will tell you now, ten years later, "this girl of mine is like a rock when she makes up her mind to a thing. Nothing shakes her." Coming back from the war, it must have been both a shock and a delight for Burt to discover his girl was not the frivolous, light-hearted creature that, on the surface, she seems to be to this moment. Incidentally, Burt's

word "girl" is his warmest term of endearment. He's an absolute mush of sentiment for his daughter Susan. He loves to believe that he's stern and hard, but all Susie has to do is turn her big eyes his way and he's down on all fours before her. "Oh, you little girl, you little girl," he says, whereupon Joanna always cries, "Me, too, me, too, Daddy."

But that's getting ahead of this story.

He did actually find himself very quickly after the war, of course. He stood out like a flag in the flop play "The Sound of Hunting," which didn't last a week on Broadway but which got him his movie contract with Hal Wallis. He really didn't want to go to Hollywood. He was quite haughty about movies in those days. In fact, like many a young person without a dime, he was quite haughty about everything.

He needed the money, though, because there was Norma, already putting a family pattern into effect. "No, I won't go out there with you," Norma said. "We can't afford that and you'll need to keep your mind on your work. Anyhow, goodness knows, I'll be busy enough producing your first son."

"How are you so sure he'll be a son?"

"That's what you ordered first, H. B. L."

So, then and there, they decided to name him Jimmy, and the father-to-be sped West, sure he'd be back in New York before the stork. But the Wallis picture intended for his debut wasn't ready. He sat and fretted and fretted. Then "The Killers" came along. Midway through it, he got that call from Norma. She was in the hospital.

Burt hates flying, but he flew that night. He hurtled into the New York hospital, unshaven and red-eyed from sleeplessness. On his way to his wife's room, he had to pass the big window behind which the new babies were displayed.

"There was an absolute throng of women around the window," Burt told me this spring in Mexico. We were sitting together on the set of "Vera Cruz." There was a throng of extras on the set and movement everywhere. Music was blaring and the lights were up, but Burt was ignoring it because he was reminiscing.

"I saw that crowd and I had only one thought—to push my way through and get to see Norma. But just then I heard

one woman cry to another, 'Oh, look. Over there. That's the handsomest baby,' and my curiosity got the better of me. Over those women's heads I glanced down. And there was my own face looking back at me, only so small and red and with a crown of Norma's yellow hair all around it. I just stood there and gulped. That was my son. And with that, one of the women turned and saw me, gasping like a fish, I suppose. She gave a yell. 'Look, it's the father,' she said and when I saw all those women turn to look at me, I'm telling you. I just took to my heels and ran."

But within another hour, his ecstasy was tempered, for he knew then what Norma already knew: Small Jimmy had been born with a club foot.

He had to return to Hollywood at once, of course. He was not important enough for production to be held up for him. But before he left, he'd made his first serious acquaintance with medical science. It would take care and money and time, but his son would emerge as strong as every other boy by the time he got ready to walk.

"The Killers" did it. Burt Lancaster was a star overnight. He rented his first house, at the beach at Malibu, the morning after the preview. He's always been a man of great social consciousness. But right then he went overboard. He not only phoned Norma to come out at once with the baby. He called his dad, too, and his widowed sister-in-law, and Nicky Cravat, his old carnival partner, and Nicky's wife and a couple of chums from the Army. They all arrived and moved in. And stayed.

Until the day when Norma told him their second son was impending. "Brute Force" was behind him then and "I Walk Alone" and a couple of other movies—but he didn't have a dime. He looked at Norma and again he was overjoyed and also worried.

"I guess we'll have to have a bigger house," he said.

"Or smaller?" said Norma. "Maybe a lot smaller and not on a beach or accessible, too easily, by car?"

And suddenly they were laughing together, and she was in his arms. "How lucky can a guy be?" Burt asked her.

Bill came into the world a little ahead of schedule, a wonderful golden boy, looking as much like Norma as Jimmy looks like Burt. But two small babies underfoot proved a bit too much for the old Army buddies. They dropped off. And when Susan made her appearance about twenty months later, Nicky Cravat and his wife saw that the Lancasters were definitely crowded. So they took a house, not too far away, from which they could all be old friends without any strain on anybody. Bert's father, whom they all adore, stuck it out until he heard Joanna was due. "Three I can stand," Pop said, "but four is an awful lot of babies to be around when you're an old man. You understand, son?"

Son understood so well he went out and bought Pop a house and a car—and even brought together Pop and an old pal who also was a widower, to share it with him.

And then the real blow fell. Billy, the second son, contracted polio. Jimmy, for whom the Lancasters had felt such concern, was long since brought to full physical vigor. Susibet has always been sturdy as a little tree. Joanna was about to be born—but they forgot everything under the devastating knowledge that Bill might not even live—and if he did he might always be crippled.

Burt and Norma did not sleep that first terrible night. All parents of all such

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afflicted children must endure the same thing—the first night when you watch the fever curve to see if it is rising or falling, the difference between life and death. Bill's fever left, but not soon enough. If it does go soon enough, a child can escape. But Bill's fever persisted too long.

Personally, I think that was the turning point of Burt Lancaster's life. That night of family travail was the night that transformed him from just another talented and handsome actor into a mature human being. That night set his feet on the path to becoming a great artist.

It humanized him so. Burt's a great, wonderfully human man, make no mistake about it. I met him first while he was shooting "The Killers," and I was very pleased the first time he asked me to come and meet Norma, because he had an obsession at that time about keeping "his private life his own." But at the time of "The Killers" he really was pretty sure that he had the answers to everything—and anybody who disagreed with him was wrong, that was all. One thing he was most positive about was that many people's attitudes toward social problems weren't right. Most sincerely, he wanted equal rights for everybody, particularly regardless of race, creed or color. He still wants that, and he definitely practices what he preaches. (He puts it on film too; his current U.A. picture, "Apache," realistically shows injustices done to the Indians.) But now he knows other people may want to solve these problems, too, yet have a different approach to working them out.

He perceived this that night when Billy's life hung in the balance. It was his first close-up of the impersonal kindness of doctors. He saw then the impersonal generosity of a big city. He saw how ambulances and nurses and medical science would all swing in together to try to save one small boy. This particular little boy was a movie star's son, but he could just as well have been a pauper's son. The care would have been the same.

The Lancasters started their swimming pool the next morning. This, said the doctors, would be therapy for Bill. Burt immediately began making personal appearances for all the medical-fund drives. And week by week, and month by month, Billy got better. The brace that went to his hip was replaced by one that went to his knee, then only to his ankle. And now the good news is that this summer he can have a muscle transplanted that will let him run as easily as other kids.

Which just about brings the Lancaster family story up to date, for nothing has ever happened to those sturdy little girls, Susan and Joanna. They are just the most beautiful, that's all.

And what will happen when the newest baby comes? Well, there will be moments like this, undoubtedly. Moments like the one last winter when we adults were all playing bridge and Burt went upstairs to find the light burning in Jimmy's room. There was Jimmy, drawing a mural all around four sides of the room. It ruined the wallpaper, of course, but we all had to stop and go up and see the mural. It really was a wonderful mural, for a boy less than eight.

Or moments when Susie and Joanna climb up on their father and push the buttons on his jacket. Sometimes the buttons on the left stand for "down" and the buttons on the right mean "up." They are never sure. But "up" one of the girls goes high in the air, and "down" the other goes, almost to the floor. But always they're quite safe in Daddy's arms. The shower of giggles testifies to this.

"But a fifth," says Burt and then he smiles. "In my wildest dreams, I never dreamed I could have it so good."

THE END



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(Continued from page 57)

Sarrat, outside London, the Widmarks are living in an ancient and wonderful house called "The House Under the Heavens" while Dick works in Warwick Productions' "Prize of Gold" which Mark Robson is directing in Berlin, Hamburg and London.

But don't get the idea that Dick is running away from Hollywood. It was coincidence that his first venture on his own took him so far away. He is not one of those actors who agonize throughout their Hollywood labors as though they were doing penal servitude. He resents, he says, actors who moan that they must get away, get back to the theater, back to art and away from crass commercialism.

"This is home," he said, looking about the pleasant gardens of his Mandeville Canyon ranchhouse just before he sailed for England late last May.

"No matter what I do from now on"—and he expects to do six pictures in the next two years, then a play—"If a good one comes up," perhaps, ultimately, even some television—"This will always be home base. We have more roots here now than anywhere.

"I like it here. I like the life—we all do. I like the work itself . . . and not just the material rewards."

He is challenged by the opportunity to choose his own vehicles, but you will be disappointed if you expect from him any scornful denunciations of the people who have guided his career for seven years.

"Fox did a lot for me," he says. "I hate the word, but they made me a saleable 'property.' They had the courage to give me a variety of roles—resisted the temptation to type me, even after the success of my psychopath in 'Kiss of Death.' They let me do a lot of pictures . . . an average of better than three a year. Occasionally we came through with a pretty good one. But good or bad, I learned something from every one of them."

Gratitude is a sentiment all too seldom voiced by the frequently self-pitying human "properties" of the film factories, and when it is it comes, usually, in the nature of a bow to the security which accompanies a major studio contract.

This, Richard Widmark believes, is nonsense. "The only real security comes from a belief in oneself—and that goes for every man, whatever he does to make a dollar."

He himself, radiating self-confidence, will make quite a few dollars in the coming months—for "Prize of Gold," for instance, as many dollars as he was paid, under contract, for an entire year's work!

But even if he shouldn't, "I'll have some fun for a while," he says. "I may be broke, but I'll enjoy it."

Enjoying life, you begin to feel after a few minutes in the relaxed Widmark home, is pretty important to the three people who live there.

The big living room is warm with sunlight and bright with a good collection of modern paintings on the pale gray walls and bowls of spring flowers. The room looks lived in—and loved.

From a guest house across the garden comes the sound of a typewriter.

"Jean is writing a play," her husband explains. "She works every morning, and again after lunch until Annie gets home from school. It's a pretty good play. Jean really has talent."

He sounds almost envious and promptly admits that he is.

"I would love to write, but I can't. I'm just terrible."

About as terrible, he indicates, as he was as an instructor in the dramatics department at Lake Forest University, in Illinois, where he taught after his own graduation.

"I was the world's lousiest teacher," he confesses, but, having wooed and won a wife during his college years, he was hard pressed for a job. "And Lake Forest, apparently, was equally hard pressed for an instructor."

The newlyweds came to understand the true nature of security during those four years, and Dick quit his job to go on his own. In New York, he went the rounds of casting offices while Jean attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art. (The writing urge came later.)

Dick made "enough" money, and they had fun. When Ann came along they had "everything"—and they had never set foot in Hollywood.

"Annie is quite a girl," her father says, and the look of pride on his face indicates that it is a prime understatement.

"She'll be along in a few minutes"—the school bus brings her to the door from the Santa Monica Canyon school she attends—"and when she comes we'll have to get out of here. She has to practice for her piano lesson."

Annie arrived as predicted, a pigtailed charmer in a pinafore and starched petticoats, confidently displayed her "beautiful map of Australia" and a new arithmetic book and then marched determinedly to the piano. We got out of there.

"Annie is staging a small revolution about going to England," Dick reported. "She went with us in nineteen hundred-and-forty-nine when I went over to do 'Night in the City' and she hated it. She missed her pony and her pals on the block, and this time it will be worse—the Brownies back here at home will be having picnics and beach parties while all she has to do is to look at a lot of old castles, and in addition to her horse—the poor old tired pony is almost too old to ride by now—she'll have her two dogs, Trigger and Choo Choo, to worry about."

Only when the Widmarks induced their friend, Ollie Carey, to take over their house—and their pets—during their absence did Ann soften her attitude, Dick says. "Annie knows Ollie is as silly about animals as she is."

But she relented only to a point. She insists that she will not go to school in England, and her father has promised to get her back home in time to go to school with her friends, even if he and Jean decide to stay in Europe for a few weeks after the picture for a long-awaited vacation.

Vacations figure as largely as work in the plans Dick is making for his life now that he is running it.

The family owns a "joint back in Massachusetts"—actually a wonderful old house in the center of a hundred acres, mostly woods—in which they have never had a chance to live. They may decide to furnish it—their furniture from the old New York house has been in storage since their hasty departure for Hollywood seven years ago—and spend some time there when Dick is between projects. That is, if they can gain Annie's consent.

Annie is a powerful lot of person for her scant nine years, and, her parents are certain, loaded with talent. What kind of talent no one knows just yet. Her father is hoping that it won't be acting.

"This business, especially movies, is too rugged for a girl," he feels. "It's so competitive, so ego-maniacal that it makes a woman more aggressive than the most masculine man. Whatever she's selling—whether it's a personality or a big bust—she can't relax for a moment."

And without relaxation, this relaxed man implies—and if he is ego-maniacal he conceals the fact skilfully—there can be no "fun." No security. No happiness.

It was time to go. Almost time for Richard Widmark to go away from Hollywood, now home base.

He was excited about the big new program on which, as an actor, he was embarked, you could see that. But, as an actor, he, like Annie, seemed to be resisting progress just a bit.

The sun was bright, and the garden was full of flowers, and he looked at his home with pleasure and pride.

"I've been very happy here," he said. And, you can bet on it, he'll be back.

THE END

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Sleeping Beauty Wakes Up

(Continued from page 37)

engaged in public works projects. In Rome, where we moved when I was two, he built beautiful apartment houses all over the beautiful city, and we lived in one of the beautiful apartments my father built.

"My father spoiled me. He even cut up my meat for me! And all the things there are to do in the home and for the children, my mother shouldered. My mother always had the most beautiful taste, so that we were always really beautifully dressed, Maria Luisa and I, and later our baby sister, Patrizia, who is now six. We were dressed always in full skirts, flying and floating around us, and little soft slippers, and our hair was always nice and combed. Until I was sixteen I wore, always, a little crown of flowers in my hair. I was always very fond of dresses, as I am now. I love clothes," Pier said, a glint in the green eyes under the fall of light bronze hair. "I love them! Every bit of money my mother gives me I spend on clothes, so I have never a nickel in my pocket! So this being always beautifully dressed made me very happy, too.

"My home was my world, and for as long as I was in my home, I did not suffer from a growing pain, not one. I was happy. I wanted to stay always in my home, and always a child. It was this, this wish to stay always a child that became my pain.

"At thirteen, on my thirteenth birthday, I remember thinking how all the things were on my mother's shoulders. So I had a long talk with myself: 'Anna Maria Pierangeli, you are changing,' I said. 'At thirteen, you are coming to be a woman. My goodness, stop running around and being a little baby. Playing with dolls

any more is no good! You must grow up!'

"But soon I forgot this talk with myself. I wanted to forget it. I wanted not to be a woman. I was happy—and then the war started and I was unhappy. I suffered very much. So much that I was sick in my bed for four months. I had no fever. I had no marks on me of a sickness a doctor could cure. I was—I now understand—in shock. I had so many shocks from seeing friends of mine killed, shot down by Germans in the streets. One, a young mother with her little baby, and she was screaming to me for help.

"I am strong, but sensitive, too. At school I was always trembling. I was fainting all the time, too. When I'd see a German person, I'd faint.

"It was shock. It was also not having the proper foods. We didn't have any meat or sugar or milk. And we couldn't do anything about it. There was money, but money couldn't buy what wasn't in the city to be bought.

"Soon I just couldn't move. I lay in my bed more motionless than the dolls I had played with. One day I heard the doctor talking to my mother in the kitchen. 'I don't think she is going to live,' he said.

"I didn't care. Then my father built me a little room in the apartment. All pink and blue, with all pink and blue flowers on the walls and the floor all made of green glass, lighted underneath. And every day he brought me violets. My father, who couldn't get me anything else, brought me every day a little bunch of violets, the same as this little bunch," Pier touched her breast, "I wear today and every day.

"All the professors from my school came to see me, too. And my girl friends from

the art school where I was studying to be a sculptor. And so, at last, little by little, I started smiling, and speaking, and moving. Maybe it was a miracle—a little one. I think so. I think it was God.

"At just the time I am beginning to smile again, there is a big party at our house and all these people are there and it was so awful for a girl, fourteen, with legs so thin she had to be held up! This makes me able to feel sympathy with the growing pains of girls who have legs too thin, or too fat, or not a good skin or something that makes them embarrassed with themselves.

"But for the most part my growing pains were not caused, as I have told you, by these problems. What caused me pain as I grew was that in my childhood I did not know, was not permitted to know, did not want to know what is in the world. Until the war came, I saw people all like my mother and father, all kind and tender and taking care of me. I wanted not to see the world and people any different. I fought not to. I had always my hands in front of me, in front of my face. I didn't want to face reality. What is in the world I didn't want to know.

"One of the first to help me come out of my childhood was Leonide Moguy, who directed me in my very first picture, 'Tomorrow Is Too Late.' Moguy, who is a French director, saw me one night in the home of friends. Instantly he said to his wife, 'There is the girl for my picture!' In the park where I often walked with my girl friends, a lot of people were often asking me, 'Why aren't you in the films?' I told them, 'I don't want to be.' I meant this. I was happily studying at my art school. I didn't ever want to be in the

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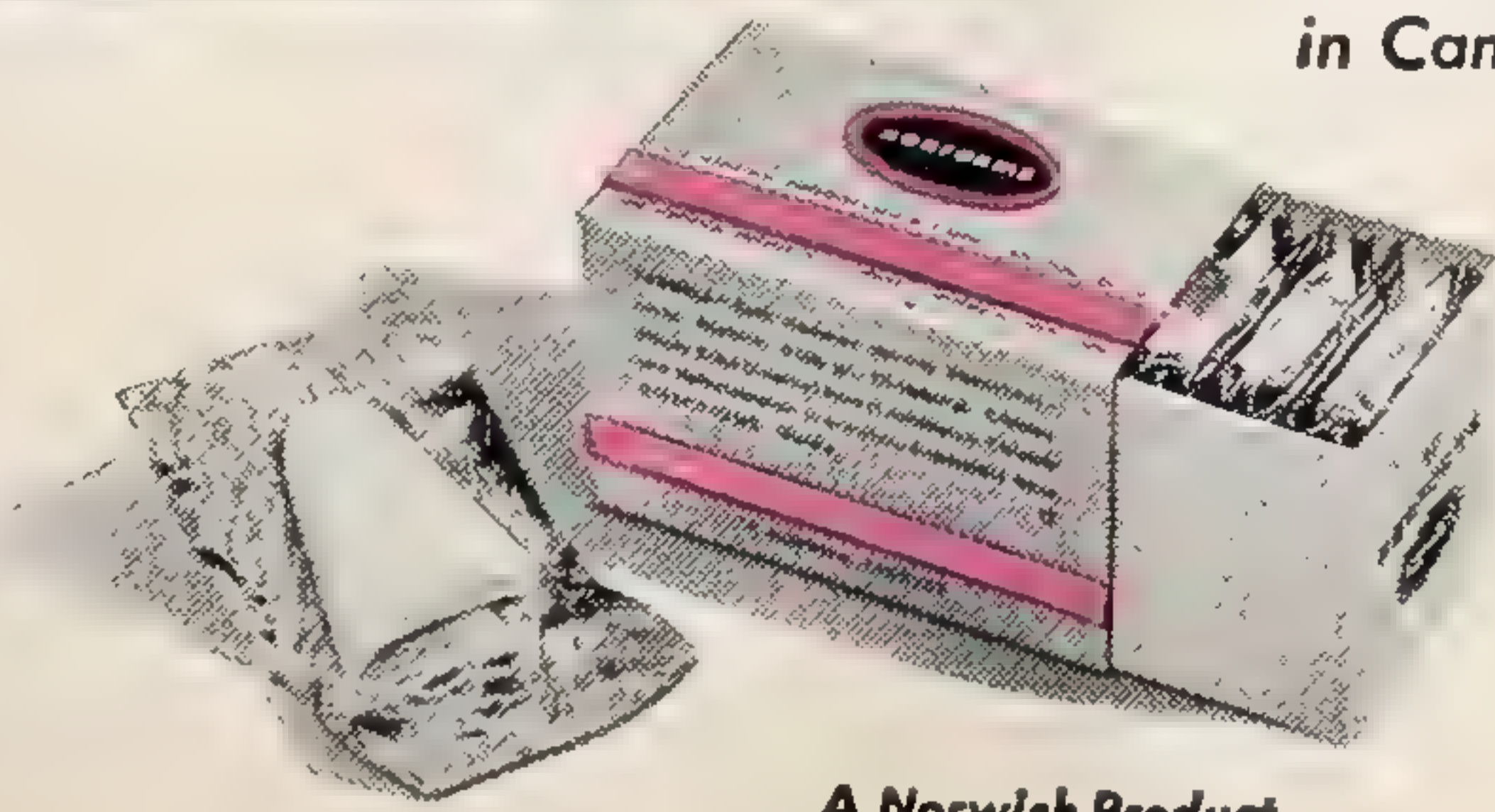
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movies. I wanted to concentrate on art. "But then, this night, Moguy asked my mother, please, to bring me to his house so he could talk to me about his picture. And, although my father said violently, 'NO!' to the very idea of a film career for me, my mother—who had always dreamed of being an actress and had been a very successful actress in amateur productions—encouraged me to take this chance now it had come.

"The day we went to his home Moguy took me in a room to talk and I had never been alone with a man before and I was scared. I sat, I remember," Pier smiled, "on the small point of the chair. So then he told me the story of 'Tomorrow Is Too Late' and the story was all about a girl who is kissed by a boy and thinks she is going to have a baby. And as Moguy was telling me this story he suddenly sees that I, too, believe the same as this girl, that his story and my story are the same story. He stopped then.

"'Anna Maria,' he said, 'when a boy kisses a girl, she does not have a baby.'

"'Oh, really, is that so?'

"'It is so. It is not by kissing a boy that a girl has a baby.'

"We went home, soon after, in the bus. In the bus my mother asks, 'What is the matter with you? You look strange.' I think I did. I felt like a new life had opened to me. I wasn't afraid to stop being a child. I didn't want to stop, but—I wasn't afraid any more.

"So then, all at once, I am in the films and growing up. But not enough. I was so embarrassed when on the set in front of the cameras we started the scene in which the boy is to kiss me.

"We stayed two days on that set," Pier said and laughed. "I didn't want him to kiss me. A little boy of sixteen he was, too, and I was now seventeen!

"'Please, Anna Maria,' the boy would say so nicely, 'let me kiss you.'

"'Please, Anna Maria,' Moguy would say, and the cameramen would say, 'let him kiss you!'

"'No, no,' I would whisper.

"When I knew I could delay no longer, 'Turn around then, turn around,' I said to Moguy and the cameramen. 'Turn your backs on me!'

"'How can we turn our backs,' they asked, 'when we have to photograph you?'

"So then I let him kiss me. It was my first kiss. At seventeen, my first kiss and—I fainted completely!

"The worst of my growing pains came, it is plain to see, from my wanting not to grow up, from my fighting, which was fierce, to stay a child.

"Another part of my growing up started, so sadly it hurts me to tell of it, when my father died three years ago. Before he died, he took me in his room, only me, and he said, 'I am going to go. You, who are so like me, are going to take care of the family. Please have your mother always with you. You are the boss.'

"Thinking then for the first time, really, of shouldering responsibility was, for me, very hard. So hard for me, who had never bought a dress or ordered groceries or done any practical thing at all, to take such responsibility as signing papers at the consulate in Rome. Papers that had to be signed before we left for America, which explained I could take care of my mother and sisters or I would not have been permitted to bring them with me.

"I did all the signings and other of the business things there are to do at such heavy-hearted times. Yet even after I got to America, to Hollywood, I had still my hands in front of me, in front of my face. . . .

"Here in America, in Hollywood, Kirk Douglas was the first to help me. Kirk,

who is my dear friend, but only my friend and not in love with me nor I with him, helped me more, I think, than anyone in America.

"He started helping me when we were working together in the circus sequences of the film, 'The Story of Three Loves,' and I, who still love everybody and think everybody loves me, was always saying, 'I love her!' and 'Oh, I love him!' And I was kissing everybody. And Kirk told me, 'Please don't throw yourself at people like a baby. You can't love everybody. If you do,' he said, 'you will make too many people unhappy. You have to love one person,' he said. 'You have to grow up.'

"But although I listened, and believed him, I kept on saying 'I love her!' and 'I love him!' the same way I love hot dogs and roller coasters and meeting movie stars and cashmere sweaters and boogie-woogie and classical music and the records of Perry Como and Frank Sinatra.

"So just last year, even though we no longer see each other very often, Kirk gave me a tiny doll-house living room, all silver. The tiny, tiny furniture silver, too.

"'See, Pier,' he said. 'It is nice to have little things to look at, but you are too big to sit in this little room. Just look at it sometimes.'

"I knew what he meant.

"It was in Palestine, when he was making 'The Juggler' there, that Kirk found the tiny doll-house living room, no bigger than a fifty-cent piece, and bought it for me. Such a delicate thing it is and such a delicate way to remind me I am not a little child any longer. . . .

"Debbie Reynolds, who is my best American girl friend, she has helped me a lot. She talked to me for hours. About boys and dates and things. I thought boys went out with you for yourself alone. Debbie told me they do it for other reasons. Sometimes for publicity, she said. She gave me warnings, too. 'A boy who dates a girl he knows has never been out before is liable,' she said, 'to try anything! You shouldn't go out with him,' she said of one boy who asked me to date. 'I know what he is like.'

Pier has not had many date problems, however, because—as she explained—prior to June 19, 1953, she was never allowed to go out with a boy unless her mother went with her—which was something of a problem and, Pier admits, one of her growing pains.

"To American boys, the word chaperon," she laughed, "is like the word scat to a little kitten. 'You see,' I would try hard to explain, 'my mother—well, we just came from Italy so, if you will please understand, she will be with us . . .' Some understood and some didn't. 'Oh what you mean,' those who didn't would say, 'this is out of this world!' So they disappear for a time, but then," Pier shrugged slim shoulders, "they come back!" she said.

"But, yes, it was a problem. An older person there, no matter how you love her, it is always different.

"When Gene Kelly and I were working together in 'The Devil Makes Three' in Germany, Gene helped me. He knew my mother is so very strict and he said to her, 'In my opinion, you are very wrong, Mrs. Pierangeli, to be so strict. I know how you feel. I have a daughter of my own. But if a girl wants to do something, she will do it. Let her be free, not afraid with men.' One evening Gene and his wife and our director and some others all went to a restaurant in Berlin. Gene taught me to waltz and to fox trot and on this evening, the first time I had ever been out without my mother, I was relaxed with men.

"Leslie Caron, who has been married," Pier said with the slight awe of the unmarried for the married girl, "she helped me, too. She came to my house and we play records and we talk. She is very wise in a way that is sweet and good."

"But it was only last year that I really grew up. I knew I was grown up when my mother let me go out on a date unchaperoned. It was in London where we were staying while I was working in 'Flame and the Flesh.'

"You can stay out now," my mother said, 'as long as you want.' I went out that evening for supper with Carlos Thompson, who is playing opposite me in the picture and—at eleven o'clock I was home!

"I know I am grown up now when I have to go to the lawyer, all by myself, and sign things. All the contract things."

"I know it, and I feel a little tight in my throat when my mother tells me, 'If you want to get married, I will express my opinions, but the decision is yours.'"

"Until last year I didn't wear any make-up at all. Now I wear just a little lipstick, but of no color, only to keep my lips smooth and moist. Until last year I wore only flats on my feet, now I wear high heels—little, beautiful spiky ones! Until that date in June, nineteen fifty-three, I always wore my hair down and the necks of my dresses up. Now I sometimes wear my hair up and my neckline down. I have now more sophisticated dresses, a few, and since I am twenty-one my waistline, which was twenty-three, is also twenty-one!

"I have not been in love, but now I think of love, the kind of love you talk about, the kind of love Debbie and I talk about and dream about and the peace of mind that will come, when it comes, and the peace in the heart."

"The things that happen to you are all a part," Pier said, "of growing up. Joys help you to grow the same way sunshine and rainwater help flowers to grow. Suffering is a part of growing up, too, and I have done quite a lot of that. And I will do more of it. And more of the joyous things, too, because as long as we live things and people and feelings keep happening to us."

"So perhaps we never," Pier said wistfully, "really stop growing up. Perhaps we are always children with things to learn to hope for. . . ."

"Only we must not play with toys any more. We must have what is called the 'mature mind.' We must take our hands from in front of our eyes and face responsibility."

"This is why the little silver room is a symbol. And I do not only look at it sometimes, as Kirk asked me to do, but all the time because, wherever I go, the little silver room goes with me. To remind me. . . ."

THE END

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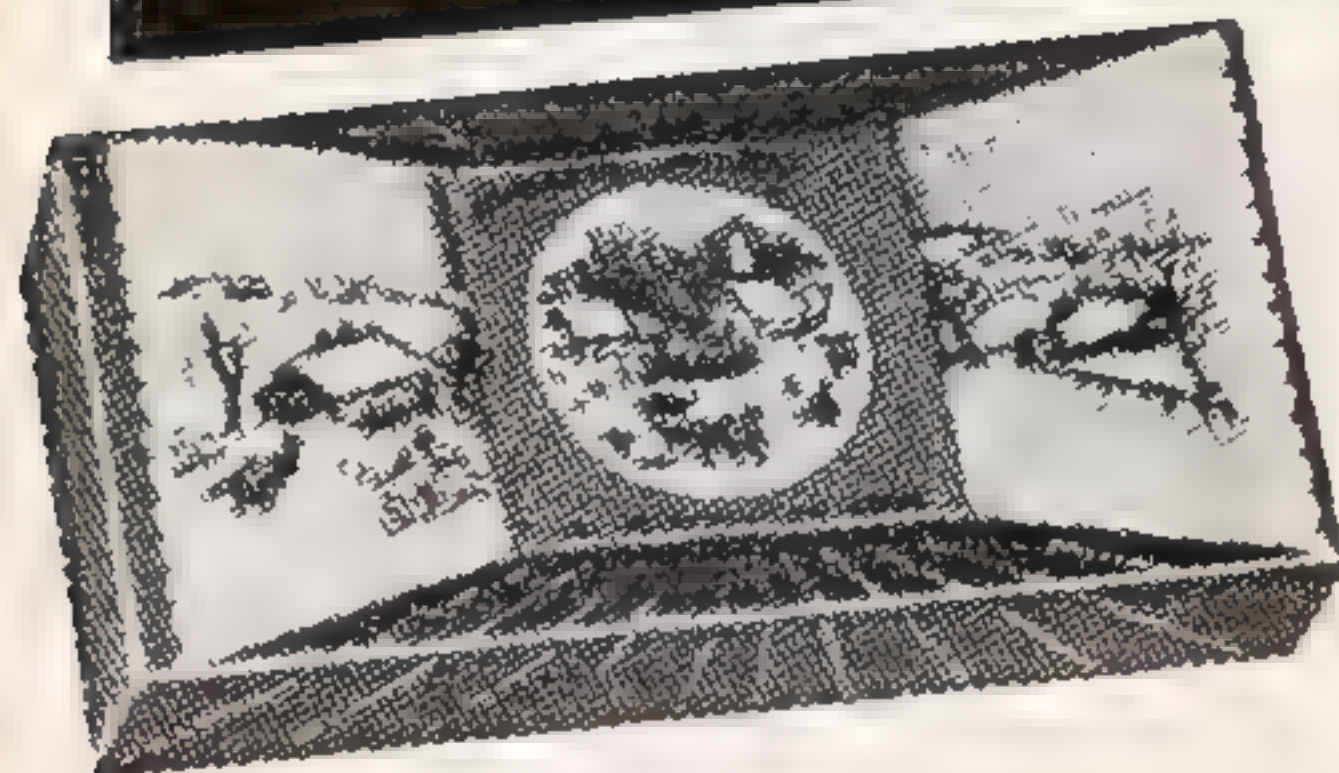
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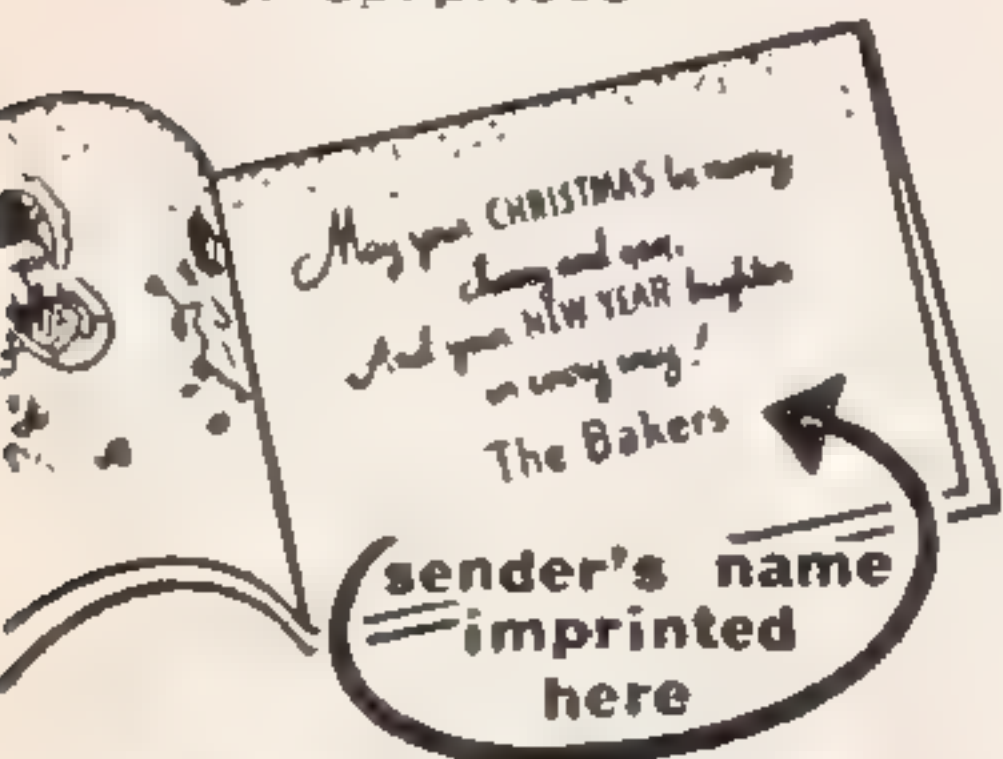
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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 31)

mature, interesting young woman, which she *is*—rather than a Hollywood sexpot, which she definitely *isn't*!

Lady In The Dark: The most beautiful expectant mother in Hollywood looked bewildered. "Now what could possibly be wrong in your perfect life?" inquired nosey Cal. Ann Blyth smiled wistfully. "I guess life isn't perfect for anyone. I just read the script of 'Marco Polo' which Leo McCarey directs next September in Spain. It's so beautiful and he wants me to play the Chinese princess. But I'd have to give up my Las Vegas singing engagement, be separated from my husband and I couldn't leave my baby who will be born by then. What do you think I should do?" Said Cal cryptically: "Shoot me for asking!"

New Twos: Leave it to Terry Moore who has a direct line into Dan Cupid! She had the first date with handsome ex-baseball player, Bud Pennell, who signed a long-term contract with Paramount after making a terrific test . . . And Lori Nelson and Bob Kenaston have been running off old Billie Dove movies in the projection room—with good reason too. Neither Bob nor Lori was born when his mother was a famous silent-screen star. So that's why they get such a kick out of seeing beautiful Billie on the screen . . . No, it isn't a "hot romance" between handsome Richard Egan and Marisa Pavan, as her personal publicist insists. They are friends and they do date. But since Shelley Winters returned from Europe and is about to divorce Vittorio Gassman, she and rugged Richard have been enjoying laughs and life too! . . . It's a far cry from Piper Laurie to Joan Crawford, but George Nader's managing to date both lovely ladies—not at the same time! George, by the way, has a new U-I contract and the studio has high hopes for him.

Life Begins: Remember back in "South Pacific" when Ezio Pinza opened up a whole new world for middle-aged lovers? Well, now it's Jeff Chandler who's blazing the trail for gray-haired men. He's received thousands of thank-you letters from grateful compatriots who tell him their "snow caps" are no longer considered a handicap when pursuing the opposite sex. Of course Jeff's pleased and *very* amused! Still in his middle thirties, he's been prematurely gray since his teens. And speaking of Jeff, since their divorce, he and Marge are even better friends than they were before.

Inside Hollywood: Aly Khan talking to the Ray Millands at the Gary Cooper party: "Be sure and look *me* up when you get to Paris. I'd love to show you the

city." Gene Tierney, sitting beside Aly: "Yes, be sure and look *us* up when you get to Paris, *we'd* love to show you the city." Well, does that answer the million-dollar marriage question—or not?

Just Between Us: Terry Moore's now watching for those dangerous curves ahead and placed herself in the hands of Hollywood's favorite masseuse . . . And here's a real switcheroo. After years of trying to reduce, Judy Garland's now underweight—but she's never looked better! . . . Considering the spot he was in, Bob Mitchum's being doggone tolerant of the Italian actress who pulled a fast strip-tease, just as a cameraman snapped their picture. "Everyone's trying to get ahead," Bob laments laconically. "I suppose she figured this was the best way to do it."

True Confession: Only the inimitable Humphrey Bogart would tell this story, which he did to the lunch crowd at Romanoff's. It seems he was standing in line, waiting to have his luggage checked at Customs. "They finally got around to me," grinned Bogey. "First the fellow looked at my face and then my passport. As he returned it to me, he cryptically cracked that he was a great fan of mine but if I ever made another picture like 'Beat the Devil' he'd never let me back in the country!"

Studio Scuttlebutt: M-G-M made a mint loaning Janet Leigh to other studios, which is why she's so excited about securing a release from her contract. "Now I can make more pictures with Tony," beams Janet, "and still keep all that magnificent moola myself!" . . . Director William Wellman tells everybody that Doe Avedon's test for "The High and the Mighty" was the most stimulating he's directed in many years. Since the preview of this marvelous movie, every studio is trying to sign this exciting New York actress . . . And while we're witnessing exciting performances, Tab Hunter's love scenes with Dorothy Malone in "Battle Cry" didn't get by the Breen office. When the studio told him he'd have to do retakes, Tab almost suffered from shock!

Change Of Heart: Rhonda Fleming's unexpected decision to reconcile with Dr. Lew Morrill unleashed those typical Hollywood rumors. But Cal believes the beautiful redhead realized how much the good doctor meant to her after his fall when he broke his leg in three places . . . And the Gene Nelsons finally arrived at a definite decision—not to reconcile! According to her close friends, Miriam Nelson confides their same problems still exist, so why take chances?

Trouble on Cloud 9

(Continued from page 43)

at home we don't carry on the same way and make our marriage equally unequal."

Jeff nodded solemnly.

"We believe in talking things out, in not hiding things from each other—and that includes our anger as well as words of affection. In Hollywood, one cross word, one angry gesture of husband toward wife or wife toward husband and the whole town is as you seeing the family lawyer. It's just plain crazy!"

Jeff's right, it is just plain crazy. There is no such thing as a perfect marriage. In the same way as there's no such monster as a perfect human being. But there is such a thing as a satisfying, wonderful marriage relationship. And Barbara and Jeff are among those movie couples who achieve a happy marriage under some of the most difficult conditions two people ever had to cope with. Barbara and Jeff are among my neighbors and my friends, the stars I talk with on the set and in their homes, who are, oh, so bewildered as to how to cope with the idealization of the perfect marriage which is built up in so many minds.

Jeff just about broke his heart when the picture he was making in England ran into bad weather and he couldn't be with Barbara during the first months of their son's infancy. Barbara, alone in Hollywood, hated it and there were plenty of people around to point out to her that it wasn't "right" for her husband not to be by her side. But Barbara is a woman of notional fortitude and she understood. There was a time when Jeff's career was surging ahead and Barbara was awaiting her break.

Just prior to this, however, Jeff didn't make a picture for several months and there was tension at home. This is the same sort of tension any family is under when the head of the household doesn't work. And these two are the first to admit they are human beings first and movie stars next. Now that Barbara has had her break in "Magnificent Obsession" and been assigned to "Captain Lightfoot," being made in Ireland, it is Jeff who is cheering her on, supervising the household while Barbara has her turn at stardom. Through all, no two people are fighting harder for a perfect marriage.

I must confess I was shocked almost out of my skin when June Allyson and Dick Powell had a spat recently in public—The Captain's Table—a restaurant of all places. But that's because I forgot for a few moments that Dick and June are human beings like the rest of us. But June reminded me.

"I had just arrived back in town from vacation in Florida," she explained the next day. "I was terribly tired. But I asked Richard to take me out to dinner. He was tired too. He'd been working for weeks preparing a picture, and you know how tough that can be. So we go to dinner, and of all things, we start to argue about where we shall send Pammy (their six-year-old daughter) to school. It's the first time we've had an argument in the nine years we've been married, and I have to have it at The Captain's Table! Anyway, I rushed out to the car, then I went back, but Richard was so mad; he rushed out. When I rushed out. Thank goodness we both have a sense of humor and we started to laugh. But from now on, I do my arguing at home."

The happy marriage of Dick and June has always pleased me, because I sat in on conversation at Metro when June was dating Dick, many years her senior, and listened while a big shot assured her

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the marriage couldn't possibly succeed. He pointed to the difference in their ages, and the bigger difference in their temperaments. He was right. They are different. To me, Dick resembles a colossal Great Dane, with June a frisky little puppy. But Dick is a patient guy. And he waited patiently for June to grow up. And she did, the day in the hospital, when the doctor told her that Dick was dying. She didn't leave his bedside, just sat there hour after hour, praying him into recovery. These are the things you don't forget in marriage. And a flaring of tempers, either at home or in public, is just a ripple in a placid pond. (By the way, they still haven't decided on a school for Pammy!)

Janet Leigh had been married twice when she met Tony Curtis, who was real scared of women. Tony was raised in a tough part of the Bronx, and he was shy in the presence of movie actresses. Shy? He was terrified. And thrilled when Janet fell for him. It's been one of those unexplainable things that while Janet and Tony have been writing about their perfect marriage for the magazines some of their best "friends" have worked overtime, trying to sabotage the most attractive romance in Hollywood. Talk of Janet's being flirtatious—it's true, but not the way it is interpreted by some people! This was the way she was when Tony married her, and he wouldn't have her squelch her naturally high spirits for any gossip in the world.

No two people are more in love than Tony and Janet. He wasn't important as a star when they married. But Tony has managed to reach her rung of the ladder without putting their marriage on a precarious footing. They even like working together. But Janet and Tony are as different as ham and eggs, which also go together. And their happiness isn't a haphazard affair. They work at it.

I was at the party Universal gave for Janet and Donald O'Connor after they completed "Walking My Baby Back Home." And Tony, wanting to take his baby back home, came on the sound stage where the party was going great guns, about two hours after it started. "Jan," he whispered. "I called the house and dinner is ready. The maid is waiting." "I can't leave now," she hushed him, "this party is for me. You go on and I'll come home when I can." Tony cased the merrymakers, then looked seriously at his wife. "All right," he said, "but promise me you'll drive very carefully." Janet laughed aloud and said, "I promise I'll drive carefully (then added with a serious face) but on the wrong side of the road." This time Tony laughed. Which was exactly the right thing to do. Janet left as soon as she decently could—to join Tony at home.

Janet is a sharp girl. She's the Joan Crawford of this generation—very cooperative. Loves to dress up and go to parties. She has a soft exterior and a whim of iron. Tony lives by his heart. Whatever Janet wants, he wants. She wanted to dance with a broken ankle, so they danced. But it takes two to tango. And two to make a happy couple. Janet does her share.

She's obsessed with the idea—erroneous, but wifely nonetheless—that Tony is delicate and underweight. She has long confabs with his mother, whom she adores, and the two ladies concoct fattening foods for the man they love. And when he's working in a picture, the most exciting party isn't exciting enough to lure the Curtises from early to bed. This, my friends, makes a marriage healthy, wealthy and wonderful.

And you can say it again for Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger. When Stewart is making a picture, even if the Queen of England were to call them for a date, I'm sure Jean would reply, "I'm sorry, Jimmy (his real name) has to relax so he'll

look nice in the morning for the camera. And he's going to bed instead of going out."

At the beginning of this marriage wouldn't have given any odds for its lasting. Jean was miserable. She was working and she couldn't adjust to the California climate. This latter sounds impossible, but it happens. Stewart always seemed to be bawling Jean out. But I understand him better now. And I should have known better. It's sometimes the habit of English people to pretend to insult those they love. Now when he calls his charming wife an old bag, and she calls him something stronger in return, I know they're not fighting, they're just prefacing some conversation.

Jean can't boil water. But hubby is a good cook. At first he would chide her. Now, on cook's night out, Stewart takes over in the kitchen. At the beginning of their marriage, he expected perfection from Jean. He realizes now she's perfect for him. He didn't even wince when an undiplomatic autograph hound took Jean's signature, then turned to Stewart and demanded, "Who are you?" "I'm Jean Simmons' husband," he replied gravely. And that's how he signed his name. But if there were any doubt about the solidity of the marriage, it was erased, from my mind anyway, when Jean lost her great sense of humor and almost her mind when she couldn't join her husband in England while he was making "Beau Brummell" over there. Her tangled movie situation with Howard Hughes kept her home. I've never seen a girl miss her man so much even after the story was printed that she wasn't missing her, but having a ball with Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding, who by the way seem to have solved the riddle to happy marriage in Hollywood by staying home with books and music, appearing in public only when they absolutely must.

The fightingest-married female in town is Lita Baron, married to handsome Roy Calhoun. Lita has a Latin temperament. And she gets mad at Rory because she won't get mad.

When Rory went to Canada on location with Marilyn Monroe, Lita packed her bag and joined him there. It was that she mistrusted Monroe. Besides John DiMaggio was there. She just believes in being with her husband. And Rory was delighted to see her. He adores this bundle of temperament. And he knows he isn't a saint to live with. Rory's bad habit is forgetfulness. He can make a date at nine A.M. for twelve noon, and unless you call him at 11:30, he's just as likely to be somewhere else. But he's striving to cure the annoying (especially to Lita) blackouts with scribbled messages to himself at strategic points in the house.

And Lita, an indoor girl from 'way back in Mexico—or is it Spain?—has learned to hunt, shoot and fish because these are Rory's sports. And he's very wisely interested in her career. When Lita opened the Mocambo in a dance act with Bill Daniel, Rory packed the place with his pals. And during her engagement at the Maisonette Room in New York, Rory was on hand, leading the applause. It's these little mutual considerations and kindnesses that make a marriage last longer.

The Van Johnsons fight at the drop of an adjective. But this is the way they get their petty irritations out of their system. And brother, how this Eve protects her Adam. She won't let anyone rib him. On the first day of "The Caine Mutiny," Humphrey Bogart kidded Van with, "What's all this so and so about you liking the Navy." Van wilted. But Evie flew at Bogey like a tigress with a cub in danger.

They have an arrangement about parties. Van goes home early. Evie stays to the end and gets a ride home. I remember when

He took fright at the Screen Writers Din- where he was to entertain. He saw all important faces and he couldn't go ough with it. Evie quietly steered him ough the crowds, got his car, sent him ne, then she came back to explain—and nt home by cab to comfort him. That's at I call working at marriage.

To go back to Mr. Bogart, the only ious disagreement with his wife Lauren call in their nine years of marriage was en she was for Adlai Stevenson and he ported Eisenhower. But Bogey didn't ld out long. He switched in mid-election Adlai, proving once again that the wom- he marries wears the pants. He's been rried four times, but the last time took. gey called his previous wife, Mayo thot, "Sluggo," because they were al- ys slugging. But Bacall has a better tem. He calls her baby. But that's how e treats him—like a baby. When he's ighty, a la that panda incident, she lds him. She doesn't drink herself, in e way we talk about drinking. And she's alistic about her man. You see him very en at night clubs and cocktail parties hout her. Just as long as Bogey comes me, that's all that counts with Miss call.

And mostly he tries to please her. She nted the big house in Holmby Hills. So shelled out more than \$200,000 for the autiful mansion. But she gave up her ing ambitions to be a better wife and other of his two children. Nowadays, e'll do a movie occasionally, but only en it doesn't interfere with traveling to rope when Bogey has to make a pic- re there.

There are nonstop rumors about Linda ristian and Tyrone Power. But the mar- ge goes marching on. Perhaps because ey are so considerate of each other. For stance, when Ty is on tour and Linda omises to call him, she does, come hell d high water. Once she was in the ddle of a panel show on tv, and she rem- bered that Ty, in Florida with "John own's Body," was waiting for her call. his was one time Ty had to wait. But e put her call through during the com- ercial!

There are a lot of happy couples in ollywood who don't seem to be working being happy, it comes so naturally. And do mean the Alan Ladds and the Jimmy ewarts. No one could be more right for mmy than sweet-tempered, calm Gloria. it nothing happens by itself. Especially wonderful marriage. Sue Ladd is Alan's ight and left arm. She was a professional. nd she understands everything that eeps an actor in the top flight of popu- rity. Sue is more than a good wife and good mother. She's a genius. And she n cook too!

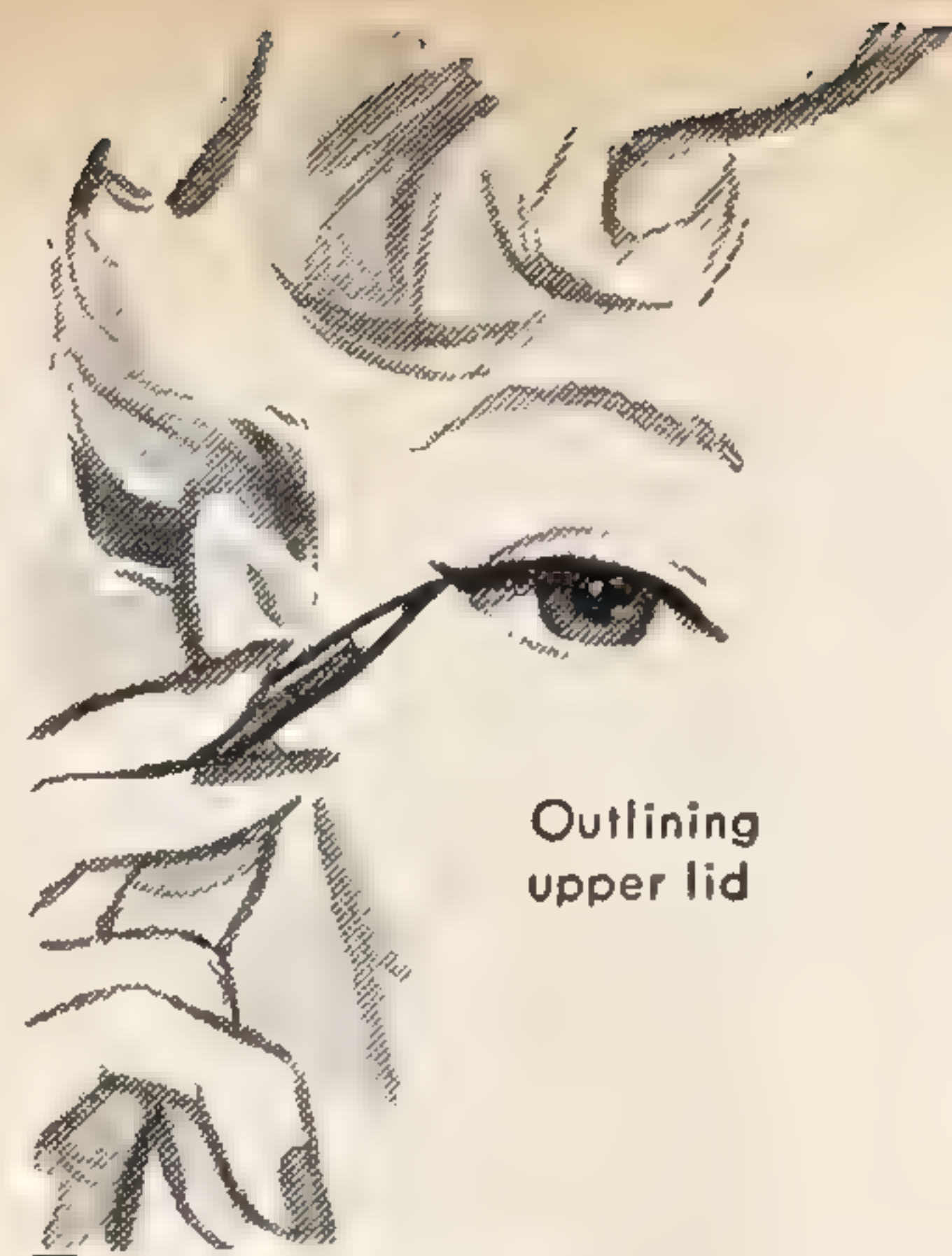
If Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman ever ight, which I doubt, no one would ever ow. She's so poised, so controlled. He's ways smiling, always ready to escort eanne to the parties and premieres they oth love. So you see, marriages are made Hollywood as well as Heaven.

THE END

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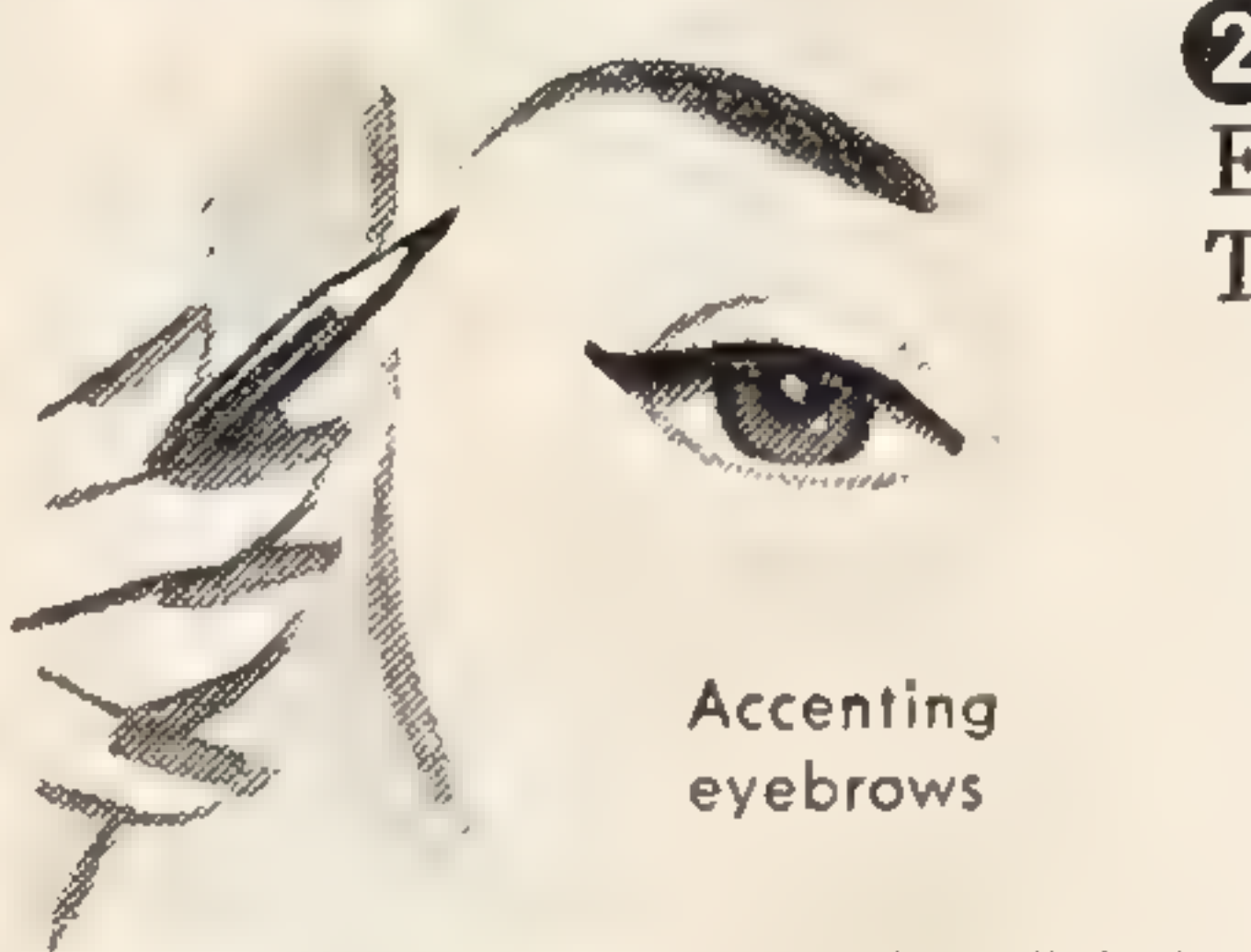
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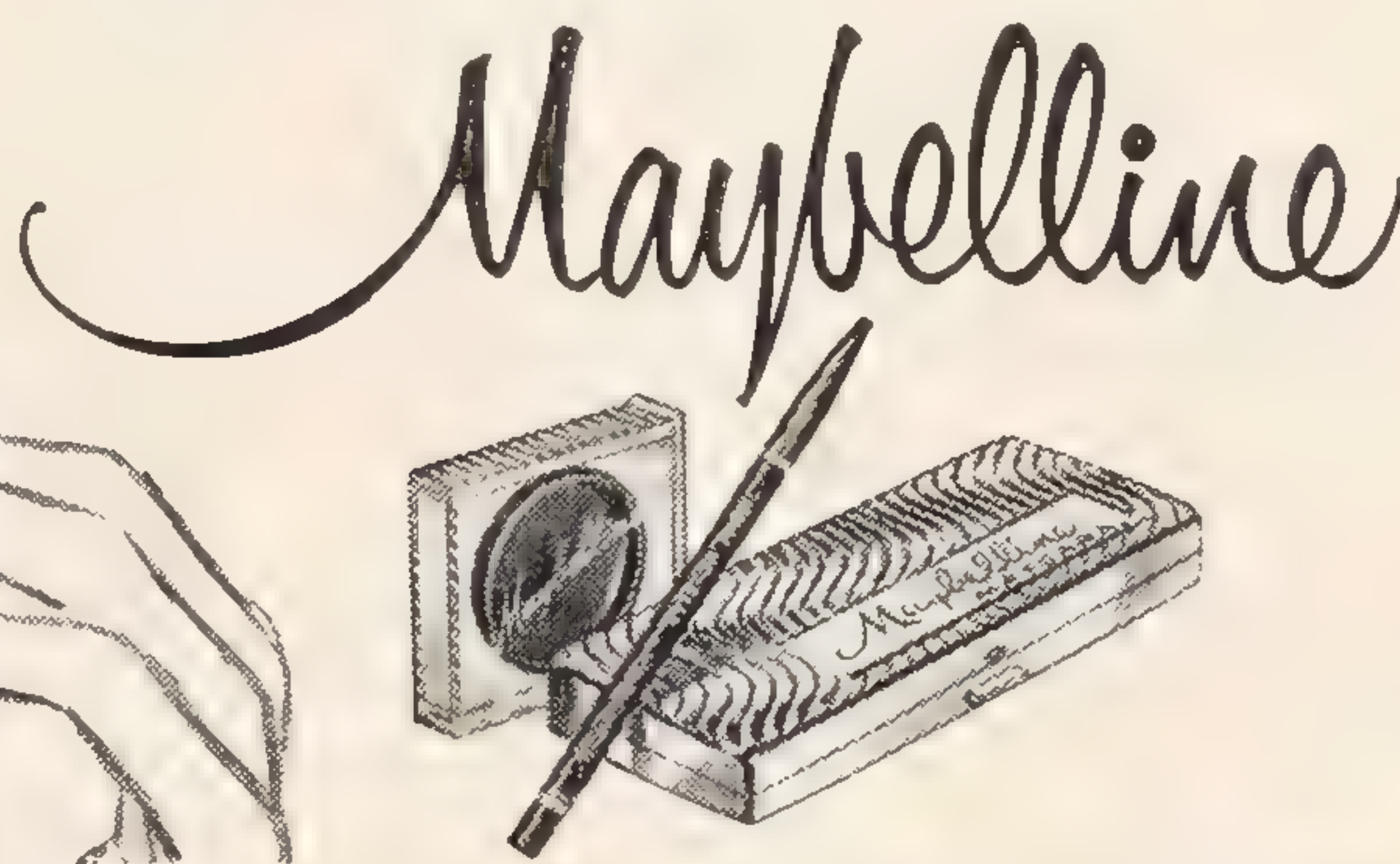
② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

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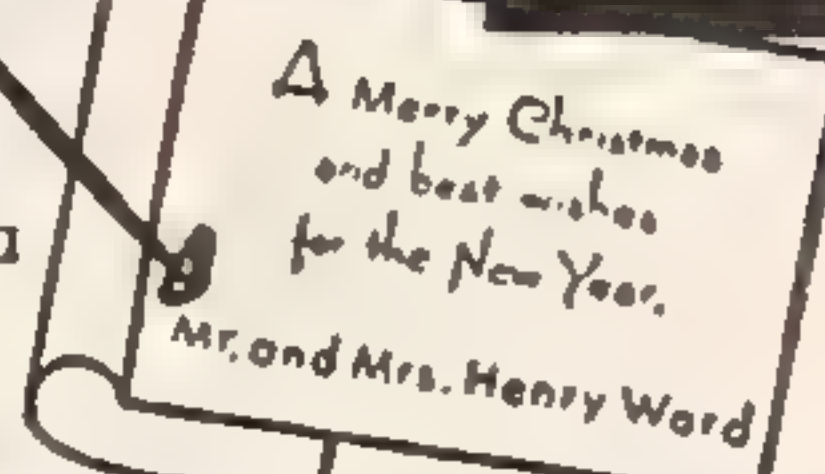
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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER



(Continued from page 49)

The career I was involved in happened to come up in the conversation and I remarked, "With your looks, kid, you ought to make a try for the movies yourself."

He dipped his head sort of shyly, mumbled a little and said, "I wouldn't want to wear all that make-up on my face and bother about learning lines. I'd rather ride."

And he meant it. Horses were his life, and he was willing to do anything to ride the best.

Shortly after I met him he wanted to work out a certain jumper. The owner agreed if Tab would pay half of the feed bill. Naturally the kid couldn't afford it. It was heartbreaking to watch the yellow-haired adolescent looking after the big horse he wanted to ride so badly. Navy pay didn't give me much spare cash or I'd have paid the bill myself. As it was, Tab's mother agreed to share the expense with him if he could earn part of the money. So he took a job at the orange-juice stand on Hollywood Boulevard to get the funds.

That was the first time I'd seen the determination to achieve whatever his heart was set upon. I've seen it a lot since then. Tab has always worked hard until he became a perfectionist in whatever struck his lasting interest.

He learned to become one of the best junior horsemen on the West Coast. After he'd won a bunch of blue ribbons, he lost the drive temporarily and turned wholeheartedly toward the silver blades of amateur ice skating competition.

At once, as soon as the fancy had taken him, Tab plunged into extensive practice. He spent countless hours at the local ice rink, repeating basic figures, polishing techniques, practicing, improving his form and style. Along with the actual repetition of skating, he grabbed up chunks of theory and some goals to shoot for. Whenever Ice Capades hit town, he was at every performance. Donna Atwood and Bobby Speck, charmed by the youngster's eagerness to learn, would spend hours talking to him about when they too were competitors in the sport.

It wasn't long before he felt he was good enough to take a stab at competition. He entered and won quite a few amateur championship awards. Tab is still an amateur and plans someday to get his gold medal.

I had come back from the Navy and was working in "Our Very Own" when Tab came into Los Angeles and visited me on the set one day. That evening he even went so far as to admit, "You know, Dick, maybe pictures aren't so bad after all." I had a feeling it would be the start of something. Even that much interest, expressed aloud, meant he'd been thinking about it. Later, I learned he had joined the dramatic group at St. John's Military Academy and had a few parts. He was temporarily sidetracked when he decided to join the Coast Guard.

I didn't see much of Tab in the ensuing months. I went to New York on business. Tab, who was in boot camp in Connecticut, became a frequent visitor, calling on me when he got leave. I took him to his first Broadway play and saw right then the rekindled spark of interest in acting.

The New York interlude was a lot of fun for the kid. I had a small apartment which I told him he could use whenever I was out of town. Upon my return from a weekend trip I usually found that he'd been on liberty with a half a dozen of his Coast Guard buddies—the cupboard was always bare. They were never fed at camp—if the way they cleaned me out was any indication.

I got a kick out of seeing Tab put three of his big interests into practice the same time. There was horseback riding in Central Park, ice skating in Rockefeller Center and shows at night along Broadway.

At three thirty one morning I came home from a party to find Tab forlornly sitting in the big chair.

"Hiya buddy," I said. "Thought you were due back at the base this evening."

Tab looked kind of sad. "Yeah."

"Get goin' boy or you'll be sitting in restriction."

"Well, you see, it's like this, Dick. The gal and I went to a show and to dinner and well . . ."

He didn't have to say any more. The combination of being generous to a friend and not having the vaguest idea of how to handle money spelled out "broke."

"That's right," frowned Tab, "I blew the roll and I was as far as Grand Central Station before I realized I hadn't the fare."

Lending Tab the few bucks to make the fare was no problem. What did present difficulties was the fact that the last train for the evening had already pulled out and there wasn't another scheduled for several hours. And that one didn't get him back to the base before roll call.

Now the punch line of the story should be that Tab was late, got thrown into the brig or at least given company punishment and thereafter became as money-conscious as old Midas.

No such thing. A buddy covered up for him, as buddies in service often do, no one knew he was missing and Tab is as carefree about the state of his bankroll as ever.

When Tab finally left the service, he came directly to Hollywood and looked me up, for by this time I'd returned to the Coast and was in the midst of a transition from actor to agent.

"Dick," he said, "I feel now that I honestly want to try for a career in pictures. Do you think I could?"

"I said it when you were a twelve-year-old kid, Tab, and I say it again. In fact you have more to offer now. I don't know how you can miss."

He hit it with all fours in the same sincere, hard-driving way he'd done throughout all his life and results showed. He had.

But it wasn't as easy as some people might think. Tab did Little Theatre work and knocked on studio doors for nearly ten years before the big break came.

Paul Guilfoyle, whom he'd met at the rehearsal of a play, thought of Tab and suggested him for the role of the seer young giant in "Island of Desire."

He was tested, signed for the picture and given a name-change from his own Arthur Gelien. Tab said at the time that he didn't like the new one much but that, after all, a name is only as important as the owner makes it.

He proved it by getting the role in "Island of Desire" and following it with the honors for himself in PHOTOPLAY's "Choose Your Star" poll in 1952.

Then, one after the other, came roles "Gun Belt," "Steel Lady," and "Return to Treasure Island." And now he has a starring part in "Battle Cry."

In any friendship certain things pop in your mind that are out of any sort of sequence or chronology. Things that impress you about Tab. Things that are perhaps the truest index to the kind of a guy he is.

For instance, he won't simply run in and take the first thing at hand when he buys a greeting card or a gift. He goes out of his way, takes his time, exercises his taste, his sense of humor and displays a real intent to please someone. Debbie Reynold's last birthday found Tab

a location in San Diego. Instead of horsing around with some of the other guys in the cast down Tiajuana way at night spots, Tab spent hours searching for something appropriate. He finally found just what he'd been looking for. Something he knew would please Debbie. It was a special kind of hand-carved bank shaped as a bull. He had her name engraved on it and presented it to her along with a big bottle of her favorite perfume.

Tab's own fine taste in clothes recalls another act of generosity. When I'm ready to buy some additions to my wardrobe he often comes along to heckle and to help in the selection. On one occasion a corduroy jacket caught my eye and my fancy, but the price caught me with a thin wallet. I couldn't afford it, so I forgot it, but when my next birthday rolled around, Tab showed up early with the selfsame coat under his arm.

A lot of what Tab is, of what he's been able to make of himself can be credited to the hands and heart of his mother. Kind and understanding, Mrs. Gelien, whose only other son, Walter, is married and living near San Francisco, unselfishly helped Tab to decide to go out on his own. After dinner one night she said, "Tab, you're twenty-one now. I love you and want you to be near me but I think, for your own sake, for your development as an individual, you should be on your own."

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Tab had been thinking of such a move for sometime but felt he should remain at home. His mother sensed this and sensed the rightness of the time. Tab left and found a place close enough so that they could see each other often.

Mrs. Gelien's wisdom paid off for her son in helping him achieve added poise, confidence, a fresher, more mature attitude toward people and things.

In Tab's growing years he used to be extremely shy around girls and older people, an ailment common to most growing kids. With his new independence and the broadening influences of his trip to Europe, Tab has emerged as a man able to meet the demands of social activities necessary to an actor. Now, at a party, Tab holds his own, can make small talk or seriously discuss practically any subject. Girls like Debbie, Lori Nelson and Terry Moore, who've always liked Tab but were reserved in their opinion of him, now admit they thought he had too much childish exuberance about him before, that now it's tempered with maturity.

As his advisor, Tab and I necessarily see a lot of each other. But beyond the business relationships, as friends of long standing, we enjoy each other's company. Occasionally we double date, but more often, when we both feel like a quiet evening,

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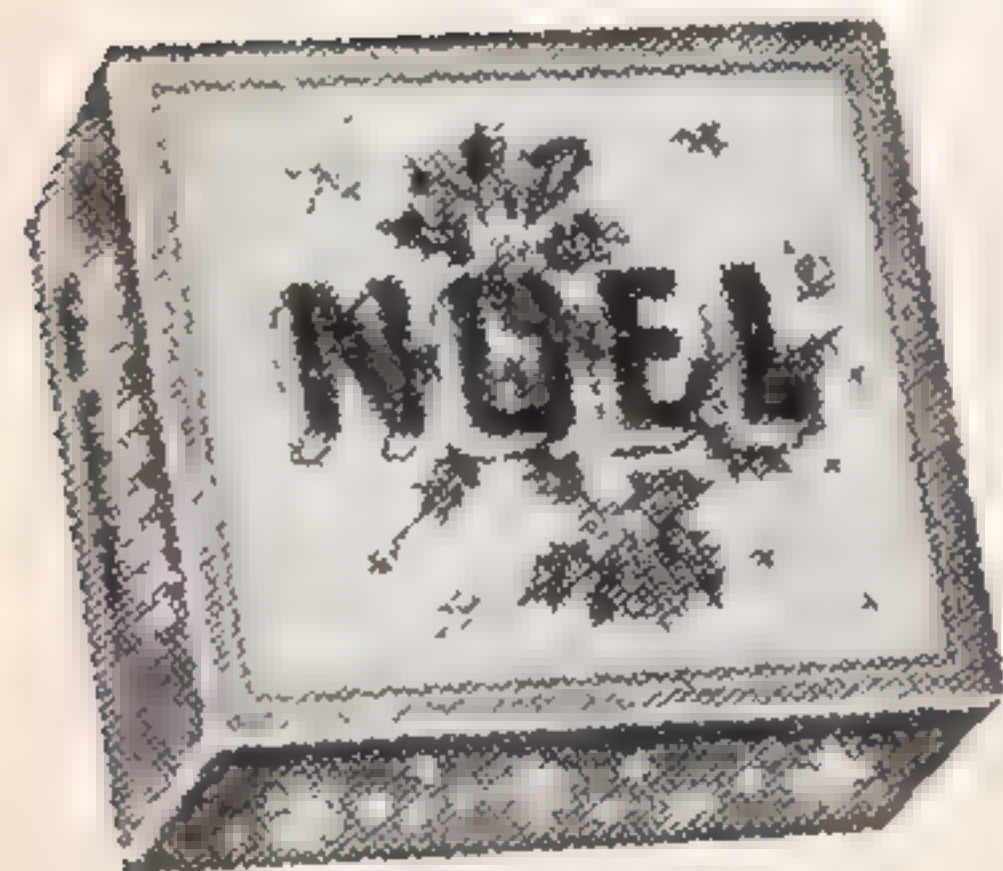
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he'll drop over to my place for a game of
poker or scrabble or just a long talk about
careers, gals and things.

I don't want to give the impression that
Tab is Mr. Perfection or a Sir Galahad. He
has his failings, plenty of them, but he
has a certain charm even in error that
prevents anyone from getting really angry
with him.

I can work up a pretty good bug on the
business of money. Time and again I've
said, "Tab, you must begin to save your
money. You're a star but you're also a
free-lance actor. You may do five pictures
in a row, then all of a sudden a dry period
can set in. No pictures. No income for a
while. There has to be a reserve to fall
back on. It happens to the biggest stars so
use the old Boy Scout motto and be pre-
pared. Save some of it."

Tab will look at me, nodding at the
proper places, acting very conscientious
and determined to start salting it away.

"You're right, Dick," he'll say. The next
day he'll spot a sport jacket he likes. He'll
buy it. A little later it's a cashmere sweat-
er. He'll show them to me all smiles and
I'll blow my top.

Then the explanations begin. "A bar-
gain. Got to have this for the party to-
morrow night." This, that or the other thing
and the first thing I know, I'm at the same
shop getting fitted for a jacket or sweater
I can't afford any more than Tab could.

Then, too, he's got a share of "ham" in
him. It seems to be an occupational dis-
ease with actors. (I had it myself.)

At the house in Palm Desert, Tab, who
had never seen a can of paint from the
business end before, pitched in and was
splashing color around, sawing boards,
hammering nails and topped it off by mak-
ing a cornerstone in cement engraved with
the inscription "God's Little Acre—Dick
Clayton." Then he put "Tab" in the upper
corner—just couldn't resist top billing. He
got such a kick out of the gimmick, though,
that I couldn't object to the little hunk of
up-staging.

Tab's not afraid of manual labor, but on
the house project he had a tendency to
overrate how much sweat and strain he
actually put into it.

"I've been working like the devil," he'd
say to anyone who'd listen.

"That Clayton is a real slave driver."

The truth was that he did work hard
and do what he was told, but whenever
there was a break, I'd grab a snapshot of
Tab asleep in the wheelbarrow or grab-
bing forty winks the other side of the
wall. Then when I heard him boasting, out
came the snapshots.

A star's adviser is sort of father, brother
friend, confidant, mentor, slave driver,
wailing wall, lawyer, financier and police-
man. On top of that, Tab and I have a
real friendship. Sometimes I think he
takes advantage of the friendship part and
forgets I too have an active interest in his
career. That's when I have to come down
hard. If he tries to jolly his way out of an
acting lesson or relax his training a bit,
no matter what the reason for his lagging,
I want to know why. Tab always seems a
little surprised when I jump at these
things.

Tab is a star, but he's far from being a
complete actor. He needs work, constant
attention to detail, roles to work with and
absolute concentration to secure the posi-
tion he's attained. It took years and years
for even such idols as Taylor and Power
to get to their positions of confidence and
certain ability from which they aren't
likely to be shaken. I tell this to Tab
every time he steps out of line and lets
down more than he should.

He ducks his singing lessons sometimes.
He's got a good voice and I've told him he
can't tell when he might be called upon

to use it in a picture. But sometimes he
lazy.

Again, I get a little ruffled when Tab fal-
ter for flattery a bit too much. It's a natur-
al human trait and the compliments have a
ways been well meant, but when it hap-
pens, I have to turn Dutch uncle again.
"It can be ruinous to your career. I've
been through the ropes myself, and
know how easy it is to let other people's
kind words influence you to the point
where you think you can sit back on your
laurels. You can't."

Tab listens carefully and apparently
understands that what I'm telling him is
savvy and true. But a little too much air in
the head and I have to be at him again.

"There are dozens of young guys who
are ready, able and darned anxious to
have your niche, and they'll knock them-
selves out to get it. The bigger you get,
the more people are gunning for you. And
the more certain you have to be of what
you really have."

"Look at me," I set myself up as the
horrible example. "It happened to me.
Profit from my mistakes or you'll end up
being an agent."

Tab smiles at that. "Okay, boss."

With all the temporizing he learns.

One night I gave him a lecture about his
not studying the characterization of a role
enough. I thought he had a tendency to
neglect thinking his part out thoroughly.
He threw that one back at me graphically.

The day before he was to leave for loca-
tion on Warners' "Battle Cry," Tab came
over with a twenty-page manuscript. It
was a complete character analysis of the
role of Danny, the boy he was to play in
the picture. From my knowledge of char-
acter delineation and motivation I thought
it hit the part right on the nose, but
withheld opinion until I'd shown it to his
coach to see if he'd had any help on it.
The coach said "No" and was amazed.

Actually, and don't tell him I said so,
he's improving plenty and coming along
fine. Recently he got a little badly need-
ed stage experience under his belt.

When the producers of "Our Town" ap-
proached Tab to play the lead of George
Gibbs in the West Coast stage production
of the Pulitzer Prize play, Tab phoned me
and we discussed the pros and cons of ac-
cepting the role for hours. He realized the
challenge, since he'd never been on the
professional stage before. When he finally
decided to do it, he put everything else
aside and really concentrated. He worked
hard and took the advice of his co-star
Marilyn Erskine.

Tab will be the first to agree that he was
lucky to be associated with this fine young
actress who has been in the professional
theatre since she was four. She generously
gave of her time and talents to help Tab
with his performance, and I know she felt
rewarded when the critics acclaimed his
work. I'm certain, too, that he was fully
aware of her contribution to the acclaim.

Many people, knowing of my long asso-
ciation with Tab, ask me frankly if his
success is perhaps more than he can han-
dle.

Sudden excitement around any per-
sonality tends to bring up that poser.
There are pressures, of course. He does
get a bit carried away by the applause at
times, but that, too, is part of being an
actor.

As his adviser, I will say that Tab has
the means to solidifying the success he's
garnered and firmly establishing himself
in the acting profession.

As his friend, I can only point out that
if he could handle a spirited jumper when
he was twelve there's no reason under the
sun why he can't handle a spirited career
now.

THE END

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260,000 Minutes of Marriage

(Continued from page 32)

guidance and then approval. It takes hours, weeks of preparation for a song which will consume only minutes on the Cinema-Scope screen.

"Madam is improving... she opens her mouth and takes a note... she's surer of herself," said Schaefer, during a breather. "I worked with the best singers. The Madam's got it."

I admitted Marilyn was singing better than ever. The piano playing resumed. The singing resumed. More and more of the same. It was almost enough to make me like Liberace.

The telephone, on the desk in the far corner of the room, rang. "I'll answer it," said Marilyn, who had sprinted to the end of the room and was already grabbing the phone.

"Hello, Joe," she said softly. "Gee, I'm glad you called."

Then and there Marilyn Monroe was Mrs. DiMaggio. The dialogue is placed in evidence. I couldn't hear Joe, but Mrs. DiMaggio listened bright-eyed. She made these remarks at intervals: "Sure, Joe, if you think it's best."... "I'm getting along fine."... "I've been thinking about you."... "I can get there in time."... "Don't worry about a thing, Joe, please."... "So long, dear."

She stepped back and became The Monroe. She told Hal and me she had been talking to Joe on the phone—as if we had to be informed. She explained that Joe had been working hard, moving furniture, trunks, etc., into the Beverly Hills house they had rented. She said she should have been helping him ("It's a wife's job"). But Joe didn't want her to, especially because the picture was about to go to bat. A professional man, Joe understood the importance of going to bat. This in itself indicates how Joe and Marilyn are working out the career bit between them.

"I'd like to get over to the house before it's dark. Think we can knock off soon?" Marilyn asked Hal.

"Soon," he answered. "Maybe sooner. Depends on how you do the next half-hour."

"If you'd like to see the house," Marilyn said to me, "stick around." The piano started. The singing started. Except for breathers, both didn't stop for half-an-hour.

"That's all, Madam," said Schaefer. He added that he was very pleased with Marilyn. "Besides the singing, she stays with it. She's learned to concentrate on a song. And that concentration can be

applied to anything. She doesn't goof off any more."

"Thanks," said Marilyn. From the couch she picked up her purse, quickly felt around in it to make certain she had the car keys. Then we were started for the car (a new Cadillac) parked outside near the bungalow. Marilyn didn't even stop to put on lipstick, which had disappeared during the singing session.

Marilyn drove. And when she drives, she doesn't have to look where she is going—the other drivers are all watching her. Driving toward the house, Marilyn said we'd be able to pick it out immediately: It resembled a haystack. The DiMaggios had considerable trouble renting a suitable house because they'd take only a six months' lease; most owners insist on a year's lease.

"We didn't want to be tied down for a year," explained Mrs. DiMaggio. She said they wanted a house in town only while she was working in a picture. After the movie was finished, she and Joe would hurry to San Francisco. Joe owns a house there. A nice, large, roomy, two-story place. She and Joe regard this place as home. Joe's sister, Marie, and her daughter, Betty, also live there. "Betty's two years younger than me. We get along fine," said Mrs. DiMaggio. "Marie is older than Joe. She's great... real great. I couldn't get along better with my own sister." Marilyn beamed, proud of her acquired family. A rarity indeed: A wife pleased because she had annexed relatives.

"There's a house that looks like a haystack," I said, pointing.

"That's it," answered Marilyn. "There's Joe's car in the driveway."

Marilyn parked her car behind Joe's. We got out. We tried the front door. Locked. Marilyn rang the bell. No answer. "Let's try the back door," suggested Marilyn. Locked. She rang the bell. No answer. She shouted Joe's name. No response. "I don't get it," said Marilyn. Neither did I.

Marilyn looked into a side window of the house. A policeman, who had just parked his prowling car in the driveway, suddenly approached. He looked sinister. He wanted to know what we were doing. Somehow, I felt guilty.

"This is Mrs. DiMaggio," I said, trying to explain. "She was supposed to meet her husband here. They just rented the house and are in the process of moving in."

"I can't understand what happened to Joe," said Marilyn, softly. It would have won over any cop in a movie.

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The policeman cased Marilyn, up and down. He gave no sign of recognition. He didn't ask for an autograph. I didn't understand it. He looked me over, too—but quicker.

"This house is on the patrol. We've got it marked unoccupied. Anyone seen around is suspicious. When you two finally move in, please phone the Beverly Hills Police Department so we'll know. We keep a close watch on things."

"That's nice," said Marilyn. "Thank you." I thought it best not to add to the confusion and inform the cop I wasn't moving in. We said our goodbyes and he took off to prowls elsewhere.

Marilyn discovered the side window wasn't securely locked. She lifted the screen and climbed into her new house. Then she opened the front door for me.

"This won't happen all the time. I'll have a key," said Marilyn, smiling. Then: "I wonder what happened to Joe? . . . Well, what do you think of the place?"

I replied that from the little I had seen, it looked compact, comfortable, and was in good taste. I had no doubts it would serve all intended purposes.

"We didn't want anything big or fancy," explained Marilyn. "Joe and I like simple things. Wait till you see how I fix it. It'll be much better. Even a rented house must have some personal things to be really your place!"

I agreed. Marilyn then led me to the sun parlor, directly off the living room. It was an enclosed room and looked out (I guess that's the expression used) on the backyard and swimming pool. The sun parlor had a long couch, large comfortable chairs, bookshelves and a fireplace where steaks, hamburgers and hot dogs could be barbecued. "I guess we'll spend most of our time here," declared Marilyn. "I think I'll put the television set here."

She immediately walked around, investigating the room, seeking the best vantage place to put the tv set.

"I suppose television is important to you and Joe?"

"I watch it, but not as much as Joe. I think I'll put the tv set to the right of the fireplace. Then Joe or company can sit on the big couch and watch. And I'll put one of the big chairs here (a little in front of the couch) so Joe can sit there most of the time. I must remember to buy a footstool for in front of the chair."

She was completely Mrs. DiMaggio. She explained she was going to arrange the furniture so that Joe could watch tv better than anyone else in the room. Joe usually watched the fights, Western movies, movies and a few of the big coast-to-coast shows. "I never say," continued Marilyn, "'oh, gee, I want to see such-and-such a program.'" She added with a smile, "We're lucky that we've got two tv sets. If it's really important, I can turn on the program I want in another room. It happens very seldom, though."

Marilyn told me that while Joe is watching the fights and dinner is ready, she doesn't say, "Come to dinner." She brings the dinner to him. She serves it quietly, quickly on a small folding table set in front of him. "Joe doesn't have to move a muscle. Treat a husband this way and he'll enjoy you twice as much," advises Marilyn.

Mrs. DiMaggio doesn't restrict this philosophy to only tv and dinner. If any wives and future wives are interested, I'll try to set down, as accurately as possible, more of the Monroe doctrine.

She believes a man should never have to think about his clothes, except to go to the closet and get them. A wife should see to it that her husband's shoes are shined, ready for him. "I don't mean," said Marilyn, "I have to shine them myself. But

send them out . . . see that it's done." She continued, "I like to iron Joe's shirts. He doesn't want me to. And often I haven't the time. But I do once in a while. I like to look at Joe in a shirt I ironed, especially the collar. There's no one who can iron a shirt—especially the collar—like I can."

I told her she was becoming an accomplished housewife. She said she believed this should accompany marriage. She thought people could mix career and marriage successfully. "When marriage is right, it's wonderful," declared Mrs. DiMaggio. "I'd pick it before everything else—because it is your life."

From this, you and I can surmise that Joe is Number One, that Marilyn places marriage before career, if it should ever be necessary to make such an important decision.

As Marilyn led me into the dining room, she asked, "I wonder what's with Joe? This isn't like him. I'm beginning to worry. You'd think he'd phone! Oh, I forgot—the phone isn't connected yet."

"He probably thought you'd be late. You know how you are," I said. "What's with this room?"

"It's all right. I want to make it more cheerful, though. A dining room should be cheerful. Not that we'll always eat here."

Marilyn caught my puzzled look. "I don't go for a set routine for eating," she explained. "Having meals in the same place, at regular appointed hours. Phooey! It's good to change things. We'll eat here, sometimes; sometimes out by the pool. Often in front of the television set. There'll be mornings when we'll have breakfast in bed."

Marilyn is not just another good-looking, great-shaped blonde; or she never would have become the phenomenal success and tremendous personality that she is. Her experience, plenty of it touched with loneliness, contributed, adding the dimension of depth to character, a quality most of the recruits in the Hollywood army of blondes don't possess.

"I thought a lot about marriage—and getting married—before I did it," admitted Marilyn. "I told myself this time I've got to stay married. Joe helped me decide. I wonder where he is? Don't you think he should be here by now?"

"How did Joe help you decide?"

"It wasn't anything he said . . . No speech . . . It was being with him, knowing someone honestly cared what happened to me. I wonder if you know how important this is."

I realized Marilyn didn't expect an answer. I let her talk on. She told me that she felt she had matured enough not only to get married, but also to raise children properly.

"I read where you said you wanted six children."

Marilyn laughed. "I never said that. It could be, but I never said it. I want to have a child as soon as possible. I should have two. So one doesn't get lonely, so they can grow up together."

"It makes sense to me."

"I'm going to do other sensible things," said Marilyn. "I'm going to put myself on a budget. Run this house right. So much for food, for laundry, for a maid. How to get all these things done on a budget is stimulating."

I admired Mrs. DiMaggio's intentions. Then I asked to see the upstairs part of the house. "Certainly," she said, adding she must remember to buy candles and order flowers.

"I know it sounds cornball," said Marilyn, "but I like to dine by candlelight, even if it's on a bridge table. People shouldn't be ashamed of being romantic

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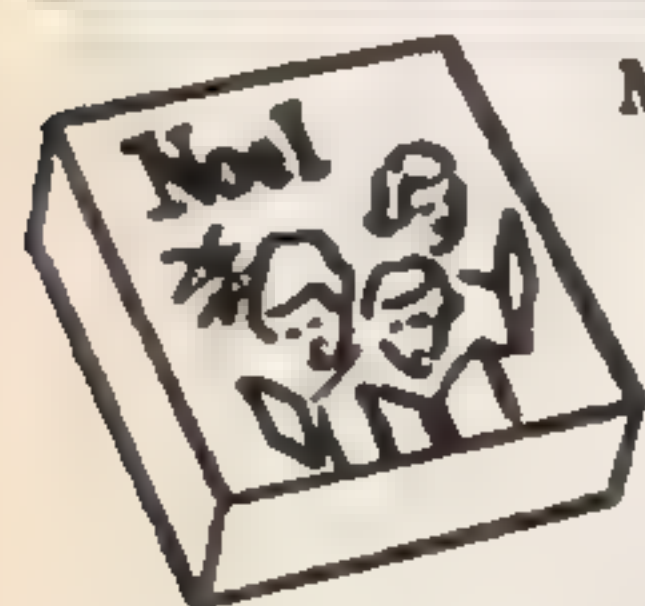
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because they're married. People should always remember how they felt while courting."

The front door opened and closed. Joe DiMaggio entered calling, "Hey, Marilyn! Marilyn!"

Marilyn called back, signalling where she was. Joe walked fast toward her. They kissed quickly. Joe explained his absence; he had been to the storage company and picked up some of their personal belongings. Vic Massi, Joe's pal, went with him, and they had used Vic's car. Vic stood silently behind Joe, and kept smiling.

Marilyn told Joe she was about to show me the upstairs part of the house. Joe said to go ahead. He and Vic intended to bring in the furniture they had taken out of storage.

Climbing the stairs, I asked Marilyn about her wedding presents. "The fans sent me many gifts," she said. "They gave me vases, linens, silverware, things like that. They were swell. The soldiers in Korea gave me five nightgowns for a wedding present. They made me put on a black lace one while I was on stage—over the dress I was wearing, of course."

We were standing in a room overlooking the yard and the pool. "I got lots of letters of congratulations," continued Marilyn. "Most of them said 'My heart's broken but I hope you're happy!'"

The gifts and the letters from fans are proof that Marilyn Monroe becoming Marilyn DiMaggio hasn't affected her popularity. "Did you get any presents from any stars?" I asked.

"I didn't get a present from anybody at the studio, or from any player," Marilyn said this in a way which indicated she hadn't expected any. She is a girl who all her life has been accustomed to receiving nothing.

Marilyn changed the subject. "This used to be a bedroom, but I'm going to re-do it completely. It'll be Little Joe's room, when he stays with us weekends. (Little Joe, about eleven, is Joe DiMaggio's son from his previous marriage to Dorothy Arnold.) I want to make it cheerful and boy-like. That's why we got a house with a pool. Mainly for Little Joe."

Marilyn and Little Joe get along great. She loves being a stepmother. She and Little Joe regard each other as friends.

Marilyn told of an incident when Joe and Little Joe were tossing a football back and forth in a room. "I watched," said Marilyn, "never realizing two people could have so much fun throwing a football at each other. They insisted I join in. Little Joe told me to get ready to catch a forward pass. I got frightened and screamed, 'Don't throw that at me, it's pointed!' You should have heard them laugh. The biggest laugh I ever got."

I told Marilyn that from what she had told me and from what I had observed, marriage was good for her. "On you it looks good," I said.

We were walking toward another room. "Marriage is something you learn more about while you live it," said Marilyn. "Joe and I have our quarrels. Just like other married couples. You can't outlaw human nature, no matter who you are."

I couldn't argue with that.

"But there's a way to handle a disagreement," continued Mrs. DiMaggio. "Every wife should know her man. When I sense there's something wrong, I ask, 'What's the matter? Sorry if I did something.' If Joe doesn't answer, I don't push it. There are some men who, when they have trouble, become silent. You have to respect that, if that's your man."

I couldn't argue with that either.

"Later, when what was wrong is worn thin, Joe will come to me and say, 'I'm sorry.' I'll look at him and say, 'What's there to be sorry about?' You'd be sur-

prised how nice it can be, if done this way."

We were now in the bedroom. "Don't tell me," I said to Marilyn, "I'll tell you: you've got to make it more cheerful."

She laughed robustly. "A bedroom should be cheerful. And that bed goes out of here. I might put in my bed . . . maybe buy even a larger bed. A bed should be big enough so both can have their own sleeping independence. You know, some people snore, some people kick . . ."

I reminded Marilyn that most of Hollywood's married celebrities maintained separate bedrooms.

"I don't believe in that," declared Marilyn, firmly. "Often in bed you think of something you want to say . . . or something you've forgotten. You're not going to get out of bed and chase down the hall to another room. I don't buy it. This separate bedroom deal is not in the American tradition. In the pioneer days, did you ever hear of a man and his wife sleeping in separate covered wagons?"

You answer that one. I can't. I returned downstairs with Marilyn, and chatted for a time with Joe. I told him I liked the house; that I could visualize the improvements Marilyn contemplated. "As soon as we get settled, you must come for dinner," said Joe. "There isn't anything formal with us. Drop in any time and watch the fights with me. Make this your home away from Schwab's." Joe laughed.

I thanked Joe and said goodnight. Marilyn walked me toward the door. "You and marriage are okay," I said, glancing back at Joe. "Do you figure it has helped you?"

"It certainly has in my work. I concentrate better. I work harder, longer, and get more accomplished. You watched me rehearse this afternoon."

Marriage has helped Marilyn career-wise.

We said goodnight to each other. I was closing the door when Marilyn said, "Oh, yes, marriage makes a woman less neurotic. Well, anyway, it does when I'm the woman."

I walked for a few blocks thinking about Marilyn and Joe and marriage . . . About looking at the television programs you want, while dinner magically appears . . . About candlelight on bridge tables . . . About something sounding cornball . . . About a covered wagon. It's enough to make a fellow want to get married—to Marilyn Monroe.

THE END

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(Continued from page 62)

visit home for only a day and a half—all the time she could get—just to be with the twins around the Christmas tree. Susan literally fought with the studio brass to be allowed to make the trip; there even had to be a special dispensation from the President of Mexico himself to break the period of her work permit, get permission to leave Mexico and re-enter it again. But Susan insisted and won her battle; she had a few precious hours with the twins, brought them their presents and then went back to work again.

"It was worth it all," she said, "just to be able to hold Timmy and Greg in my arms."

Susan has had to do a lot of thinking during these past months. She has tried to learn why her marriage failed, to gain self-knowledge, to profit by past mistakes. And if and when she marries again, she intends to give up her career—to be a full-time wife and mother, not a part-time one. As to her hard-and-fast contract at 20th Century-Fox, Susan had her answer.

"If I should marry while I'm still under contract, I expect to make one picture a year. My contract gives me the right to do that. I'm aware that one mistake I made as a wife and mother was continuing to work, which developed into a career which became overwhelming in its demands on my time and energy. It required too many sacrifices of home interests, clashes with the needs of both husband and children. It also meant handing my children in their formative years to a nurse and household help when I wanted to be with them myself.

"In one of Ibsen's plays he said, 'Marriage is a thing you've got to give your whole mind to.' And he was so right. Because for a woman, it's not a question of marriage versus career, or marriage and a career. Marriage is a career.

"I know that working women argue, since men combine a career with marriage, they should be able to manage it also. The answer is that men can have careers largely because their wives make a career of marriage. When wives and husbands work, who is to welcome and comfort whom after a demanding day? It's a problem."

Susan's answer to that problem is not the expectation of immersing herself in pots and pans and leading a dreary existence after marriage. She's far too creative and dynamic a person for that. And her plans mirror her varied interests. She hopes to study music and languages, to continue with her painting, possibly to study law—to do any number of things she's long dreamed of trying.

"Such as," she'll tell you, "a real working ranch where we can raise horses and the boys really learn to live an outdoors life. Not race horses, though. What I'd like to try is raising quarter-horses for the market. The ranch would be in Arizona or Nevada—not a place to go weekend-ing, but to stay for long, happy weeks. But that's in the future."

Right now the beautiful red-head has dropped much of her aloof, recluse-like life of the past year, aware once again that every day is a fresh beginning. In Hollywood, the curious custom holds of announcing a separation in the morning and joining a suddenly materialized new swain in the evening for a whirl at the Strip's night spots. If the town expected that Miss Hayward would play the gay divorcee after her painful parting with Jess, it was severely disappointed. Susan's phone rang with invitations, but they were all refused. Her private code of conduct would not allow this. She was still a mar-

ried woman and conducted herself as such. When she had to appear at studio functions her agent, Ned Marin, was usually her escort.

Until she was legally free, Susan hugged her loneliness, her sense of defeat to herself, disdaining the relief that comes from forgetfulness of personal problems in the company of amusing companions and gay gatherings. Work, Susan found, was her only ally against disillusionment and heartache—and she plunged into "Garden of Evil," then "The Conqueror."

"But I'll never leave the boys for location work again, if it's up to me," she said. "After this, they'll go with me—a tutor along to keep up their school work. My contract stipulates that. If I go to Africa to make 'Untamed,' they'll go with me. But I don't dare mention it now—or they'd be packed ready for a close-up view of lions, elephants and monkeys."

Another evidence of Susan's desire to build a new life for herself and her boys is the recently-completed refurnishing of her Valley house. With the help of a studio decorator, she's evolved a smart, restful, monochromatic color scheme to highlight her beloved reproductions of Picasso, Van Gogh and Roualt.

"I want to surround my children with beautiful things, so that they grow up with an appreciation and love for beauty and good things," said Susan.

The emphasis is on comfort in the Hayward home, where housekeeper Cleo is in control, while Cleo's daughter, Willy Mae, looks after the boys during the hours that Susan is at the studio. The twins are the chief reason why Susan plans to do a lot of thinking before she says, "I do" again. "I'll want to know a lot about how that unknown man feels about children," she says, "and particularly my children. Until he finds me, I'll do the best I can bringing them up with the help of my mother and my brother Wally.

"Despite what 'viewers with alarm' have to say about the children of divorce, I think the boys have come through this period of adjustment with few scars. Anyway, I believe that problems can be far better solved by viewing with faith. I'll admit that when Jess and I first separated I spent some sleepless nights, wondering how best to tell them. And so I consulted a psychologist. He said we should both be present and that the boys' father should explain it to them. I asked Jess, but he couldn't bring himself to do that. So it was up to me. I sat down with them and explained that Mommy and Daddy weren't happy together and would be living in separate houses, but that we both loved them just as we always had."

Evidence of Susan's program to help her impressionable boys over the first confusion and shock of their parents' parting was the trip she planned for them to the High Sierras for fishing and hiking. Later, she took them to Honolulu, where they quickly became expert in surf-boarding. Still later, the boys and Susan went East for the World's Series, visited museums, rode the subways and helped her root for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

After school, playtime includes ice skating, swimming in their own pool, making model airplanes, games with the huge array of toy soldiers Susan brought back from Mexico, and hiking. This last, as Susan explained, is not altogether problem-free. Timmy recently returned from an exploring excursion up in the hills rising sharply behind the house. She asked where Greg was. Timmy thought he had returned earlier. Susan rushed out, climbed halfway up the steep hill and spied Greg on a ledge, hesitating to move up or down.

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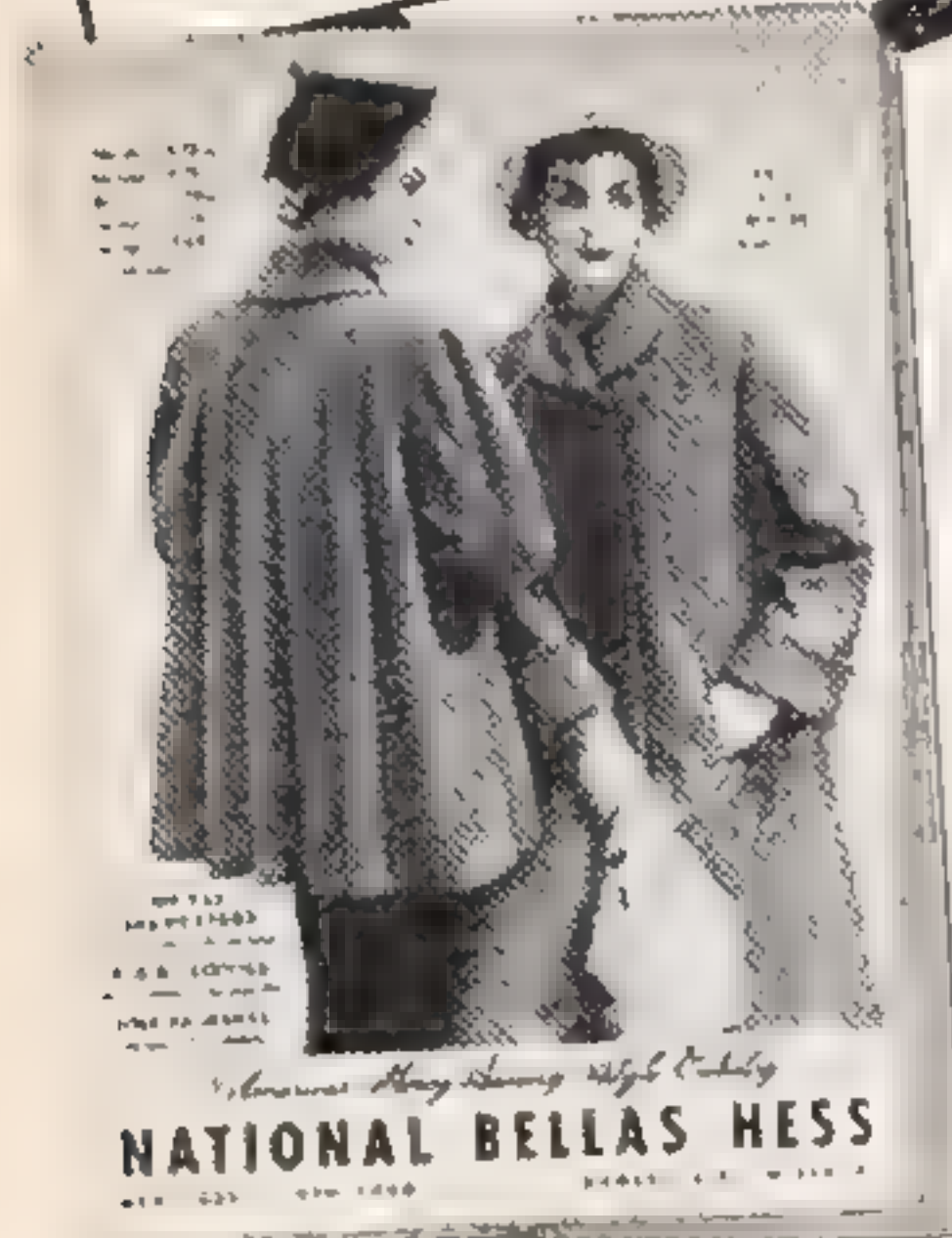


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"I called to him," explained Susan, "to sit down and gradually inch his way down. The only damage was to his blue jeans—no back-side. I suppose from now on we'll lose more jeans that way."

The boys attend a private school. But next year Susan plans to send them to public school where they'll have a more democratic background. "They complain bitterly about the school plays—'kid stuff' they call them," says Susan. "They ask why they can't be in plays about Marines or airplanes or their favorite TV program."

"On their homework they ask for help only on particularly knotty problems. Wouldn't you know? I was more the artistic type in school. Very good at spelling and such cultural subjects. I try to help them, however. 'Oh, no, Mother, we don't do it that way.' And they proceed to show me their method—so different from what I learned in school. But we get the same results!"

Today Susan is more radiant than ever, her beauty deepened and tempered by the fires of emotional struggle. The past has lost some of its power to torment her, and her moody hazel eyes turn impish more frequently. We sat by the fire in her comfortable, red-and-brown den and candidly Susan discussed the future.

"Do I hope to remarry? Frankly, I do. As an institution, I'm all for marriage. I wouldn't like to remain single for the rest of my life. And I hope to have more children. Once a woman has been married, it's hard to live alone. I believe I'll find out that a crowded social schedule and a full date book are no substitute for marriage. Doesn't every woman agree that it's nice to have a man around the house? I think a home looks happy when a man lives in it; when his chair, his books, his fishing gear and his pipes are where he wants them to be; when his meals are a man's meals and the refrigerator his to raid when he likes; when he can put his feet up wherever he wants; and most of all, when a wife is honestly glad when Sunday comes around and he is home all day. I want that for myself—but most of all, I want a companion for my boys."

Any special type of man in mind?

"I haven't thought about that too much," smiled Susan, "but I'd say it's not likely I'll marry an actor. Two acting careers in one family too often becomes one too many. But of all the professions for a man, that of the writer interests me most. A writer is generally bursting with ideas; he is intelligent, charming and adaptable, and an amusing companion. At least that's true generally of those I've met. I like the law, too, and even hope, some day, to study it myself. But, really, why should I try to be so definite? You know what they say about women. Like any female, I reserve the right to change my mind . . . and probably will. Some day I may meet an actor and forget all my resolves. But right now, I don't think so."

One thing, though, Susan knows, and that is there is no truth in the frequent linking of her name with that of Jeff Chandler. To the irrepressible gossip columnists it was all so pat—like putting together the pieces of a crossword puzzle. Jeff and Marjorie Chandler separated for the second and final time, after seven years of marriage, just as Susan and Jess Barker stormily wrote finis to their nine years of marriage. And it was recalled that Susan and Jeff, both 34, had attended PS 181 in Brooklyn together. So the columns were filled with the news that Jeff was "offering Susan his broad Brooklyn shoulder to cry on."

"The truth of that fanciful story," Susan explained, "was that Jeff lived on 38th Street and I lived on 35th. I was always hamming in school plays and Jeff, too, wanted to act. He had a kid crush on me,

perhaps, but our paths separated at graduation. In fact, I still have a class picture that shows him a plump and round-faced twelve-year-old and me in a kind of wind-blown, homemade haircut, looking pretty wispy.

"Once or twice we exchanged hurried greetings after we were both in pictures; then once in a restaurant my husband and I ran into Chandler, after his first separation. I told him I was sorry to hear about it and hoped they could resolve their problems. I myself abhor divorce—consider it only as a last resort measure when no hope of working out differences remains, and when all love has disappeared."

"After my own separation, Jeff called me and we went out once or twice. The columnists immediately blew it up into a 'big thing'—embarrassing to both of us. Jeff Chandler has his problems and I have mine; he is a wonderful actor and a fine person, and I wish him well. But linking his name with mine is pointless. I hope he'll find the right girl for him—and I hope the right man will find me."

Meanwhile Susan is content. Deeply spiritual by nature, she believes God will look after her children and herself. She wants to build memories for the boys—to celebrate traditions that belong in a family: birthdays, Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving and all the good holidays. A child's memories, as Susan knows from her own youth, are built of very simple things: warmth and affection and the coming home to a house where love is.

"I feel that the more I share my life with Greg and Timmy," says Susan, "the happier they will be. And the happier they are, the more I'll have to share. And as long as we're really together, the way ahead can only lead to lasting happiness."

THE END

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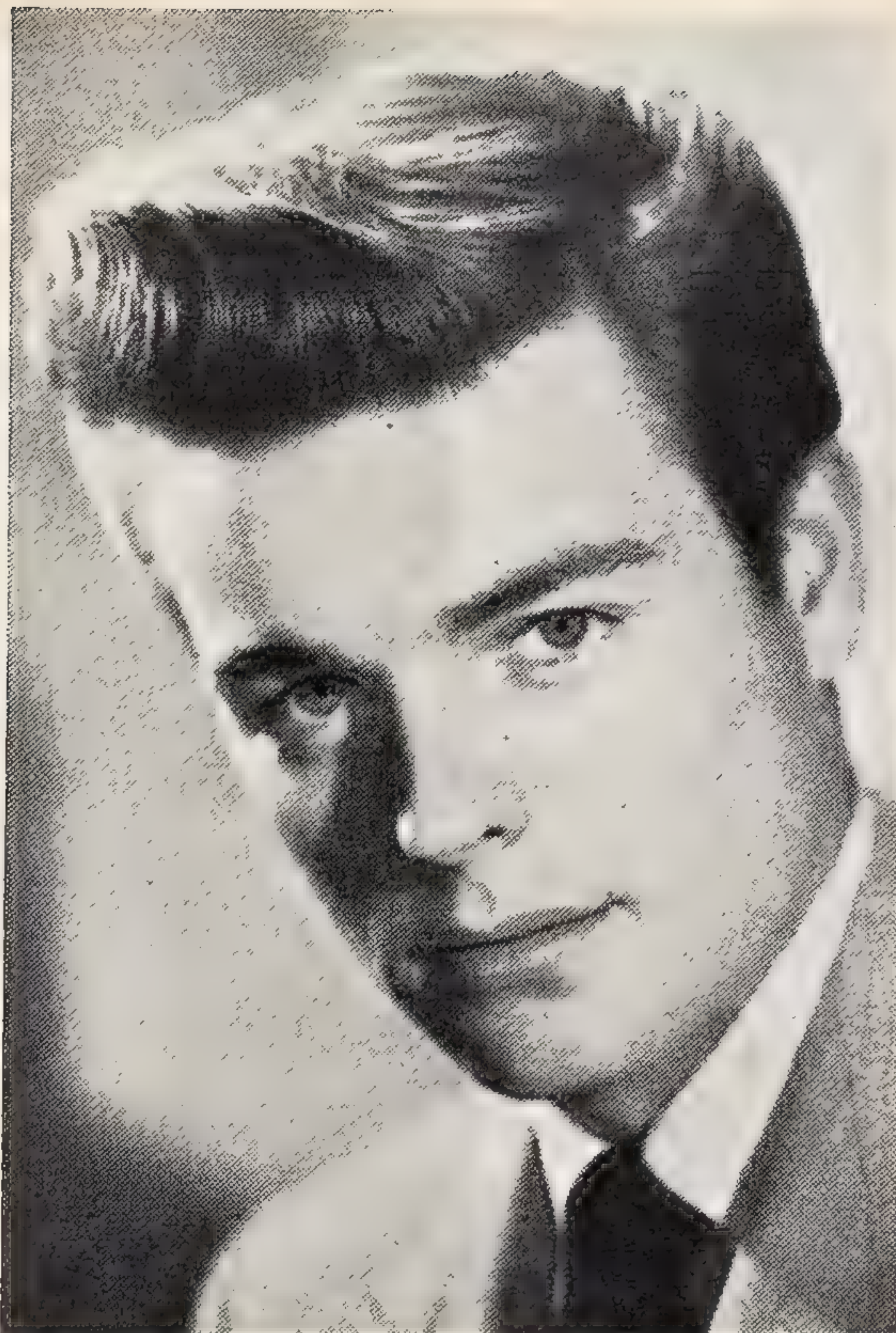
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IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY



Bob Wagner: "I want to believe I'm really a star"

How come," I asked Bob Wagner, "that everyone in and out of Hollywood—except Bob Wagner—thinks of you as an honest-to-goodness Tinseltown star? Don't you think you have what it takes to be a star?"

Bob looked at me for a second without speaking. Then he flashed his million-dollar smile and said: "I've made eight pictures in two years, true, and my name seems to have become a box-office draw, but so far I haven't been seen on the screen in any roles that required a great deal of acting. My parts have been so-called 'personality' characters. But in my next picture, 'Broken Lance,' I really get a chance to show what I can do. I have to play the part of an easy-going young man who changes into a rabid killer. If I put that transformation across convincingly—well, that'll be soon enough to talk about being a star."

One thing is certain. No star works harder or takes his career more seriously than does young Bob. And no star is more modest.

"I've never thought of myself as a terrifically talented person. I'm not a great actor. I think of myself as a fellow who has had a lot of good breaks and a lot of help from nice people, and I am willing to subordinate everything to become a good actor.

"In addition, I've had the advantage of advice and counsel from most of

the established stars at 20th Century-Fox, my home lot. Ethel Merman is living proof of the value of friendliness and vitality. Dan Dailey taught me to enjoy modern music. Barbara Stanwyck showed me how to co-operate with the press. Clifton Webb provides the perfect example of poise. Spencer Tracy gives me acting pointers. Susan Hayward really 'trouped' when she played Jane Froman. And who is a better actor than Dick Widmark?"

Bob, it seems, is the kind of guy who knows he doesn't know it all. His is a constant effort to absorb new skills, to learn all there is to learn about this job of movie-making. For example, several years ago before Bob was ever in a movie, Alan Ladd once told him of the tremendous importance of good relationships with the fans. Bob has never forgotten that piece of advice and carefully pores over the fan magazines each month to keep in touch with the boys and girls who buy tickets. He's determined to make good.

As Bob himself puts it: "I don't know if I have what it takes to be a star, but I wouldn't have gone into acting unless I thought I had a chance to hit the top. I hope I make it. I know one thing—if I've got the stuff in me, I'll work like a demon to bring it out. I'm determined to make myself believe what you say my fans believe—that I really am a star!"

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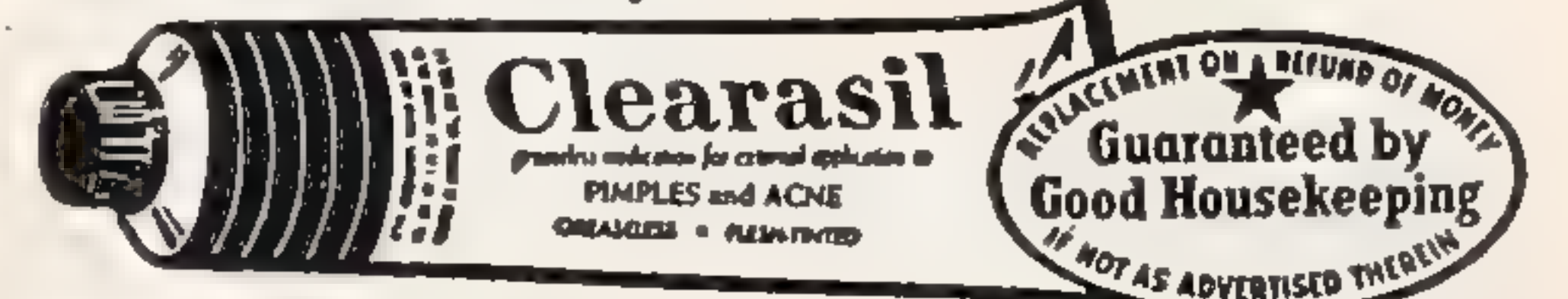
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It's No Secret Any More

(Continued from page 29)

and Los Angeles, was, they discovered, London. That subject polished off, Bob said that Ursula was one of the few girls he had ever known who had a cleft in her chin. "I've often wondered how it happens that a dozen men to one girl will have this deal, when it should be the other way around. A girl doesn't have to worry a razor around the canyon."

This reminded Ursula that she had read an article compiled by European penologists, giving the information that in all the history of continental crime, only two or three criminals had been dimple-chinned.

"Just goes to disprove the old rhyme, 'Dimpled chin, devil within,'" said Bob, going on to describe himself as a reasonable citizen, inclined away from devilry and toward ease. "Come right down to it, and I guess you'd have to say I'm a little lazy."

Ursula said she didn't believe she was especially lazy, but she certainly loathed getting up in the morning; she loved to sleep late and she didn't want to talk to anyone during the morning's first thirty minutes or until after she had swallowed a cup of coffee.

Somehow the mention of coffee brought up the subject of Los Angeles' restaurants, favorite foods, and such, and it should come as no surprise that the following evening Bob called for Ursula at seven and they drove to Chasen's for dinner. Ursula wore, without realizing that she was again coinciding with Bob's taste, a simple black jersey blouse and a voluminous silver taffeta skirt. (Bob loves gray as a relief for black.)

That night Bob happened to compliment Ursula on her English. She had studied English in school, of course, but from those years she had brought with her to America only one sentence. She repeated it to Bob. "Everyone was happy except Little Paul." She had no recollection of the story surrounding Little Paul or the reason for his misery. Together, Ursula and Bob laughed at the absurdity of the foreign words or phrases that stuck to a person while passing rapidly through school courses.

Bob said he might not starve in Spain, but his vocabulary would leave serious loopholes in his diet. The only words he could remember off-hand from his junior Spanish were *Mantequilla* (butter), *Hielo* (ice) and *Pollo* (chicken).

There was one thing that puzzled Ursula: "Why, in English, is the word for a room belonging to babies or small children the same as the word meaning a growing place for plants? Nursery?" she repeated, tipping up her voice and her eyebrows.

Of course they talked picture-business. Ursula had seen Bob in "Camille," "Waterloo Bridge" (her favorite) and "Johnny Eager" before coming to this country. Bob confessed that he hadn't seen any of Ursula's pictures, to which she replied with a gratified smile, "They haven't been shown—so much the better."

There were other evenings: at Ciro's, at Mocambo, at La Rue and Romanoff's. Finally a columnist stopped at their table one night and asked, "When are you kids getting married?"

Bob, accustomed to the friendly frankness of reporters obliged to get the news first, even by shock treatment if necessary, said something about get lost, boy, you're embarrassing the lady, and ended the incident with his characteristically good-natured grin.

Ursula had gone white. A reserved person by nature, she had been brought up to believe that there are some questions

never asked in considerate society. Completely the continental woman, Ursula took it for granted that after a couple had been properly introduced they first cultivated a proper friendship. In case the friendship ripened into real regard that was pleasant but certainly nothing about which one could be questioned. After a year or two, an engagement could be announced at the proper time, in the proper manner and by the proper persons. Certainly a stranger did not ask questions about the marriage of two individuals who had known one another only a short time!

Bob did his best to explain how these things were done in Hollywood, that no rudeness was intended by the question—it was asked every day in the film colony, sometimes of people who were married to other partners or who had merely given an indication of liking to dance together. And, besides, Bob added, what was so wrong about the idea?

Ursula, not a talkative type, avoided the challenge, but during the weeks and months that followed, she managed, gradually, to make her position clear. First of all, she would not be hurried. Bob, himself, agreed with that attitude.

Next, there were separations to be lived through and opinions to be investigated. There were personality traits to be learned, areas of agreement and disagreement to be discovered.

Ursula was sixteen when she fell in love with her first husband; she was married slightly over a year later, became a mother a year after that and had her second child two years subsequently. That marriage had failed, and Ursula, thinking that she knew why, did not intend to repeat her original mistakes. She did not intend to inflict—or suffer—hurt again.

There must be soul-searching for the protection of the children, too. The job of father is rigorous enough, but that of stepfather, particularly when the man has never had children of his own, can be filled with imponderables. Ursula wanted to love her husband fully, freely and unreservedly—above all other beings in her life—but she knew she would not be able to do so until the man understood her deep devotion to the needs of her children.

Then there was the question of two careers in one marriage. For her to continue to make use of her talents, she must have both the agreement of her husband that she should continue acting and his understanding of the problems involved and his hearty co-operation in solving them.

Perhaps the greatest hazard of all was one that only a girl who has already been married can anticipate. Ursula, being inescapably a continental, knew that she would be committed to share every portion of her husband's life. Often, American wives are not disturbed by—or even aware of—this obligation which a European wife accepts without question. If Ursula should marry a hardrock miner, she would expect to live in a desert shanty, curry the burro, exterminate lurking rattlesnakes and do the family wash in water so hard it would float a ball bearing. She might not like it, but she would have elected to marry the man in the case, and she would feel dedicated to accept his way of life along with the man himself.

The only sensible course, then, was to be certain that before marrying she was vowing to love, honor and obey a man whose way of life was for her lovable, honorable and free of the chains that do a prison make.

Ursula and Bob had been seeing one another regularly (but mainly out of the

public eye) for almost a year when Bob was sent to England to star in "Knights of the Round Table."

Many couples, when facing long separation, announce their intentions. Ursula simply refused to comment. Bob told those who asked that they were "good friends." Aha, said the matchmakers, that means they have had an argument, or that they never had an agreement in the first place. Or that. . .

Every theory developed anywhere finally reached the columns. You could have read that, one, Ursula and Bob had never been seriously interested in one another; two, there had been a grand display of fireworks; three, that they were testing love with distance to check this fondness increase.

What really happened was that Bob wrote to Ursula *every* night for six months—with the exception of one vitally important week.

In turn, Ursula wrote to Bob every night for six months—with the exception of the same seven crucial days.

That precious week started on Ursula's birthday in 1953. She received the usual lavish bouquet of roses by cable from Bob, and she also received a telephone call saying that he had made arrangements to be free of the shooting schedule for a week and would fly to Los Angeles to spend the time with Ursula. Would she please call Bob's mother and explain that he was en route home?

When Bob appeared in town he explained his brief visit by a vague reference to business, managed to be seen stag here and there (but not for long) and spent most of his time with Ursula. Incidentally, Bob had added a new portrait camera to his collection (he already owned a Contax, a Rolleiflex and one or two others) so he and Ursula drove around the countryside on a picture-making spree.

In January of 1954, Ursula's ten-year-old daughter, Manuela, came to the U. S. (Michael, eight, will probably arrive in the fall.)

Manuela's presence was a test and provided a happy answer. She spoke very little English; perhaps because of this she undertook to be the very grown-up, very dignified and thoughtful lady on occasion. Ursula thought, "If Bob laughs at her, I shall die."

She needn't have worried. Bob was as courtly as if Manuela had been Queen Victoria and he, Disraeli. He helped her into her coat and into the car; he waited gravely while Ursula translated the dinner menu; he did not grin when Manuela

wanted an ice cream soda at Chasen's. Tall for her age, the lass is slender as a wheat stalk and as blond. She grows out of her dresses in a few weeks and is as coltish as Jo in "Little Women." Occasionally her high spirits and her brief years send her romping across a room to cast herself into her mother's lap, all flying legs, arms, and braids.

When that mood came upon her, Bob teased her, tussled with her, treated her much as if she had been a boy. She loved it, of course, and when—one fine spring day—he unloaded a girl's bright red bike from his car, Manuela's delight burst through cloud layers like a small H-bomb.

Somewhat later in the month Bob showed up with a Stereo-Realist camera in order to photograph Manuela & bicycle and, only because it was convenient, Ursula.

In addition to his interest in photography, Bob dotes on planes. Many men find that a wife can't take an interest in flying, but Ursula went up with Bob after they had known one another only a few weeks; she loved it, decided she never wanted to fly on a commercial plane again. "They are so big they frighten me."

She hopes to take instruction and earn her private pilot's rating. Bob will also teach her to drive a car—a more hazardous undertaking in California.

In many ways Bob is still a Nebraska farm boy who likes to come home to his own dining room, to a family dinner. Here, again, the European background of Ursula has stood her in good stead. Her ability to cook is stupendous, she loves to build tossed green salads, she is handy at broiling a steak (Bob's idea of the perfect dinner) and she can alternate T-bones with kohlralladen (cabbage leaves stuffed with spiced meats, then baked). She likes to top off dinner with a steamed plum pudding.

Small wonder that Hollywood is filled with bachelors who scrutinize Bob Taylor and mutter, "Lucky cuss. What a cinch he's got."

Ursula says, "Now that we are married after our two-year engagement, we know there will be problems to come up, but Bob and I have become good friends, understanding of one another and trustful. We know that we can work out the little difficulties because we have lived out and talked out the big ones. Without a long engagement, this would not have been possible."

Bob says nothing. He simply looks like 175 pounds of pure bliss.

THE END

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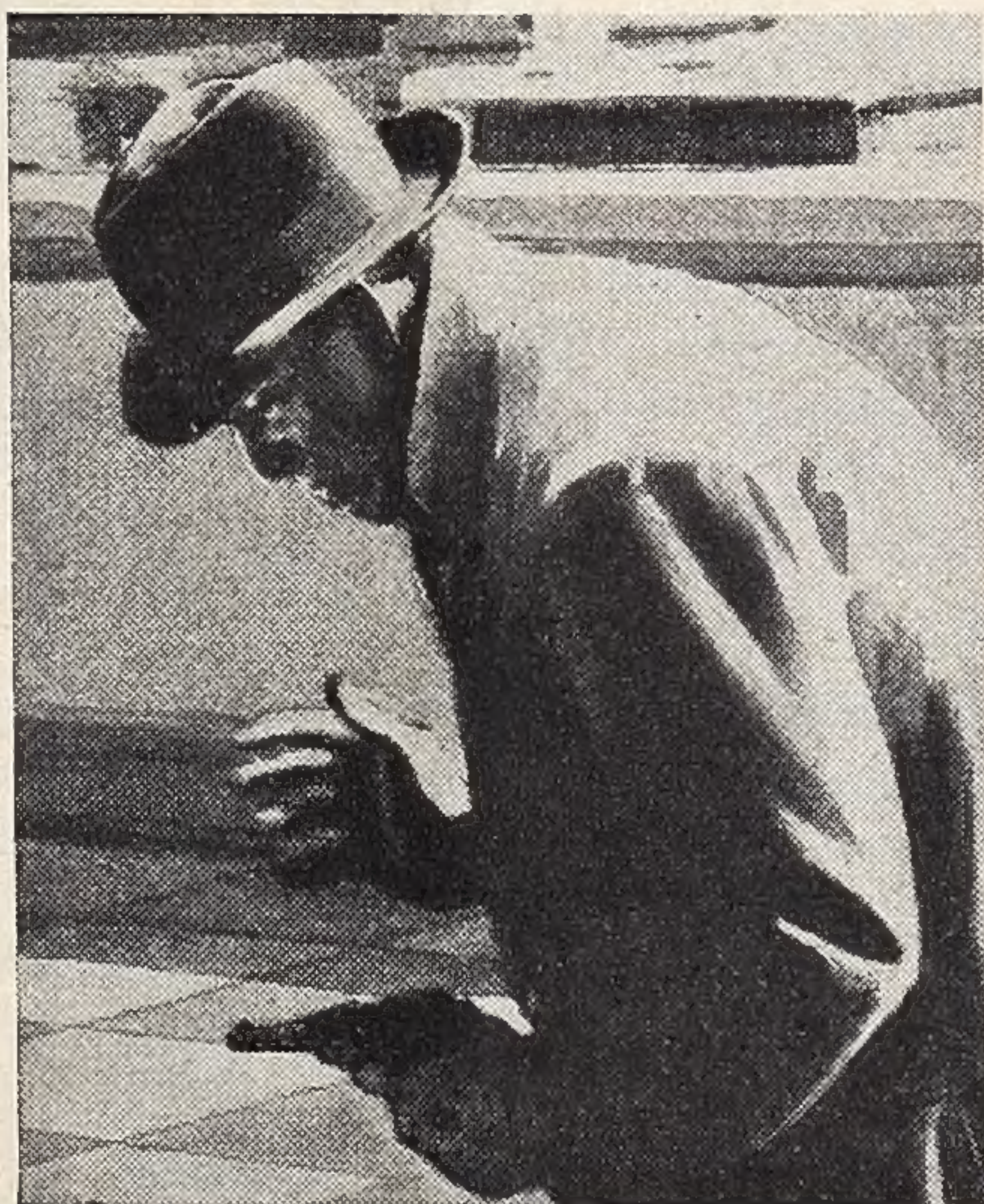
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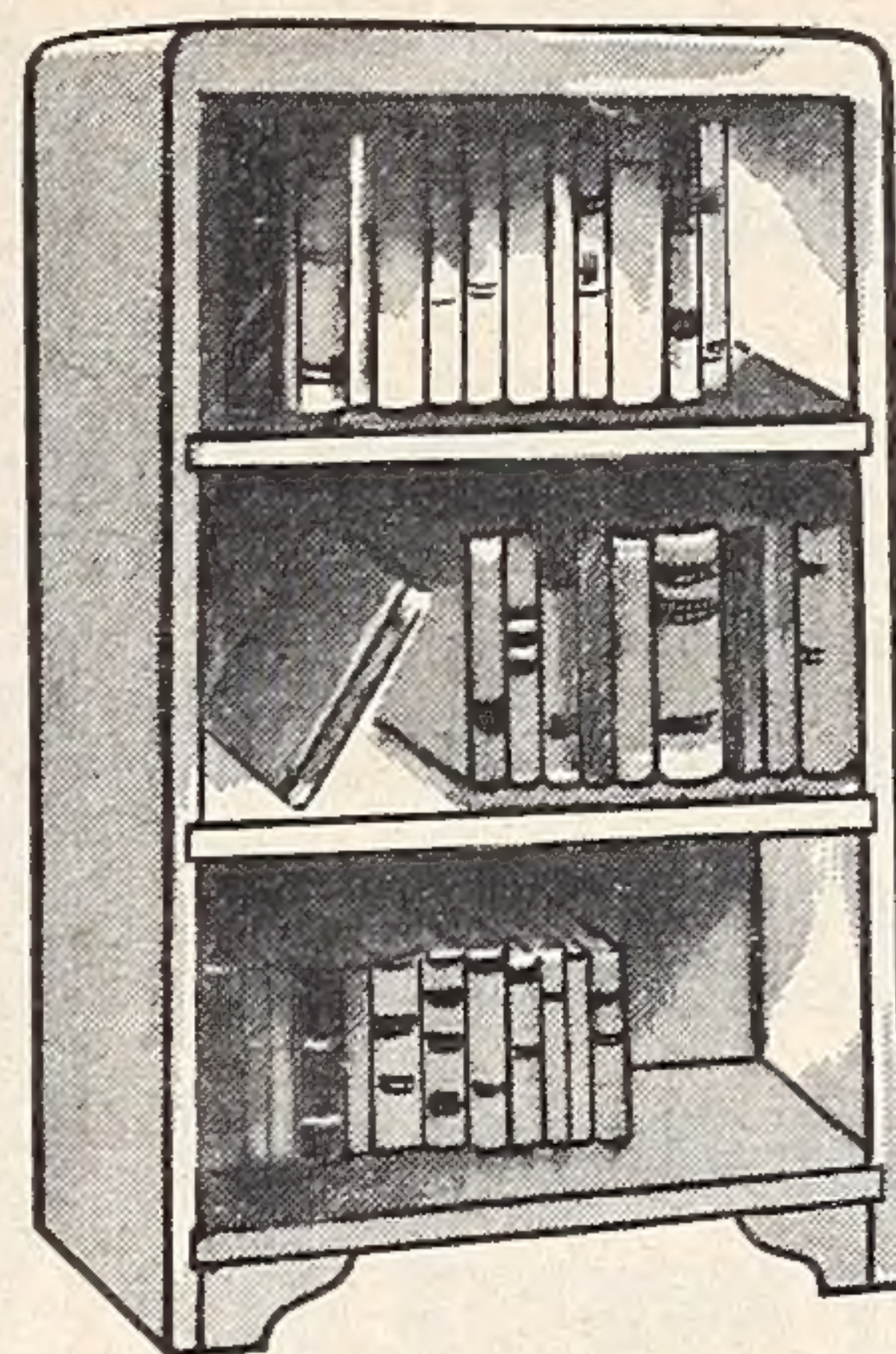
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 14.



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

✓✓ ARROW IN THE DUST—Allied Artists, Technicolor: Vigorous Indian-fighting yarn. Sterling Hayden poses as a cavalry officer to aid Coleen Gray, other pioneers. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT—U.A.: Enchanting French film (titles in English), mixing slapstick and sense. Gerard Philipe, a poor young composer, dreams he's a big success in bygone times, wooing Gina Lollobrigida. (F) June

✓✓✓ CARNIVAL STORY—RKO, Agfa Color: Gaudily effective drama of passion and violence on the midway. Anne Baxter has a juicy role as a German girl involved with no-good Steve Cochran and likable Lyle Bettger. (A) June

✓✓✓ CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT—Paramount, Technicolor: Wild gags and slapdash action keep Renaissance Italy jumping. Bob Hope's a timid tailor who impersonates the great lover in a plot masterminded by Joan Fontaine. (F) June

✓✓ COWBOY, THE—Lippert, Eastman Color: Modest, often fascinating documentary showing how the West has changed, how two young modern cowboys really live and work. (F) July

✓✓✓ DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD—Columbia: Mickey Rooney's fine as a first-rate but under-sized driver-mechanic lured into crime by Dianne Foster. Taut, well-scripted action. (F) May

✓✓ DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I, Technicolor: Rapid-fire Western. Audie Murphy and his dad (Walter Brennan) fight to keep gold-mad gunmen from goading Indians to war. (F) July

✓✓✓ ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor's the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ EXECUTIVE SUITE—M-G-M: A star-bright cast topped by Fredric March and William Holden shows the intense struggle for power that follows a business tycoon's death. (A) May

✓✓ FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD—U-I: Hugh O'Brian and Buddy Hackett do an Abbott-Costello in a headlong bit of slapstick. Spike Jones and crew also play zany firemen. (F) July

✓✓ GORILLA AT LARGE—20th; 3-D, Technicolor: Lively chiller with a carnival locale. Several murders involve aerialist Anne Bancroft and barker Cameron Mitchell with cops. (F) July

✓✓ HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's whalers in the Antarctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzels dad. (F) July

✓✓✓ INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

✓✓ LONG WAIT, THE—U.A.: Gruesome, gory Spillane mystery. Amnesia victim Anthony Quinn, accused of murder, tangles with racketeer Gene Evans and four alluring girls. (A) June

✓✓ LUCKY ME—Warners; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Doris Day's warmth carries this musical. A show-girl stranded in Florida, she romances with song-writer Robert Cummings. (F) July

✓✓ MA & PA KETTLE AT HOME—U-I: More knockabout comedy by Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. To help son Brett Halsey win a contest, they try to convince a magazine editor that their ramshackle old home is a model farm. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ MAN WITH A MILLION—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Gay yet malicious whimsy. Gregory Peck, a Yank in London of 1900, is taken for a millionaire, lives high—on credit. (F) July

✓✓ MIAMI STORY, THE—Columbia: Racket-busting yarn, long on thrills, short on plausibility. Ex-gangster Barry Sullivan is hired to smash the mob ruling Miami. (F) July

✓✓ PLAYGIRL—U-I: Shelley Winters scores with a wisecracking, emoting role in a lurid exposé of big-city night life. Colleen Miller's the sweet girl who goes wrong. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ PRINCE VALIANT—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rousing adventure yarn of knight-hood days. Bob Wagner's the exiled prince who seeks justice and fights treachery at the court of Arthur. James Mason takes care of the menace; Janet Leigh, the romantic angle. (F) June

✓✓ PRISONER OF WAR—M-G-M: Shallow study of American reactions to atrocities in North Korea. Ronald Reagan's an Intelligence officer; Dewey Martin, a "progressive." (A) July

✓✓ RAILS INTO LARAMIE—U-I, Technicolor: Lively outdoor action. Opposed by old friend Dan Duryea, John Payne tackles a racket-ridden town where railroad-building is stalled. (F) June

✓✓✓ RHAPSODY—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance given weight by fine music and real European locales. Liz Taylor's a possessive rich girl who loves violinist Vittorio Gassman. (A) May

✓✓✓ RIDING SHOTGUN—Warners, Warner-Color: Unassuming Western with unusual twists. Randolph Scott, a stagecoach guard, tries to save a town threatened by a bandit gang—nearly gets lynched, Joan Weldon stands by him. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ RIVER OF NO RETURN—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lusty adventure tale. The Canadian Rockies overshadow even Marilyn Monroe, a dance-hall gal going downriver on a hazardous raft voyage with Bob Mitchum. (F) July

✓✓ SARACEN BLADE, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Over-plotted swashbuckler about intrigue in Italy and the Crusades. Ricardo Montalban is out to avenge his murdered family. (F) July

✓✓✓ SIEGE AT RED RIVER, THE—20th, Technicolor: The Civil War's fought out West, with plenty of local color and vigorous action. Confederate Van Johnson steals a new Union weapon, woos a dear enemy, Joanne Dru. (F) June

✓✓ SOUTHWEST PASSAGE—U.A., Pathecolor: Horse opera—with imported camels. Rod Cameron, John Ireland and Joanne Dru fight thirst and Indians on a desert expedition. (F) July

✓✓✓ THEM!—Warners: Smooth science-fiction. G-man Jim Arness, scientist Joan Weldon battle monster ants (A-bomb mutants). (F) July

✓✓✓ WITNESS TO MURDER—U.A.: Ingenious suspense movie. Barbara Stanwyck sees neighbor George Sanders commit a murder, reports it—then can't get the police to believe she isn't a neurotic, subject to delusions. (F) June

✓✓ YANKEE PASHA—U-I, Technicolor: Florid adventure story. Jeff Chandler's a frontiersman come to North Africa to rescue Rhonda Fleming, enslaved by Barbary pirates. (F) May

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